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SPECIMENS
OF THE
NOVELISTS AND ROMANCERS.

Storpyse to rede ar delitabill.

BARBOUR's *Bruce*, I. 1.

SPECIMENS

OF THE

NOVELISTS AND ROMANCERS;

WITH

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF THE AUTHORS.

SECOND EDITION.

GLASGOW:

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PREFACE.

THERE is not a more common error than that of attaching undue importance to our own times; yet we surely hazard little in affirming, that, in works of fancy, this age fairly surpasses all others, or, if an exception must be made, can only be equalled by the age of Sidney and Spenser, Shakspeare and Ben Johnson. The important station which the *Novel* has of late years taken in English literature—a station which ignorance and prejudice had long denied it—has afforded free and honourable scope for the exertion of talents that might otherwise have lain dormant; and it is creditable to the literary character of the country, that among the many who may have been induced, by the unparalleled success of *one* ‘mighty master,’ to follow his path, the greater part—instead of servilely tracing his footsteps, as has been by some insinuated—have marked out their own way, and relied on their own strength.

The present volume may be considered as a *consequence* of that spirit, and those productions, which distinguish modern literature. When the market is full, the samples are many, says the proverb; and the nature of the samples will, of course, be more readily questioned than the necessity for producing them.—In selecting our Specimens, we have endeavoured that they should be characteristic of their respective authors, and at the same time complete in themselves—so that the volume might constitute a valuable collection of

scenes and stories, independent of its professed object. We are well aware that we may not, in all cases, have attained both points; but it must be considered, as an apology for those instances in which we may have failed in giving proper *specimens*, that many of the most characteristic passages of Novelists are strictly dependent on foregoing circumstances, and to have placed them alone would have rendered them spiritless and ineffective. The writings of Mrs Radcliffe furnish a notable proof of this :—her most striking scenes would be tame and uninteresting without their context.—Of this lady's works, however, as well as of many others, we have been unable even to attempt a specimen; for a single volume, it is plain, could not embrace the *whole* of a numerous range of writers. A long list of old Romancers—(a term, by the way, which, as the Troubadours are extinct, we may be pardoned for applying to an existing race)—and modern Novelists still remains, from which at least another volume could be compiled; and should the present one be favourably received, we may be induced to continue our gleanings.—It will be seen that no attention has been paid to the *arrangement* of the authors; but any inconvenience this may occasion is removed by the *Index* which follows. To have arranged them alphabetically or chronologically would have been to presuppose the extent of the work, and would, at any rate, have rendered it less agreeably diversified.

Glasgow, August, 1825.

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ERRATA.

- P. 22, line 3 from bottom, for *interior* read *interview*.
 126, line 14 ————— for *invented* read *inherited*.
 50, line 18 ————— for *as* read *or*.

SPECIMENS

OF THE

NOVELISTS AND ROMANCERS.

CERVANTES.

ALL the world has laughed over *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and some have wept—for, although the humour of that inimitable book is felt by all, the pathos of it is felt only by those who, like the Renowned Knight himself, live in worlds of their own creating, and strain at things that belong not to the element in which they move.—But the other works of Cervantes are little known; and this induces us to select the rather from them, for, besides that they are truly excellent in themselves, the circumstance that they were written by the author of *Don Quixote* must make them doubly valuable to every man of proper taste and feeling.

In the following story we take the translation of *Shelton* in preference to the more modern ones, as it abounds in that rich and quaint turn of phrase which renders some of the

old English authors so delightful, and is, at the same time, more consonant, in idiom and gravity of diction, with the language in which the story was originally composed.

RODOLPHO AND LEOCADIA.

IN a hot summer's night, there returned from recreating themselves at the river of Toledo, an ancient gentleman, accompanied with his wife, a young son, a daughter of the age of seventeen years, and a maid-servant. The night was clear and bright, the hour eleven, the way open, and their pace slow, that they might not lose through weariness those pleasures which the meadows, lying along the river side of Toledo, did afford them. And relying on the security, which the strict course of justice, and the well-disposed people of that city did promise, the good old gentleman went walking leisurely along with his small family, far from any thought of the least disaster that might befall them. But, forasmuch as misfortunes commonly then come when we least think on them, contrary wholly to his thought, and quite beyond all imagination, there happened one which disturbed their present pleasure, and gave them occasion to weep many years after. There was a gentleman of that city about the age of twenty-two, whom his great wealth, his nobleness of blood, his depraved disposition, his too much assumed liberty, and the loose and licentious company that he kept, made to do such insolent and extravagant actions, as did ill beseem his quality, and gave him the attribute of impudent and insolent.

This gentleman then (whose name for good respect we shall conceal, and call Rodolpho) with four other friends of his, all young men full of jollity, and above all exceeding insolent, were coming down the same hill which the old gentleman was going up. These two companies met each other—that of the sheep with that of the wolves,—and in a most uncivil kind of manner, void of all shame and honesty, covering their own faces, they discovered those of the mother, daughter, and maid. The old man, (and I cannot blame him,) was somewhat moved thereat, reproved them for it, and told them they might be ashamed, had they any shame in them, to offer such an affront to gentlewomen. They answered him with mocks and scoffs, and without fir-

their minds concerning themselves, they went forward on their way. But the great beauty of that fairest which Rodolpho had seen, which was that of Leocadia, (for that was the name of this gentleman's daughter) began in such sort to be imprinted on his memory, that it drew his affection after her; and stirred up in him a desire to enjoy her, in despite of all inconveniences that might follow thereupon; and in an instant, as sudden as his passion, he imparted his mind to his companions, and both he and they presently resolved to return back; and take her from her parents by force, only therein for to please Rodolpho: For your great and rich men, who are lewdly and licentiously given, shall never want those that will canonize their evil actions, and qualify their bad courses for good. And therefore the hatching of this wicked purpose, the communicating it, the approving of it, and the resolving upon it, to carry away Leocadia, and the putting of it in execution, was done, as it were, all in an instant. They covered their faces with their handkerchiefs, and drawing out their swords they came back, and had not gone many steps before they had overtaken those, who had not as yet fully made an end of giving thanks unto God, for having freed them from the hands of those bold and insolent persons. Rodolpho seized on Leocadia, and taking her up in his arms, ran away with her with all the haste he could, who had not strength enough to defend herself from this violence; and the sudden passion that possessed her was so prevalent, that it took away the use of her voice, so that she could not cry out; and likewise the light of her eyes, since that being in a swoon, and without any sense, she neither saw who carried her, nor whither he was carrying her. Her father cried out, the mother shrieked, her little brother wept and cried both together, the maid she tore her hairs and face; but neither their cryings nor shriekings were heard; neither did their tears move compassion, nor the tearing up of furrows in their faces do them any good. For the solitariness of the place, the still silence of the night, and the cruel bowels of the malefactors, concurred to give way to this deed of darkness. In a word, the one went their way glad and joyful, and the other sad and mournful. Rodolpho came home to his house without any let or hinderance; and the parents of Leocadia to theirs, grieved, afflicted, and full of despair: They were blind, wanting their daughter's eyes, which were the light of theirs; they were all alone, lacking the sweet and pleas-

ing company of Leocadia; they were confounded, and amazed, not knowing what to do, whether they should give notice of their misfortune to the justice or not: They were fearful, lest in so doing they should be the principal instruments of publishing their dishonour: They saw themselves without hopes of any matter of favour, as being poor, though nobly descended. They knew not on whom to complain, but their own hard fortune. Rodolpho, in the mean while, being subtle and crafty, brought Leocadia home to his house, and to his own private lodging. And though she was in a swoon when he carried her away, yet for the more safety did he blind-fold her eyes with a handkerchief, that she might not take notice of the streets through which she passed, nor of the house nor lodging whereunto he had brought her. He put her thereinto, without being seen of any body, because he had his quarter in his father's house, who was yet living, to himself, and kept the key of his chamber-door himself, and those of his quarter;—an unadvised inconsiderateness of parents, to suffer their sons to live in that retired manner, without witnesses of their conversation.

Before that Leocadia had recovered her swooning, Rodolpho had satisfied his lustful desire; for the unchaste violences of youth seldom or never respect either time or place; but run on headlong whither their unbridled lust leads them; letting loose the reins to all licentiousness. Having the light of his understanding thus blinded, he robbed Leocadia in the dark, of the best jewel that she had. And for that the sins of sensuality reach no farther for the most part, than the accomplishing and fulfilling of them, Rodolpho presently resolved to turn Leocadia out of doors; and it entered into his imagination to lay her out in the street, being thus in a swoon as she was; and going to put this his purpose in execution, he perceived that she was newly come to herself, and began to speak, saying:

‘O unfortunate wretch that I am! Where am I? What darkness is this? What clouds have encompassed me about? Lord bless me! who is it that toucheth me? Am I in bed? What aileth me? How comes this to pass? Do you hear me, dear mother; or you, my beloved father? Ah me, unhappy as I am! For I well perceive that my parents hear me not, and that my enemies touch me. Happy should I be, if this darkness would endure for ever, not giving my eyes leave to see any more the light of the world: And that this place wherein now I am, whatsoever it be, might serve

to be the sepulchre to my honour; since that better is that dishonour which is not known, than that honour which is exposed to the opinion of the vulgar. Now I call that to mind which before I could not, that but a little while since I was in the company of my parents; now I remember that some assaulted me; now I conceive and see, that it is not meet that the people should see me. O thou, whosoever thou art that art here with me,' (and with this she took fast hold on Rodolpho's hands,) 'if thou beest such a one whose soul will admit of entreaty, I entreat and beseech thee, that, since thou hast triumphed over my fame, thou wilt likewise triumph over my life; quit me of it instantly, for it is fit that I should lose my life; since that I have lost my honour; and consider with thyself, that the rigour of that cruelty which thou hast exercised on me in offending me, will be tempered and moderated by the pity which thou shalt use towards me by killing me; and so thou shalt show thyself at once both cruel and pitiful.'

The reasons which Leocadia alleged to Rodolpho left him in amazedness and confusion; and like a raw young man, unexperienced in the world, he knew not either what to say or do: Whose silence made Leocadia the more to wonder, who by her hands sought to undeceive herself, and to try by touching whether it were a phantasm, or a ghost that was with her; but when she found that she touched a body, a very body, and did call to her remembrance the force which was done her going along with her parents, she fell into a true reckoning of her misfortune; and with the very thought thereof, she returned anew to vent those words which her many sighs and sobs had interrupted, saying:

'Oh, thou bold daring young man! (for thy actions make me to judge thee to be of no great years) I pardon thee the wrong thou hast done me, and forgive thee that foul offence thou hast committed; so that thou wilt promise and swear unto me, that as thou hast covered it with this darkness, so likewise thou wilt cover it with perpetual silence, without acquainting any body therewith. It is a small recompense which I crave of thee, in comparison of so great an injury. Yet to me, considering the case that I am in, it will be the greatest that I can beg of thee, or thou canst give me. Consider besides, that I never saw thy face, neither do I desire to see it. For though I cannot but still think on the offence done me, yet will I not think upon my offender, neither will I lay up in my memory the image of the author of my

hurt. I shall pour forth my complaints between myself and Heaven, without desiring that the world should hear them, which doth not judge of things by their success, but according unto that which is settled in its opinion. I know not how it is that I utter these truths unto thee, which usually are wont to be grounded upon the experience of many cases, and on the discourse of many years, mine amounting to no more than seventeen; yet do I understand thus much, that grief and sorrow doth alike tie and untie the tongue of the afflicted; one while exaggerating the received wrong, that others may be thereby the better induced to believe it, and another while burying it in silence, that others may not give any remedy thereunto. So that which way soever it be, whether I speak or hold my peace, I persuade myself, that I cannot but move thee either to believe me, or to remedy me; since that not to believe me were ignorance, and to remedy me impossible. Yet mayest thou give me some little ease of my grief, whereof I will not despair, since it will cost thee but little to give it me. This then is that which I will say unto thee: See that thou do not flatter thyself with expecting or hoping, that time shall allay or pacify that just rage and indignation which I bear, and still shall towards thee; neither do thou go about to heap more wrongs upon me, because thou art not likely farther to enjoy me, and having already enjoyed me, methinks thy evil desires should be the less enflamed. Make account that thou offendest me by accident, without giving way to any good discourse, and I will make account that I was not born and brought forth into the world; or if I were, it was for to be unfortunate. Put me, therefore, presently forth into the street, or at least near unto the great church; for from that place I shall know how to go directly home. Moreover, thou shalt likewise swear unto me, that thou shalt not follow me, nor seek to know where I dwell; nor ask me neither my parents, or mine own name, nor of my kinsfolk and allies; who, for that they are so rich and so noble, they may not be in me so unhappy and unfortunate. Return me answer to these my demands; and if thou art afraid that I may chance to know thee by thy voice, I would have thee again to know, that, excepting my father and my confessor, I have not spoken with any man in my life, and very few are they which I have heard speak in their ordinary talk and communication; that I could be able to distinguish them by the sound of their voice.

The answer which Rodolpho returned to the discreet dis-

coarse of afflicted Leocadia, was no other save his embracing her, and making show that he had a mind to renew in himself his lustful desire; and in her her farther dishonour; the which being perceived by Leocadia, with greater force and resistance than her tender age could promise, she defended herself with such stout resistance, that the strength and courage; and with it the desires of Rodolpho, began to flag. And for that the insolency which he had used with Leocadia, had no other beginning than from a violent lascivious impetuosity, from which never springeth that true love which is permanent; but instead of that impetuosity, which passeth away, there remaineth only repentance, or at least a coldness of will to second it, Rodolpho then growing somewhat cooler, but much more weary, without speaking one word, left Leocadia in his bed and lodging, and went to seek out his companions, for to consult and advise with them what he had best to do.

Leocadia perceived that she was left all alone and fast shut up; whereupon, rising from the bed, she went roaming about the room, groping the walls with her hands, for to try if she could find a door to get out at, or a window to leap down. She found the door, but too strongly locked for her to open it: and she lighted on a window which she was able to unhasp, by which the moon shined in so clear and so bright, that Leocadia could distinguish the colours of certain damasks which adorned the lodging. She could discern that the bed was gilded, and so richly furnished, that it seemed rather the bed of a prince, than of a private gentleman. She reckoned the number of the chairs and stools, and of the escrutores and cabinets; she noted the place where the door stood, and though she saw frames hanging on the walls, yet she discerned not the pictures that were drawn in them. The window was large, well garnished and guarded with a great many bars, the prospect whereof was into a garden; which was likewise enclosed with high walls; difficulties which opposed themselves to that intention which she had to leap down into the street. All that she saw and noted of the capaciousness and rich furniture of the room, gave her to understand, that the master and owner thereof must needs be some principal person, and not of mean wealth, but exceeding rich. Upon a cabinet which stood near to the window, she espied a little crucifix all of silver, the which she took and put it in her sleeve; not out of devotion, and as little out of theft; but only drawn unto it by a discreet de-

sign which she had in her head. This being done, she shuts the window, leaving it as it was before, and returned back to the bed, expecting what end such a bad beginning would have.

It was not to her seeming much more than half an hour, when she heard the door of the lodging open, and that one came unto her, without speaking so much as a word, with a handkerchief hoodwinked her eyes, and taking her up by the arm, took her out of the lodging, she hearing him shut the door after him. This person was Rodolpho, who, though he had gone to seek out his companions, yet was he not willing to find them; it seeming unto him, that it was not fit that he should have any witnesses of that which had passed with that damsel; but was rather resolved to tell them, that, repenting himself of that ill deed, and moved with her tears, he had put her off, leaving her in the mid-way. Having thus bethought himself, he returned back with all speed, to place Leocadia near unto the great church, as she had formerly entreated of him before it were day; lest otherwise it might disappoint his purpose, and he be enforced to keep her in his lodging till the next ensuing night; in which space of time, neither was he willing to use any more force or violence, nor to give occasion of being known. He brought her then to the place which they commonly call by the name of Ayuntamiento, where the people publicly assemble and meet together; and there in a counterfeit voice, and in a tongue half Portuguese and half Spanish, he told her that she might thence go securely to her own house, and that none should follow and track her whither she went. And before that she had time and leisure to unknit and loosen the handkerchief, he had got himself far enough out of her sight.

Leocadia remained all alone; she took away the blind from before her eyes; she knew the place where he had left her; she looked round about her on every side; she saw no person living, but suspecting that some would follow her aloof off, at every step she made a stand; advancing in that manner in her way homeward, which was not very far from the church; and for to deceive the spies, if by chance they should follow her, she entered into a house that she found open; and thence by little and little went to her own, where she found her parents amazed and astonished, and so far from preparing to go to bed, that they had not so much as entertained the least thought of taking any rest at all; who,

when they saw her, ran unto her with open arms, and with tears in their eyes lovingly received her. Leocadia's heart boiling with passion, and being much troubled in mind, she entreated her parents to withdraw themselves and to go a little aside with her. They did so; and then and there in a few words she gave them an account of that her unfortunate success, with all the circumstances belonging thereunto, and that she could by no means come to the knowledge of him that assaulted her, and robbed her of her honour. She acquainted them with all that she had seen in that theatre, wherein was represented and acted that woful tragedy of her misfortune:—the window, the garden, the bars of iron, the cabinets, the bed, the damasks; and last of all she showed them the crucifix which she had brought thence with her: Before which image they renewed their tears, made deprecations, called for vengeance, and begged of God miraculous chastisements. She likewise told them, that although she did not desire to come to have knowledge of her offender, yet if it seemed good unto her parents to have him known by means of that image, they might do it by causing the clerks of all the parishes in the city to publish at divine service in their several churches, that he who had lost such an image, should find it put in the hands of some such person as the party that lost it should nominate and appoint for the receiving of it; and so, by knowing the owner of the image, they might come thereby to know the house, as also the person of their enemy. Hereunto her father replied: 'What you have said, had been well said, daughter, if that craft and cunning now-a-days did not oppose itself to thy discreet discourse; since that it is clear and manifest that this image may not suddenly be missed; or if missed, no great reckoning made of it; and the owner therefore will certainly apprehend and imagine that the person who was with him in the lodging had taken it away; and that if it should come to his knowledge that some religious man hath it in his keeping, he will rather serve his turn, and make use of his knowing who it should be that gave it to him that now hath it, than be willing to declare and make known the owner that lost it. And it may likewise happen that another may come for it, to whom the owner thereof hath given some signs and tokens whereby to know and challenge it to be his. And if this should be so, we should be in a worse case than before, and remain rather confounded than informed, though we should use the same artifice and cunning which we suspect them

for, by giving it to a religious man by a third person. That, daughter, which is herein to be done, is to keep it ; that as it was a witness of thy disgrace, so it may become an evidence to procure thee justice, and right the great wrong which thou hast received. And withal consider, dear daughter, that one ounce of public dishonour doth lie heavier upon us than a pound weight of secret infamy. " True dishonour consists in sin, and true honour in virtue." God is offended with our sayings, our doings, and our desires ; and since that thou neither in thought, word, nor deed, hast offended him, account thyself honest ; for I shall hold thee so, and shall never look upon thee, but like a kind and loving father.'

With these prudent reasons did this good father comfort Leocadia ; and her mother, embracing her again and again, did likewise endeavour to comfort her. Whereupon she fell afresh a-weeping, and a-crying ; and hiding her head as, they say, for shame, she betook herself to a private and retired course of life, under the shelter and protection of her parents, being honestly and decently, though but poorly clad.

Rodolpho in the mean while being come home, and sitting him down in his chamber, casting his eyes aside, he found the image of his crucifix missing, and presently imagined who might carry it away ; but he made slight of it, and, for that he was rich, he did not reckon much of it, neither did his parents question him for it ; when as, being within three days after to go for Italy, he did deliver up by tale to one of his mother's chambermaids, all that which he left behind him in the lodging, whereof she took a true inventory.

It was many days since that Rodolpho had resolved to travel into Italy ; and his father, who had been there in his younger years, persuaded him thereunto ; telling him, that they were not gentlemen who were only so in their own country, but that they must likewise show themselves to be such abroad. For these and other reasons Rodolpho disposed his will to comply with that of his father, who gave him the bills of credit for good round sums of money at Barcelona, Genoa, Rome, and Naples. And he with two of his comrades presently departed, being much taken with that which he had heard some soldiers repeat of the great store of inns in Italy and France, and of the liberty which Spaniards took in their lodgings. That sounded well in his

car : ' Lo, Sir, here be good tender pullata, young pigeons, fine white fat veal, a good gammon of bacon, excellent sausages, and the like, which the soldiers did magnify in mentioning them unto him ; showing what a great deal of difference they found when they came out of those parts into these, laying before him the scarcity of provision, and the discommodities of the inns of Spain. In conclusion, he went away, so little thinking on that which passed betwixt himself and Leocadia, as if there had never been any such matter.

She in the interim led her life in the house of her parents with all possible retiredness, without suffering herself to be seen of any ; as one that was fearful, lest they might read her misfortune in her forehead. But within a few months, she perceived that she was driven to do that by force and constraint, which hitherto she had done willingly and of her own accord. She saw that it was fit and convenient for her to live closely and retired, because she found herself to be with child—an event which occasioned those tears, which in some sort had been forgotten, to break forth anew from the fountains of her eyes ; and those sighs and lamentations, which had lain for a while calm and quiet, began to rise, and, like fierce winds, fell a beating, and waging war one against another ; her mother's discretion, and gentle persuasions, not being able to allay the violence of her passion, nor afford her any comfort.

Time fled away with a swift wing, and the time of her delivery was come ; but with that secrecy, that they durst not trust a midwife therewith ; so that her mother usurping this office, brought forth to the light of the world a little young son, one of the prettiest, sweetest, and beautifullest babes that thought itself could imagine. With the like wariness, circumspection, and secrecy wherewith it was born, they conveyed it to a country village, where it continued four years. At the end whereof, with the name of nephew, his grandfather brought him home to his own house, where he was bred up, though not very richly, yet at least very virtuously. The child (whom they named Luya, that being his grandfather's name) was of a fair complexion, a pleasing countenance, a sweet disposition, a gentle nature, a quick wit ; and in all those his actions, which in that tender age he could do, he gave apparent signs and tokens, that he was begotten by some noble father ; and in such sort his wit, beauty, and pretty behaviour, did make

his grandfather and grandmother so far in love with him, that they came to hold their daughter's unhappiness to be a happiness, in that she had given them such a nephew. When he went through the streets, they did shower down upon him a thousand benedictions ; some blessed his beauty, others the mother that bare him, these the father that begat, and those him who had brought him up, and given him such good breeding.

With this applause of those that knew him, and knew him not, the child grew to be seven years of age : In which time he had learned to read Spanish and Latin, and to write a very good hand. For his grandfather's and grandmother's intention was to make him virtuous and wise, since that they could not make him rich ; not being ignorant, that virtue and wisdom were the only riches over which neither thieves nor fortune had any power.

It happened one day, that the child was sent by his grandmother on a message to a kinswoman of hers, and it was his chance to pass through a street where some gentlemen were running careers with their horses. He stayed to look on them, and for the getting of a better place he ran athwart from the one side to the other, just in such an ill conjuncture of time, that he could not avoid a horse's running over him, whose rider, with all the strength he had, was not able to keep him back in the fury of his career. He ran over him, and left him stretched on the ground for dead, pouring out much blood from his head.

This sad mischance had scarce happened, when lo, an ancient gentleman, who was beholding the career, with extraordinary dexterity leaped from his horse, and went where the child was ; and taking him out of one's arms that held him, took him into his own, and without making any reckoning of his grey hairs, or regarding his authority, which was much, neglecting the grave Spanish pace, with large steps he hied him home to his own house, willing his servants to leave him, and to go and seek out a skilful surgeon for to cure the child. Many gentlemen followed him, grieving and pitying the misfortune that had befallen so sweet and fair a child. For it was presently noised abroad, that he that was thus trodden down, was Lusico, the kinsman of such a gentleman, naming his grandfather. This voice ran from mouth to mouth, till it came at last to the ears of his grandfather and grandmother, and likewise to those of his retired mother ; who being fully and truly cer-

tified of this unlucky and lamentable accident, ran forthwith out of doors, as if they had been mad, to know what was become of their beloved. And because the gentleman that carried him away was so well known, and of such principal rank and quality, many of those whom they met withal told them where his house was, whither being carried between love and fear, they soon arrived, just at that instant when the child was under the surgeon's hands. The gentleman and his wife, the owners of the house, entreated those whom they thought to be his parents, that they would not weep, nor fill the air with the cry of their complaints, being that it could do the child no good. The surgeon, who was famous for his skill, having dressed him with a gentle hand, and as a master of his faculty, told them that the wound was not so mortal, as at first he feared it had been.

When he was half dressed, Lusico's memory came to him, which until then had left him; and he was very glad and cheery, in seeing his grandfather and grandmother there, who, with tears in their eyes, asked him how he did? He answered, Well, save that he was much pained in his body, and his head. The surgeon advised them, that they should not speak unto him, but that they would give him leave to take his rest. They did so; and then his grandfather began to give the master of the house thanks, for that his great charity which he had extended towards his nephew. Whereunto the gentleman replied, that he needed not to thank him; giving him to understand, that when the child fell, and was overborne by the horse, it seemed unto him that he saw the face of a son of his own, whom he tenderly loved; and that this moved him to take him up in his arms, and bring him home to his own house, where he would that he should continue till he were fully cured; and that he should not want cherishing, nor any thing else that his house could afford, that was needful and necessary for him. His wife, who was a noble lady, said, the phrase a little varied, in effect the very same words, and did somewhat more amplify and endear her promises.

The grandfather and grandmother of the child did much wonder at, and admire this their great Christianity: And the mother much more; for her troubled spirit being somewhat quieted by the surgeon's comfortable words, she diligently observed the lodging where her son lay, and by apparent signs and tokens clearly knew that that was the room where her honour had its end, and her misfortune its begin-

ning. And though it were not now hung and adorned with damask, as then it was, she knew the form and fashion of it; she saw the window with the iron bars which looked into a garden; and though it were shut, that the air might not offend the wounded child, she did ask whether that window did butt or no upon some garden; and it was told her it did. But that which she most certainly knew was, that that was the very same bed which had been the tombstone to her grave. And moreover, that the very cabinet whereon stood the crucifix which she carried away with her, remained still in the same place. Lastly, the stairs brought to light the truth of all her suspicions, which she had numbered and counted when she was led out of the lodging blindfold; I say, those stairs which were from her going out thence into the street, which with discreet advisement she had told. And when she came home, having taken leave of her son, she fell to counting of them again, and found the number of them to fall out right and just; and comparing some signs with other some, she was fully persuaded that this her imagination was undoubtedly true. Whereof she gave a large account unto her mother, who, like a discreet woman, informed herself whether this gentleman where her nephew now was had any son or no? And she found that he whom we call Rodolpho was his son, and that he was in Italy. And casting up the time, which, as it was told them, he had been absent from Spain, they saw that they jumped just with the same years of the child. She gave notice of all this to her husband, and betwixt them two, and their daughter, they agreed to expect how God would dispose of the wounded child, who, within fifteen days, was out of danger of his receiving hurt, and at the end of thirty was upon his feet, and able to walk up and down the chamber. In all which time he was visited by his mother and grandmother, and made as much of by the owners of the house, as if he had been their own child.

And now and then, Dona Estefania, for so was the gentleman's wife called, talking with Leocadia, told her, that this child did so well resemble a son of hers, who was in Italy, that she never looked upon him but that it seemed unto her that she had her own son in her eye. From these words of hers, Leocadia took occasion on a time to tell her, when she was alone with her, such things as had before been debated, and agreed upon by her parents, to signify unto her; which were these, or the like.

‘That day, madam, wherein my parents heard their nephew was so grievously hurt, they believed, and verily thought that heaven had been shut against them, and that all the world had fallen upon them; they imagined that they had lost the light of their eyes, whom they loved so dearly, and in such an extraordinary kind of manner, that by many degrees it exceeded that which parents commonly bear to their own children. But as we usually say, that “When God gives the wound, he likewise gives the medicine to cure it;” this child hath found it in this house, and I likewise therein call to mind some things which I shall never forget the longest day of my life. I, dear lady, am noble, because my parents are so, and so have been all my ancestors; who, with a mediocrity of the goods of fortune, have happily upheld their honour and reputation wheresoever they lived.’

Dona Estefania was stricken both with wonder and suspension, hearkening to Leocadia’s discourse, and how feeling her words came from her; and could not believe, though she saw it, that so much discretion could be comprehended in so few years, judging her to be but some twenty years of age, little more, or less; and without saying any thing unto her, or replying so much as one word, she stood expecting to hear what she would furthermore say; which was sufficient for the informing her of her son’s waggishness and wantonness, and of her own disgrace and dishonour; of his stealing and carrying her away by force, of his blindfolding of her eyes, of his bringing her to that very lodging, and telling her the signs and tokens whereby she certainly knew that the same was the room which so strongly confirmed her suspicion. For further confirmation whereof she took from out her bosom the image of the crucifix which she had taken thence, and spake thus:

‘Thou, Lord, who wast a witness of the force that was offered me, do thou judge my cause, and make me that amends and reparation of my honour as of right is due unto me. From the top of that cabinet I took this crucifix with a purpose only to put me still in mind of the wrong I received, but not to crave vengeance thereof, for I pretend no such thing, only I shall entreat and beg of thee, that thou wilt give me some comfort, whereby I may the better be enabled to bear this my disgrace with patience.

‘This child, lady, on whom you have exercised the utmost of your charity, is your true grandchild. It was God’s will

and the permission of heaven, that the horse ran over him, to the end, that, by his being brought to your house, I should find that, therein which I hope to find; and if not the remedy, which is most convenient for the curing of my misfortune, yet at least the means which may help me to bear it the better.'

Having said this, she fell down in a swoon in Dona Estefania's arms; who, like a noble gentlewoman, (in whom compassion and pity is natural, as cruelty in men) had scarce perceived Leocadia's swooning, but she joined her cheeks to hers, shedding thereon so many tears, that there was no need of sprinkling any other water in her face to bring her again to herself. These two being thus glued each to other, it was Dona Estefania's husband's hap to come into the room, bringing Lusico in with him, leading him by the hand; and seeing Estefania weep, and Leocadia lying in a swoon, he was very hasty in inquiring what might be the cause thereof, and whence it proceeded. The child embraced his mother as his cousin, and his grandmother as his benefactress; and did likewise ask, why they did weep? 'Great and strange things, Sir, I have to tell you,' said Estefania to her husband, 'the whole sum whereof shall end in telling you, that I must assure you that this gentlewoman, who fell into a swoon, is your daughter, and this pretty boy your grandchild. This truth which I tell you, was delivered unto me by this good gentlewoman, and the countenance of this sweet child hath confirmed it; wherein we have both of us beheld as in a glass our own son.' 'If you tell me no more than this, wife,' replied her husband, 'I do not understand you.' By this time Leocadia was come to herself, and holding fast still the crucifix, she seemed to be turned into a sea of tears. All which had put the gentleman into a great confusion and amazement, from which he was freed by his wife's recounting unto him all that which Leocadia had imparted unto her; and he, by the divine permission of heaven, did believe it as verily as if it had been proved, and made good by many substantial and true witnesses.

He comforted and embraced Leocadia, and kissed his grandchild Lusico; and that very day despatched a post to Naples, advising his son to come home with all possible speed, because he had concluded a marriage for him, with a marvellous fair and beautiful gentlewoman, and such a one as was most fit and convenient for him. Nor would they by any means consent and give way, that Leocadia or her child

should go back again to her father's house ; who, resting beyond measure contented with this good success of their daughter, gave infinite thanks therefore unto God. The post returned from Naples, and Rodolpho, out of greediness to enjoy so fair a wife as his father had signified unto him, within two days after that he had received his father's letters,—occasion of passage being offered unto him for his coming into Spain—taking hold thereof, he embarked himself with his two comrades who had never left him, and with a prosperous wind, in twelve days he arrived at Barcelona ; and thence taking post horses, in seven more he came to Toledo, and entered into his father's house in such a brave and gallant fashion as did exceed ; for in him were met together the extremes of both. His parents were very much joyed with the welfare and arrival of their son.

Leocadia, who, unseen, from a private place had a full view and sight of him, that she might not transgress the order given her by Dona Estefania, was in a quandary, and in great doubt and suspension what would be the issue of this business. Rodolpho's comrades would needs go presently home to their own houses ; but Estefania would by no means let them, because she had need of them for the effecting of her design. It was near night when Rodolpho arrived ; and whilst that supper was making ready, Estefania called her son's comrades aside, being verily persuaded that these must needs be two of those three, who, as Leocadia told her, accompanied Rodolpho that night when they stole her away ; and with great and earnest entreaties, she besought them that they would tell her, whether they did not remember that their son, on such a night, so many years since, stole away such a woman ? For to know the truth thereof much concerned the honour and peace of not only his parents, but of all their alliance and kindred. And with such and so great endearments, she knew how to crave this courtesy of them, and in such sort to assure them, that from the discovering of this stealth there should no damage follow thereupon, that, in conclusion, they held it fit to confess the truth, and so told her that they two, and another friend of Rodolpho's, on a summer's night, the very same which she had named unto them, had stolen away a young gentlewoman, and that Rodolpho carried her away with him, whilst they detained the rest of their company, who with outcries sought to defend her from that violence. And that the next day following Rodolpho told them, that he carried

her to his lodgings ; and that this was all that they could say in answer to her demand.

The confession of those two was the key which opened the door to all the doubts, which in such a case could offer themselves ; and therefore she resolved with herself, to bring that good purpose which she had entertained to a good end. The hour of supper being come, they went forth to supper, and the father and mother, and Rodolpho and his comrades, being already sat down at table, Dona Estefania, as if she had forgotten herself, ‘ O Lord,’ quoth she, ‘ where was my mind ? Have I not used my guest kindly, think you, to sit down before she comes ? Go one of you presently, and tell Leocadia, that, without using any nicety, or excusing herself that here are strangers, she come presently hither to honour my table ; and that they who sit at it, are all of them my children, and her servants.’ This was her plot, and of all that was to be done, Leocadia had been before advertised. It was not long ere Leocadia came and entered the room, presenting on a sudden in her person the fairest show that either artificial or natural beauty could afford. She came in clad, it being then winter, in a gown of black velvet, set with buttons of gold and pearl ; a girdle and chain of diamonds ; her own hairs, which were long, and of an auburn colour, did serve her instead of her head-dressings, whose invention of ribands, tufts of feathers, and glitterings of diamonds, which were interwoven with them, did dazzle the eyes of the beholders.

Leocadia was of a gentle disposition, and of a quick and lively spirit ; she brought her son along with her, leading him by the hand, two damsels going before her, lighting her in with two wax lights, in two silver candlesticks. They all arose up to do her reverence, as if she had been some deity sent down from heaven, which had thus miraculously appeared unto them. None of those that were there but stood astonished, beholding so rare a lady ; and the more they looked on her, the more they were amazed, insomuch that they were not able to speak unto her ; such power hath beauty to impose silence.

Leocadia, with a graceful behaviour, and discreet carriage, made lowly courtesy and obeisance to them all ; and Estefania taking her by the hand, set her next unto herself, right over-against Rodolpho. The little boy he sat by his grandfather. Rodolpho, who, now at a nearer distance, had beheld the incomparable beauty of Leocadia, said with-

in himself; 'If she had but the one half of this beauty which my mother hath made choice of for to be my spouse, I should hold myself the happiest man in the world. What is this which I now see? is it happily some angel that I stand thus gazing on?' And in this rapture of his, the fair image of Leocadia went entering in by his eye, to take possession of his soul: Who all the while that supper lasted, seeing him likewise so near unto herself, whom she now loved more than the light of those her eyes, which now and then by stealth looked on him, she began to revolve in her imagination, and to call to mind that which had passed heretofore with Rodolpho. Whereupon those hopes began to wax weak in her soul, which his mother had given her of his being her husband; fearing that the shortness of her fortune would not be answerable in the end to his mother's promises. She considered with herself how near she was of being happy or unhappy for ever. And so intense was this consideration, and so strong and violent these her thoughts and imaginations, that they did in such sort trouble and oppress her heart, that she began to sweat, and to change colour in an instant; whereupon suddenly followed a swooning, which inforced her to let her head fall into Dona Estefania's lap, had she not received it within her arms.—who as soon as she saw her in this trance, much startled therewith, made her bosom her pillow.

A sudden passion seized on them all, and, rising from the board, they addressed themselves to procure her recovery. But he who gave the best evidence of his sorrow was Rodolpho, who, that the sooner he might come to help her, out of mere haste stumbled and fell twice; but neither with unclaspings her gown, nor unlacing her petticoat, nor with sprinkling water on her face; did she come again to herself; but rather the rising of her breast, and the failing of her pulse, which they could not find to move, or stir, gave precise signs and apparent tokens of her death. And the men and maid-servants of the house, more passionate than well-advised; cried out aloud, 'Oh! she is dead, she is dead!'

This sorrowful news, accompanied with such woeful lamentations came, at last to the ears of Leocadia's parents; whom for a more pleasing occasion, Dona Estefania had kept close and secret, till she saw a fit time for to bring them forth in public; who, together with the priest of the parish, for he likewise was shut up with them, breaking the order given them by Estefania, came forth into the room where they were. The priest made in quickly, for to see if

by any signs she gave any tokens of repenting herself of her sins, to the end that he might absolve her of them. And whereas he thought to have found but one in a swoon, he found two. For Rodolpho was now in the like case, lying with his face on Leocadia's breast. His mother gave way unto him: and was willing that he should draw thus near unto her, as unto a thing that was to be his; but when she saw that her son likewise was without sense, and lay as it were for dead, she was likewise upon the point to lose hers; and had questionless lost it, had she not presently perceived that Rodolpho began, as he did, to come again to himself, who was much ashamed that they had seen him run into such extremes.

But his mother, as one that divined of that which her son thought, said unto him: 'Be not ashamed, son, of these extremes which thou hast committed, but be ashamed of those which thou shouldst not have committed, when thou shalt come to know that which I will no longer conceal from thee, though I thought to have deferred the doing of it, until a more joyful conjuncture.

'I would have thee therefore to know, son of my soul, that this gentlewoman whom you see lying thus in a swoon in my arms, is thy true spouse. I style her thy true spouse, because myself and thy father have made choice of her to be thy wife.'

When Rodolpho heard this, transported with his amorous and enflamed desire, and the name of husband removing all those rubs which the honesty and decency of the place might lay in his way, he brake through the company, and laying his face to that of Leocadia, remained as one expecting that his soul should breathe itself forth, and either bring hers back again, or make its abode with hers for ever.

But when the tears of all, through extreme grief, still more and more increased; and when through excess of sorrow, their lamentations and out-cries augmented more and more, and grew louder and higher, and that the hairs of the head and beard of Leocadia's mother and father, by tearing and pulling of them up by the roots, began to wax less and less, and that the shrill exclamations of their son Rodolpho, with their noise and clamour pierced the heavens, Leocadia returned again unto herself; and with her returning to life, returned that joy and content which had absented themselves from the breasts of those who were about her. Leocadia found herself linked close with fast embracings in Rodolpho's arms, and sought by honest force to unloose herself

from them. But he said unto her : ‘ No, sweet mistress, it must not be so ; it is not meet that you should strive to get yourself forth from his arms, who holds you so fast in his soul.’ With these kind words Leocadia came wholly to herself, and perfectly recovered her lost senses ; and Dona Estefania made an end of going any farther forward with her former determination ; speaking to the priest, that he should forthwith without any farther delay espouse her son to Leocadia. He did so, because there was no difficulty that interposed itself for the hindering of these espousals.

Which being now fully ended and finished, I leave it to some choicer pen, and to some other wit more refined than mine, to recount the general joy and gladness of all those that were there present ; the embracements which Leocadia’s parents gave Rodolpho ; the thanks which they gave to heaven, and to his parents ; the fair offers of love and friendship on their parts ; the admiration and wonder of Rodolpho’s comrades, who so unexpectedly saw, the very self-same night of their arrival there, so fair a match made up. And they wondered the more, when they knew by Dona Estefania’s discourse before them all, that Leocadia was the damsel which in their company her son had violently stolen and carried away.

Nor did Rodolpho remain any whit less suspenseful ; and for the better certifying himself of this truth, he entreated Leocadia that she would acquaint him with some sign or token, whereby he might come to the full knowledge of that which he did not doubt of, because his parents had so well approved his matching with her ; whereunto she made this answer : ‘ When I returned and came to myself from out another swooning, I found myself, dear Sir, in your arms without mine honour ; but I think it now well employed since that in this my last coming to myself, I find myself in the same arms I did then, but with much more honour. And if this token be not sufficient, let that suffice of the image of a crucifix, which none could steal from you but myself, which you could not choose but miss the next morning. And if that be the very same which your mother hath now in her keeping, you are the image of my soul which I highly adore, and you shall be still nearest and dearest unto me as long, my dear, as God shall permit us to live together.’ Whereupon he embracing her anew, their parents bestowed their benedictions upon them, and all the rest that were by prayed God to give them joy.

MISS FERRIER.

IF the praise of one who does himself exhibit such faithful transcripts from real life were sufficient to stamp the merit of a rival production, then would **MARRIAGE** (a Novel, by the author of *The Inheritance*) seem to possess no ordinary claim on all who can derive pleasure from the delineation of Scottish manners. With a liberality which has ever distinguished the same high authority, the Author of *Waverley* characterises his 'sister shadow' * as a labourer qualified to assist in gathering in the rich harvest yet remaining in the field just mentioned : but it is not for excellence in this respect that we are disposed to place her high in the scale of merit. Young ladies with red arms and sandy hair, coarse in person, and repulsive in manner, may be less numerous in the sunny vales of England than amid the bleak hills of Scotland ; but, when these enviable attractions are the only means by which we may ascertain the land of their nativity, such damsels cannot, with justice, be received as standards by which to judge of the state of female refinement in the country which an author is pleased to honour as their birthplace. Yet of such materials does the Scottish group in this Novel chiefly consist. He who can derive pleasure from such a representation must be far gone in the *maladie de pays* :—it were better to believe with us, that, so far as Glenfern's daughters are concerned, the picture should be regarded more as a caricature than a faithful copy from the original. The interior with Mrs Violet Macshake betrays an intimacy with Scottish character which

* Miss FERRIER, of Edinburgh, is said to be the author of these works.

could have favoured us with something less *outré* than the fooleries of the loving trio, Miss Grizzy, Miss Nicky, and Miss Jacky. Those, indeed, who take pleasure in reminding us that

———— earthlier happy
Is the rose distill'd, than that which,
Ling'ring on the virgin thorn, grows, lives, and dies
In single blessedness—

will here (as well as in *The Inheritance*) be gratified to their heart's content; inasmuch as the sisterhood alluded to by the poet are made to appear sufficiently ridiculous. Some of our readers may not have anticipated that those who, in return for the thousand kindnesses which few of us pass through life without receiving at their hands, are paid with the reckless irony of their lordly brethren, would have received such treatment from one of their own sex. It serves, however, for keeping up the *incognito*: and we had not viewed it as reprehensible, were it not more than whispered that the characters in these novels are drawn from the acquaintances or relations of the author.—Our objections will have been enumerated when we add, that the pecuniary difficulties of the hero are dwelt upon, in the earlier part of the novel, to a degree apt to excite disgust;—that some of the characters, such as that of Lady Juliana, are so selfish and heartless, that, for the honour of humanity, we must believe them to be unnatural;—and that, though the story seldom flags, yet the contrivances by which it is helped along are either abruptly or clumsily introduced—difficulties being invariably surmounted by the unlooked-for marriage of one, or the equally unexpected, though well-timed, demise of another.

Notwithstanding these slight defects, this novel deserves to rank high in our fictitious literature. In it and *The Inheritance* (which is by far the best of the two) the narrative,

when it can be so called, is highly animated ; but their main charm consists in being profusely diversified by subordinate incidents, which afford room for the display of character and description in endless variety. The style, though often careless, is happily varied : now grave ; now descriptive ; now dramatic and humorous. The following passage might tempt a wish that we had been more frequently favoured with others in a similar strain :

“ There is perhaps no feeling of our nature so vague, so complicated, so mysterious, as that with which we look upon the cold remains of our fellow mortals. The dignity with which death invests even the meanest of his victims, inspires us with an awe no living being can create. The monarch on his throne is less awful than the beggar in his shroud. The marble features—the powerless hand—the stiffened limbs—oh ! who can contemplate these with feelings that can be defined ? These *are* the mockery of all our hopes and fears, our fondest love, our fellest hate. Can it be, that we now shrink with horror from the touch of that hand, which but yesterday was fondly clasped in our own ? Is that tongue, whose accents even now dwelt in our ear, for ever chained in the silence of death ? These black and heavy eye-lids, are they for ever to seal up in darkness the eye whose glance no earthly power could restrain ? And the spirit which animated the clay, where is it now ? Is it wrapt in bliss, or dissolved in woe ? Does it witness our grief, and share our sorrow ? or is the mysterious tie that linked it with mortality for ever broken ? and the remembrance of earthly scenes, are they indeed to the enfranchised spirit as the morning beam, or the dew upon the early flower ? Reflections such as these naturally arise in every breast. Their influence is felt, though their import cannot always be expressed. The principle is in all the same, however it may differ in its operations.”

Of humour, graceful and well-timed, every second page would furnish an example ; but we can only allude to the effect of Aunt Grizzy's incessant ‘ that can't be denied,’ and ‘ nobody can dispute that’—Miss Jacky's ‘ flaming copy of Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women’—Lady MacLaughlan's ‘ resuscitating tincture’ and ‘ Methusalem pills’—Sir Samson's

‘large cocked hat’ and ‘little-booted leg’;—not forgetting Mrs Gawffaw’s ‘weak nerves’ and ‘dyed ribbons,’ nor the glory acquired by Major M’Fuss in quelling a mob enraged by ‘raising the potatoes a penny the peck’:—and verily, if wit lies in detecting resemblances between objects apparently different, Dr Redgill deserves to bear the palm for telling us that ‘a beef steak is like—a woman’s reputation!—if once breathed upon, ’tis good for nothing.’ Of skill in delineating character our limits prevent us from giving specimens: we cannot, however, neglect the original and inimitable Doctor just mentioned; neither can we pass by Uncle Adam of *The Inheritance*: he bears some resemblance, and is little inferior, to Touchwood in St Ronan’s Well:—his unchanged affection for *Lizzie Lundie* at once excites an interest, and gives more insight into his character than could be imparted by whole pages of description. With a susceptibility which seems original in the female mind, or which, at least, no course of education can confer on the other sex, our fair author pencils those fugitive impressions which come under the description of sentiment, and enters no less successfully on the portraiture of those dark and tragic emotions which, but for the example of a Baillie, might have been regarded as peculiar to writers of the other sex. But for the truth of this remark we must refer to those who have already been delighted by Miss Ferrier’s works: it were uncharitable longer to detain our reader from the following dramatic scene, selected on account of the happy satire applied to a folly which, comparatively little known to our elder novelists, now prevails to an extent authorising a wish that Blue-stockings, to whatever sex they may belong (for there *are* male Blues) may soon cease to be a nuisance in rational society.

MEETING OF THE BLUES,

At a House "where nothing but CONVERSATION is spoke."

MARY and her aunt Grizzy were received by Mrs Bluemits with that air of condescension which great souls practise towards ordinary mortals, and which is intended, at one and the same time, to encourage and to repel; to show the extent of their goodness, even while they make, or try to make, their *protégé* feel the immeasurable distance which nature or fortune has placed between them. It was with this air of patronising grandeur that Mrs Bluemits took her guests by the hand, and introduced them to a circle of females already assembled.

Mrs Bluemits was not an avowed authoress; but she was a professed critic, a well informed woman, a woman of great conversational powers, &c. and, to use her own phrase, nothing but conversation was spoke in her house. Her guests were therefore always expected to be distinguished, either for some literary production, or their taste in the *belles lettres*. Two ladies from Scotland, the land of poetry and romance, were consequently hailed as new stars in Mrs Bluemits's horizon. No sooner were they seated, than Mrs Bluemits began: 'As I am a friend to ease in literary society, we shall, without ceremony, resume our conversation; for, as Seneca observes, the comfort of life depends upon conversation.'

'I think,' said Miss Graves, 'it is Rochefoucault who says the great art of conversation is to hear patiently and answer precisely.'

'A very poor definition, for so profound a philosopher,' remarked Mrs Apsley.

'The amiable author of what the gigantic Johnson styles the melancholy and angry Night Thoughts, gives a nobler, a more elevated, and, in my humble opinion, a juster explanation of the intercourse of mind,' said Miss Parkins: and she repeated the following lines, with pompous enthusiasm:

"Speech ventilates our intellectual fire,
Speech burnishes our mental magazine,
Brightens for ornament and whets for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes
And rusted in, who might have borne an edge
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech--
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!"

Mrs Bluemits proceeded ;

“ Tis thought's exchange, which, like the alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.”

‘ The sensitive poet of Olney, if I mistake not,’ said Mrs Dalton, ‘ steers a middle course betwixt the somewhat bald maxim of the Parisian philosopher, and the mournful pruriency of the Bard of Night, when he says,

“ Conversation in its better part
May be esteem'd a gift and not an art.”

Mary had been accustomed to read, and to reflect upon what she read, and to apply it to the purpose for which it is valuable, viz. in enlarging her mind and cultivating her taste ; but she had never been accustomed to prate, or quote, or sit down for the express purpose of displaying her acquirements ; and she began to tremble at hearing authors' names ‘ familiar in their mouths as household words ;’ but Grizzy, strong in ignorance, was nowise daunted. True, she heard what she could not comprehend, but she thought she would soon make things clear ; and she therefore turned to her neighbour on her right hand and accosted her with— ‘ My niece and I are just come from dining at Mrs Pullens'—I daresay you have heard of her—she was Miss Flora M'Fuss ; her father, Dr M'Fuss, was a most excellent preacher, and she is a remarkable clever woman.’

‘ Pray Ma'am has she come out, or is she simply *bel esprit* ? inquired the lady.

Grizzy was rather at a loss ; and, indeed, to answer a question put in an unknown language, would puzzle wiser brains than hers ; but Grizzy was accustomed to converse, without being able to comprehend, and she therefore went on.

‘ Her mother Mrs M'Fuss—but she is dead—was a very clever woman too ; I'm sure, I declare, I don't know whether the Doctor or her was the cleverest, but many people, I know, thinks Mrs Pullens beats them both.’

‘ Indeed ! may I ask in what department she chiefly excels ?’

‘ O, I really think in every thing. For one thing, every thing in her house is done by steam ; and then she can keep

every thing, I can't tell how long, just in paper bags and bottles ; and she is going to publish a book with all her receipts in it. I'm sure it will be very interesting.'

'I beg ten thousand pardons for the interruption,' cried Mrs Bluemits, from the opposite side of the room ; 'but my ear was smote with the sounds of *publish* and *interesting*—words which never fail to awaken a responsive chord in my bosom. Pray,' addressing Grizzy, and bringing her into the full blaze of observation, 'may I ask was it of *the* Campbell these electric words were spoken? To you, Madam, I am sure I need not apologize for my enthusiasm—you who claim the proud distinction of being a country-woman, need I add—an acquaintance?'

All that poor Grizzy could comprehend of this harangue was, that it was reckoned a great honour to be acquainted with a Campbell ; and chuckling with delight at the idea of her own consequence, she briskly replied—

'O, I know plenty of Campbells ; there's the Campbells of Mireside, relations of ours ; and there's the Campbells of Blackbrae, married in our family ; and there's the Campbells of Windlestrae Glen, are not very distant by my mother's side.'

Mary felt as if perforated by bullets in all directions as she encountered the eyes of the company, turned alternately upon her aunt and her ; but they were on opposite sides of the room ; therefore to interpose betwixt Grizzy and her assailants was impossible.

'Possibly,' suggested Mrs Dalton, 'Miss Douglas prefers the loftier strains of the mighty Minstrel of the Mountains, to the more polished periods of the poet of the Transatlantic Plain.'

'Or perhaps,' said Miss Crick, 'Miss Douglas prefers nature in its simplest, homeliest form ; pray Ma'am,' turning full upon the now bewildered Grizzy, 'are you an admirer of Crabbe's Tales?' 'Crabs' tails!' repeated Grizzy in astonishment, 'I don't think ever I tasted them—Indeed I don't think our crabs have tails ; but I'm very fond of crabs' claws when there's any thing in them.' Fortunately the confusion of tongues was at this moment so great, that Grizzy's *lapsus* passed unnoticed by all but Mary, whose ears tingled at every word she uttered.

'Without either a possibility, or a perhaps,' said Mrs Apsley, 'the probability is, Miss Douglas prefers the author of the Giaour to all the rest of her poetical countrymen.'

Where, in either Walter Scott or Thomas Campbell, will you find such lines as these ?

“ Wet with their own best blood shall drip
The gnashing tooth and haggard lip ! ”

‘ Pardon me, Madam,’ said Miss Parkins ; ‘ but I am of opinion you have scarcely given a fair specimen of the powers of the Noble Bard in question. The image here represented is a familiar one : “ the gnashing tooth and haggard lip,” we have all witnessed, perhaps some of us may even have experienced. There is consequently little merit in presenting it to the mind’s eye. It is easy, comparatively speaking, to portray the feelings and passions of our own kind. We have only, as Dryden expresses it, to descend into ourselves, to find the secret imperfections of our mind. It is therefore in his portraiture of the canine race, that the illustrious author has so far excelled all his contemporaries : in fact he has given quite a dramatic cast to his dogs :’ and she repeated with an air of triumph—

“ And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall,
Hold o’er the dead their carnival ;
Gorging and growling o’er carcase and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him !
From a Tartar’s skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;
And their white tusks crunched o’er the whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws when their edge grew dull ;
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed.”

‘ Now, to enter into the conceptions of a dog—to embody one’s self, as it were, in the person of a brute—to sympathize in its feelings—to make its propensities our own—to “ lazily mumble the bones of the dead ” with our own individual “ white tusks ! ”—pardon me, Madam, but with all due deference to the genius of a Scott, it is a thing he has not dared to attempt. Only the finest mind in the universe was capable of taking so bold a flight. Scott’s dogs, Madam, are tame domestic animals—mere human dogs, if I may say so. Byron’s dogs——But let them speak for themselves !

“ The scalps were in the wild dog’s maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.”

Show me, if you can, such an image in Scott ?

‘ Very fine, certainly ! ’ was here uttered by five novices,

who were only there as probationers, consequently not privileged to go beyond a response.

‘Is it the dancing dogs they are speaking about?’ asked Grizzly. But looks of silent contempt were the only replies she received.

‘I trust I shall not be esteemed presumptuous,’ said Miss Entick, ‘or supposed capable of entertaining views of detracting from the merits of the noble Author at present under discussion, if I humbly, but firmly, enter my caveat against the word “crunch,” as constituting an innovation in our language, the purity of which cannot be too strictly preserved, or pointedly enforced. I am aware that by some I may be deemed unnecessarily fastidious; and possibly Christina, Queen of Sweden, might have applied to me the celebrated observation, said to have been elicited from her by the famed work of the laborious French Lexicographer, viz. that he was the most troublesome person in the world, for he required of every word to produce its passport, and to declare whence it came, and whither it was going. I confess, I too, for the sake of my country, would wish that every word we utter might be compelled to show its passport, attested by our great lawgiver, Dr Samuel Johnson.’

‘Unquestionably,’ said Mrs. Bluemits, ‘purity of language ought to be preserved inviolate at any price; and it is more especially incumbent upon those who exercise a sway over our minds—those who are, as it were, the moulds in which our young imaginations are formed,—to be watchful guardians of our language. But I lament to say, that in fact it is not so; and that the aberrations of our vernacular tongue have proceeded solely from the licentious use made of it by those whom we are taught to reverence as the fathers of the Sock and Lyre.’

‘Yet in familiar colloquy, I do not greatly object to the use of a word occasionally, even although unsanctioned by the authority of our mighty Lexicographer,’ said a new speaker.

‘For my part,’ said Miss Parkins, ‘a genius fettered by rules, always reminds me of Gulliver in the hairy bonds of the Lilliputians; and the sentiment of the elegant and enlightened Bard of Twickenham, is also mine:

“Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend:
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art.”

So it is with the subject of our argument: a tamer genius than the illustrious Byron would not have dared to "crunch" the bone. But where in the whole compass of the English language will you find a word capable of conveying the same idea?

'Pick,' modestly suggested one of the novices in a low key, hoping to gain some celebrity by this her first effort; but this dawn of intellect passed unnoticed.

The argument was now beginning to run high; parties were evidently forming of crunchers and anticrunchers, and etymology was beginning to be called for, when a thundering knock at the door caused a cessation of hostilities.

'That, I flatter myself, is my friend Miss Griffon,' said Mrs Bluemits with an air of additional importance; and the name was whispered round the circle, coupled with 'Celebrated Authoress—Fevers of the Heart—Thoughts of the Moment,' &c. &c.

'Is she a *real* Authoress that is coming?' asked Miss Grizzly at the Lady next her. And her delight was great at receiving an answer in the affirmative; for Grizzly thought to be in company with an Authoress, was the next thing to being an Authoress herself; and, like some other people, she had a sort of vague mysterious reverence for every one whose words had been printed in a book.

'Ten thousand thousand pardons, dearest Mrs Bluemits!' exclaimed Miss Griffon, as she entered. 'I fear a world of intellect is lost to me by this cruel delay.' Then in an audible whisper—'But I was detained by my publisher. He quite persecutes me to write. My "*Fevers of the Heart*" has had a prodigious run; and even my "*Thoughts*," which, in fact, cost me no thought, are amazingly *recherché*. And I actually had to force myself to you to-night through a legion of printer's devils, who were lying in wait for me with each a sheet of my "*Billows of Love*."'

'The title is most musical, most melancholy,' said Mrs Bluemits, 'and conveys a perfect idea of what Dryden terms "the sweeping deluge of the soul;" but I flatter myself we shall have something more than a name from Miss Griffon's genius. The Aonian Graces, 'tis well known, always follow in her train.'

'They have made a great hole in it then,' said Grizzly, officiously displaying a fracture in the train of Miss Griffon's gown, and from thence taking occasion to deliver her senti-

ments on the propriety of people who tore gowns always being obliged to mend them.

After suitable entreaties had been used, Miss Griffon was at last prevailed upon to favour the company with some specimens of the 'Billows of Love', a sonnet which called forth unanimous applause—'delicate imagery'—'smooth versification'—'classical ideas'—'Petrarchian sweetness,' &c. &c. resounded from all quarters. But even intellectual joys have their termination, and carriages and servants began to be announced in rapid succession.

'Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,' said Mrs Bluemits to the first of her departing guests, as the clock struck ten.

'It is gone with its thorns and its roses,' replied her friend with a sigh and a farewell pressure of the hand.

Another now advanced—'Wilt thou be gone?—it is not yet near day.'

'I have less will to go, than care to stay,' was the reply.

'*Parto ti lascio adio,*' warbled Miss Parkins.

'I vanish,' said Mrs Apsley, 'snatching up her tippet, ridicule, &c. 'and like the baseless fabric of a vision leave not a wreck behind.'

'Fare-thee-well at once—Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me!' cried the last of the band as she slowly retreated.

Mrs Bluemits waved her hand with a look of tender reproach, as she repeated—

"An adieu should in utterance die,
Or if written should faintly appear—
Should be heard in the sob of a sigh,
Or be seen in the blot of a tear."

'I'm sure, Mary,' said Grizzy, when they were in the carriage, 'I expected when all the ladies were repeating that you would have repeated something too. You used to have the Hermit, and all Watts' Hymns by heart when you was little. It's a thousand pities that you should have forgot them; for I declare, I was quite affronted to see you sitting like a stick, and not saying a word when all the ladies were speaking, and turning up their eyes, and moving their heads so prettily; but I hope next time you go to Mrs Bluemits you will take care to learn something by heart before you go. I'm sure I hav'n't a very good memory, but I remember something; and I was very near going to repeat "Fare-

well to Lochaber" myself, as we were coming away ; and I wish to goodness I had done it ; but I suppose it wouldn't do to go back now ; and at any rate all the ladies are away, and I daresay the candles will be out by this time.'

Mary felt it a relief to have done with this surfeit of soul, and was of opinion that learning, like religion, ought never to be forced into conversation ; and that people who only read to talk of their reading might as well let it alone.—Next morning she gave so ludicrous an account of her entertainment, that Lady Emily was quite charmed.

'Now I begin to have hopes of you,' said she, 'since I see you can laugh at your friends as well as me.'

'Not at my friends, I hope,' answered Mary ; 'only at folly.'

'Call it what you will : I only wish I had been there. I should certainly have started a controversy upon the respective merits of Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots, and so have called them off Lord Byron. Their pretending to measure the genius of a Scott or a Byron, must have been something like a fly attempting to take the altitude of mount Blanc. How I detest those "idle disquisitions about the colour of a goat's beard or the blood of an oyster !"'

EDWARD MOORE.

THE following story is extracted from the 'THE WORLD,' one of the periodicals of last century which has taken its place among what are called the *British Classics*. 'The World' was conducted by Edward Moore, author of 'Fables for the Female Sex,' 'The Gamester, a tragedy,' &c., with the assistance of the Earl of Chesterfield, and others. It came out in the years 1753-57, at the same time with 'The Adventurer,' by Dr Hawkesworth; yet these works differ greatly from each other in style and manner. Dr Hawkesworth (of whom we shall have occasion to speak in another part of this volume) was a heavy writer—though a superficial thinker. He formed his style upon Johnson's, and deceived himself, it is likely, as well as others, in the thought that he equalled that wonderful man, because he marched at the same ponderous pace. His chief assistants in 'The Adventurer' were, 'the great doctor himself,' who, though he gave almost all that is valuable in the work, added little to its liveliness—and Thomas Warton, a critical writer too much in earnest to be gay. 'The Adventurer,' therefore, is (with the exception of *The Rambler*) the most sombre, and (with no exception) the least witty of all the *Essayists*. 'The World,' on the other hand, is a most cheerful and humorous work. It contains several papers by the Earl of Chesterfield, in his own exquisite manner, and is supported with undeviating pleasantry by its conductor. Moore was a very unaffected writer—always easy and plain—although not

always graceful or in good taste. His great excellence lay in irony ; and in that style, if he has not the strength of Swift, neither has he the bitterness. All his papers are more or less ironical, and the work, as a whole, is in better *keeping* than most periodicals.

The story that follows is perhaps the longest extract the book furnishes, in which the author forgets his own character, and his own peculiar vein ; yet even here he does not quite refrain from indulging his sly irony.—What can be better, for instance, than the roguish observation he makes, after telling that the honour of a young widow was triumphed over ?—" I shall stop a moment here, to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers, against too hastily a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow that in a world near six thousand years old, *one* such instance of frailty, *even in a young and beautiful widow*, may possibly have happened."

A DOMESTIC STORY.

AN eminent merchant in London, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, was married to a lady of considerable fortune and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir : and as time rather lessened than increased the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent and at last averse to his wife. This change in his affection was the heaviest affliction to her ; yet so gentle was her disposition, that she reproached him only with her tears ; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr Wilson will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among these philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small distance from town, whi-

ther he usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelvemonth ; seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home, and never sleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder ; he saw her oftener, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodging, she paid a visit to a friend at the other end of the town ; and stopping in her way home at a thread shop in a by-street near St. James's, she saw Mr Wilson crossing the way and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel house over-against her, which was opened by a servant in livery, and immediately shut, without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had an acquaintance in the street, a little alarmed her, she inquired of the shopwoman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the opposite house. ' You have just seen him go in, Madam,' replied the woman. ' His name is Roberts, and a mighty good gentleman, they say, he is. His Lady'—At those words Mrs Wilson changed colour ; and interrupting her—' His Lady, Madam !—I thought that—Will you give me a glass of water ? This walk has so tired me—Pray give me a glass of water—I am quite faint with fatigue.' The good woman of the shop ran herself for the water, and by the additional help of some hartshorn that was at hand, Mrs Wilson became, in appearance, tolerably composed. She then looked over the threads she wanted, and having desired a coach might be sent for, ' I believe,' said she, ' you were quite frightened to see me look so pale ; but I had walked a great way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not stepped into your shop—But you were talking of the gentleman over the way—I fancied I knew him ; but his name is Roberts, you say. Is he a married man, pray ?' ' The happiest in the world, Madam (returned the thread woman.) He is wonderfully fond of children, and to his great joy his lady is now lying in of her first child, which is to be christened this evening ; and as fine a boy, they say it is, as ever was seen.' At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the saving a second dose of hartshorn, the coach that was sent for came to the door ; into which Mrs Wilson immediately stepped, after hesitating an apology for the trouble she had given ; and

in which coach we shall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief which herself has told me she was never able to describe.

The readers of this little history have been informed that Mr Wilson had a country lodging; to which he was supposed to retire almost every evening since his disagreement with his wife: but in fact, it was to his house near St. James's that he constantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above-mentioned, but from another motive than merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this.

As he was sauntering one day through the Bird Cage Walk in the Park; he saw a young woman sitting alone upon one of the benches, who, though plainly, was neatly dressed, and whose air and manner distinguished her from the lower class of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the most composed melancholy that can be imagined. He stood looking at her for some time; which she at last perceiving, started from her seat in some confusion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of losing her gave him courage to speak to her. He begged pardon for disturbing her, and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author, whose name and book I forget, that a woman's heart is never so brimful of affliction, but a little flattery will insinuate itself into a corner of it; and as Wilson was a handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side. Wilson, who was really heart struck, made her a thousand protestations of esteem and friendship; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or services could contribute to her happiness, and vowing never to leave her, till she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued; and after a deep sigh and a stream of tears, the lady began thus.

'If, Sir, you are the gentleman your appearance speaks you to be, I shall thank Heaven that I have found you. I am the unfortunate widow of an officer who was killed at Dettingen. As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother's consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to

England (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern's widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

'In this retirement I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my loss and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

'I lived upon this slender allowance with all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my husband, discovered me at church, and made me a visit. To this gentleman's bounty I have long been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds, in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in these payments, which were always made me the morning they became due, and yesterday being quarter-day, I wondered I neither saw him nor heard from him. Early this morning I walked from Chelsea to inquire for him at his lodgings in Pall Mall; but how shall I tell you, Sir, the news I learnt there?—This friend, this generous and disinterested friend, was killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde-park.' She stopt here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. 'I was so stunned at this intelligence that I knew not whither to go. Chance more than choice brought me to this place; where if I have found a benefactor—and indeed, Sir, I have need of one—I shall call it the happiest accident of my life.'

The widow ended her story, which was literally true, in so engaging a manner that Wilson was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence she had placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home, to which she readily consented, walking with him to Buckingham-gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelsea. Wilson dined with her that day, and took lodgings in the same house, calling himself Roberts, and a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before, where, by unbounded generosity and constant assiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow.

I shall stop a moment here, to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers, against too hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow that in a world near six

thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible on the lady's shape—a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilson. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near St. James's, where Mrs Wilson had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay in.

I return now to Mrs Wilson, whom we left in a hackney-coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she has often told me, that she passed the night of that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and, finding that business would detain him in the city for some hours, she determined, whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called; and in her handsomest undress, and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She inquired at the door if Mr Roberts was within; and being answered no, but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding, that as she came a great way, and had business with Mr Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message from her mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs Wilson confesses that at this moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her; and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she instantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and

every one busied in assisting the stranger ; but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had no other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was ; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who in the tenderest distress was inquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the servants were withdrawn) to begin as follows.

‘I am indeed, Madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits ; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely woman, and deserve to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too ; but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit ; and not finding him at home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to see and to converse with.’ ‘Me, Madam !’ answered Mrs Roberts, with some emotion, ‘had you heard any thing of me ?’ ‘That you were such as I have found you, Madam,’ replied the stranger, ‘and had made Mr Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I see him, Madam ? I shall love him for his father’s sake.’ ‘His father, Madam !’ returned the mistress of the house, ‘his father, did you say ? I am mistaken then ; I thought you had been a stranger to him.’ ‘To his person, I own,’ said Mrs Wilson, ‘but not to his character ; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature. If it is not too much trouble, Madam, I beg to be obliged.’

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs Roberts the most alarming fears. She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch, without witnesses, the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs Wilson took it in her arms, and bursting into tears, said, ‘Tis a sweet boy, Madam ; would I had such a boy ! Had he been mine, I had been happy !’ With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave

the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself; and it was not till some minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence followed for some time. At last Mrs Roberts began thus :

‘ You are unhappy, Madam, that you have no child : I pray Heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I conjure you, by the goodness that appears in you, to acquaint me with your story. : Perhaps it concerns me ; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does. But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I will be just to you.’

Mrs Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her husband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs Wilson, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows : ‘ I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surprised at seeing a perfect stranger in your house ; but my business is with the master of it ; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities which your lady has entertained me with.’

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return ; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words :

‘ How I have discovered your secret, or how the discovery has tormented me, I need not tell you. It is enough for you to know that I am miserable for ever. My business with you is short ; I have only a question to ask, and to take a final leave of you in this world. Tell me truly then, as you shall answer it hereafter, if you have seduced this lady under false appearances, or have fallen into guilt by the temptations of a wanton ? ‘ I shall answer you presently,’ said Wilson ; ‘ but first I have a question for you. Am I discovered to her ? And does she know it is my wife I am

now speaking to?' 'No, upon my honour,' she replied; 'her looks were so amiable, and her behaviour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to distress her. If she has guessed at what I am, it was only from the concern she saw me in, which I could not hide from her.' 'You have acted nobly then,' returned Wilson, 'and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you. And now, if you have patience to hear me, you shall know all.'

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determination to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband:— 'She must consent,' cried Mrs Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; 'she must consent. You are her husband, and may command it. For me, Madam,' continued she, turning to Mrs Wilson, 'he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will atone for it to the utmost. He is your husband, Madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what has passed, and am now here to join my entreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever.'

To relate all that was said upon this occasion would extend my story too much. Wilson was all submission and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted; and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for, and her child, at the request of Mrs Wilson, taken home to her own house; where at the end of a year she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and, two years after, was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his first proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of these visits. Mr Wilson is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent me, in his own hand, this moral to his story.

'That though prudence and generosity may not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a constant perseverance in them, will, one time or other, most certainly regain it.'

JOHN WILSON.

THE first extract which follows is from the 'Trials of Margaret Lyndsay,' by the author of 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' attributed, without a dissentient voice, to JOHN WILSON, Esq. author of the *Isle of Palms*, *City of the Plague*, and other Poems. Few need be reminded of the rancorous opposition which endeavoured to decry the talents of Mr Wilson, when about to succeed Dr. Thomas Brown, as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh: and we had not alluded to it here, did not this circumstance account for a prejudice whose operation may still be traced in criticisms and allusions unavailingly intended to diminish the confidence reposed in him as a teacher, and the popularity he has acquired as an author. Well, however, may his admirers look upon these with indifference. Censure, originating in such a feeling, falls harmless on its object; or, if not an 'honourable sentence,' is more than balanced by the good opinion of unbiassed judges. The voice of detraction already begins to be disregarded: Professor Wilson has secured from the candid that approbation which will increase with the lapse of years; and never was respect more sincere, or gratitude more warm, entertained by pupils towards a master, than that with which he is regarded by all who have been thrilled by his eloquence, or roused into exertion by his praise. In unsphering the spirit of more ancient systems, and in reconciling the discrepancies of later theories, he employs that felicity of style and of argument which carries conviction to the serious, while it commands attention from the volatile. In tracing the mysterious connections of human thought, and in re-

commending that conduct which may lead to a haven of rest when the turmoil of life is over, his audience is carried along by illustrations, original and apposite, so judiciously alternating with grave detail, that applause extorted by the Poet is renewed by the display of metaphysical skill. The simple affections or humble occupations of lowly life, with all the variety of mountain and meadow, of sunshine and storm, by which the Scottish peasant is surrounded, are frequently selected for this purpose: and few of his hearers, on revisiting the haunts of infancy, can fail to experience the new interest with which many a scene and many a well-known fashion have become invested, through the magic influence of eloquent description. . . . Akin to this must be the effect produced by his 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' when first met with in a foreign land: in the one case, objects, present to the eye, are gazed upon with that feeling of novelty excited by the notice 'their likes' may have attracted in the halls of learning; in the other, the heart, 'untravelling,' reverts to scenes present only in imagination. The home of his early years—the image of a tender mother, of an indulgent father—the affection of a beloved brother, of an amiable sister—the cherished form of one around whom all the bright hopes of future bliss are entwined—the rippling brook by whose margin she may have pledged her willing faith—the trees whose bark may bear record of their love—all, by some individual tale, nay, some individual phrase, will, in a single moment, be recalled with an intensity of emotion, causing him

Whom fortune leads to traverse realms alone,

for a time to forget that he is still on Indian plains, separated by half the globe from scenes presented to the eye of fancy.

Bordering, if we mistake not, on a Fifth Edition, this work may be safely said to have acquired a popularity that

would justify the highest panegyric ;—a fact, however, which of itself precludes all necessity for further remark in this way : and the only fault we can find is, that the author regards humanity with so favourable an eye as to overlook those *shadows* which, too oft, obscure the brighter parts of Scottish life.

The applause of every feeling heart,—the gratitude of thousands whom it has soothed in adversity—pinning under disease or withering under ‘the world’s dread laugh,’—bear us out in pronouncing the TRIALS OF MARGARET LYNDSEY to be more nearly

—One pure and perfect chrysolite,

than any similar performance we could name. This opinion, we confess, was not the immediate result of a first perusal. The part of Margaret’s history connected with a villain whose name we are glad to have forgot—a radical, or ‘friend of the people,’ however,—is most painful to the feelings ; but what has been said of the composition of Madame Cottin may, with much justice, be applied to our author : viz. that he ‘seldom loves to excite attention by a display of the ignoble or unholy passions. Unfortunately, these must, in a measure, enter every picture of life and manners ; but it is only when they must enter that they are here admitted. They are shown, but not so prominently as to enter with those gentler and more agreeable images that fill the sight.—They come, as flying clouds to throw a shadow over the current, not as a miry infusion to sully its clearness.’ This work would be a treasure to the psychologist, were it only for the touching fidelity with which it portrays the feelings of those who

—find no dawn ;

So thick a drop serene hath quench’d their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil’d.

There is, too, a pathos in those passages where blind Esther

or poor Marion is spoken of, which must call a tear into the most unwonted eye. But, of all the praises which have been bestowed upon 'Margaret Lyndsay,' few can be more grateful to its author than the following disinterested eulogium from the pen of Sir Egerton Brydges :

"I have for some time, nearly, I believe, for two years, lost the habit or power of reading; but on Saturday I accidentally took up a book lying on the table, which had been obtained from one of the Libraries at Geneva, entitled 'The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.' I have read it about half through; and though the grand test is yet to come in the manner of conducting the other half—so far I have been very much affected and enchanted by it. It is written I presume by a Scottish Poet of some celebrity. It, at any rate, could not be written by any one but a true poet; for all its descriptions are genuine poetry of a high cast. It is one of those few happy productions which has left a thrill upon one's frame, that seems to change one's nature, and give new lights to the face of things around one. It has a decided originality; perhaps it has more elegance and gentle tenderness than force; and I am afraid that it now and then a little approaches to affectation in a few of its sentiments, and a sort of overlabour of pious reflections; but what touches me is the exquisite and tender delicacy of the descriptions, which are at the same time rich and brilliant; and a sweetness and moral pathos in many passages, which does not overstep nature, but enchains the reader by its deep simplicity. The delight of the suburban walks to those emerging from crowded streets, so beautifully touched by Milton, in the passage beginning

'As one who, long in populous city pent,'

is dwelt upon by the present author with a brilliance of inventive fidelity which is at once new and perfect. The visit to the native cottages of Braehead from the narrow lane and gloomy court will continue to be read by readers of sensibility and taste while the language lasts."

Though chiefly distinguished for skill in pathetic description, it will be seen from the first extract that our author is not unsuccessful, when pleased to indulge in a humorous strain.

The second extract is more illustrative of his peculiar manner. It is from 'The Foresters,' the last published of the author's works, and equal in merit to the others, although resembling them even to a painful degree.

MARGARET LYNDSEY'S WOOERS.

MARGARET LYNDSEY was now in the twenty-first year of her age; and if, as a girl, she had always been noticed even by the careless eye of the stranger as a creature rarely beautiful among her humble companions, by the way-side at Braehead, or standing at her mother's door in that lane of the city, she was now even more so than according to the promise of her rising youth. The pure air of the country had given colour to her pale cheeks; and her walks to the houses of the parents of her scholars, with her friend Lucy Oswald, over the hills of bonny Clydesdale and its solitary vales, each carrying down its sparkling rivulet to swell the falls of Bonniton, Cora-Linn, and Stonebyres, had nerved her frame to a fuller loveliness, and given livelier elasticity to her steps. Now, too, despondency and fear had fled far off from the Orphan; she had not only enough of this world's means to keep want henceforth from her own door, but what was dear to her as the sunshine of Sabbath, to relieve the distresses of her fellow-creatures. Nature demanded no long deep grief from her grateful heart for the death of her uncle. He had died full of days, and life was now before her to enjoy it in contentment and innocence.

She was beautiful, and she knew it; at least she knew that every one looked upon her with kind eyes; and, no doubt, she frequently heard, without thinking much or at all about it, praise of her beauty in compliment, courtesy, or affection. Her disposition was by nature gay and lively; and now that all clouds seemed blown away from the limited horizon of her settled life, her spirits re-awoke to their former hilarity, and the countenance that had so long expressed chiefly pity, sorrow, or fortitude, now shone with smiles that told what enjoyment lay spread for her over all the scenes and occurrences of this life. She made no violent changes about Nether-Place, for she respected the memory of her old kind uncle; and she swept not away any of

the antique objects that had been familiar to his eyes, however rude or homely. But still there appeared all around the difference between young and old fancies ; a spirit of brighter expression encompassed the avenue, garden, house, and adjacent fields ; and, while every thing in itself permanent was not only allowed to remain, but was carefully protected, such as the Willow-Arbour, the root-seats, the high beech hedges, and the little shed, in whose niches the tufted bee-hives stood secure from every wind that blew—many little additions were made, and many little clearings away, that let in the beauty of Nature more tenderly or more boldly upon Nether-place, till the neighbours, who knew it best, declared that, though they could not tell why, it was far bonnier than before, and certainly not to be matched any where in all the Upper Ward.

Margaret was placed in a rank of society neither high nor low, and it was precisely that most congenial with her humble and unambitious disposition. Far higher, indeed, it was than what she could ever have dreamed of a very few years ago, when there were rarely more shillings in the house than could purchase provisions to the week's end. But still it was low enough to keep her chiefly among the peasantry, and to make their houses the chief scenes of the festal familiarities of her heart. Her extreme beauty—her perfectly blameless manners—and her occupation—so great a blessing to the little parish, made her an object of no common interest to the few resident gentry all the way down the country as far as Cora-Linn ; and as few important events, even in the private history of any family, altogether escape the partial knowledge of persons no way concerned, there was a memoir, various as the minds of those who heard it, of the real cause of her departure from the house of Mrs Wedderburne. There was something of romance, therefore, about the circumstances of her life to curious minds, with whom novelty or strangeness has such strong charms ; and now that she was a lady, even of landed property, the very haughtiest member of old rural races, distinguished by their fixed and immoveable obscurity for many respectable generations, began to hear something extremely genteel in the words ' Margaret Lyndsay,' and perhaps would have reconciled themselves to the misfortune of her becoming the wife of some one of the younger unendowed Clydesdale cadets. But Margaret had seen the perfect elegance of cultivated life in the family of the Wedderburnes, and had there repaid the

kindness of her benefactress by duties, unremittingly discharged to her own Hamet and Frances. Now, she was independent; and had no wish to sit at tables where she might have been pardonably enough looked on as a sort of curiosity or wonder, namely, a genteel girl out of a poor home, a lady risen from low life, the orphan daughter of a mechanic, really not far from being on a par with the hoydenish misses of a squire's family, with red velvet gowns from the town, and red velvet arms to put into them from the country. So Margaret rather shunned than courted splendid hospitality; but always with gratitude and humility acknowledged every kindness and courtesy that she received from persons in a higher rank, and above all, was delighted to see in her own parlour at Nether-Place those benevolent ladies who took an interest in the education of the children of the peasantry, and who, therefore, looked upon her as a benefactress to the whole parish.

Before many months had elapsed since her uncle's death, Margaret had her wooers, although the two first on the list were not such as to represent the passion of love as any thing very tragic. Duncan Gray, portioner in Muirhouse, a young man of good morals, and not very bad manners, and supposed to be worth not far off a hundred pounds per annum, was the swain who took time by the forelock, and first hinted the modest request of Margaret's heart and hand. Some persons make wonderfully little account of such a request; and hold themselves entitled, after two or three times receiving a piece of short-bread, and a glass of elder-flower wine, to ask the lady who has given him such refreshment in marriage. The strife of transition seems long and violent; and in Duncan's case it was no sooner taken, than he saw in Miss Lyndsay's involuntary smile that he had made himself—rather ridiculous. At the same time, there was some little excuse for Mr Duncan Gray of Muirhouse. He had a soul for music framed; and rejecting other everyday instruments of stop or string, he selected the Great Highland Bagpipe. On it he poured forth, not from his breast, but from beneath his arm, the loudest, longest sighs, *con amore* and *affettuoso*. All the while he thus gave vent to the 'windy suspiration of fixed breath,' he was in the practice, at tea parties, of keeping his blown-up cheeks and staring eyes straight upon the countenance of Margaret Lyndsay; and in the enthusiasm of the hour, he beheld her yielding to the voice of passion. He had mounted new rib-

bons on the drone of his pipes, red as the rosy visage that puffed below ; and pity the delusion of the fond youth if he felt himself and his chanter to be irresistible. But Duncan Gray was a stout young swain, who lived in a high latitude, and had an excellent appetite ; so, when he found that Miss Lyndsay preferred a single life, he had recourse to corned beef and greens, and it was not generally thought over the parish that he lost a single pound of flesh on his refusal. That refusal, in whatever words conveyed, and no doubt, it was in Margaret's gentlest manner,—for it is said that no lady is absolutely angry with the very absurdest offer—was, it appeared, decisive. Mr Gray henceforth played less outrageously on the Bagpipe at parties where Margaret was present, and put his hand to his hat, on her appearance, with rather a hurried and abrupt demonstration ; but otherwise he was very much the same man as before, and began to pay frequent visits to Thomas Carstairs of the Haugh, whose daughter Rachel was, though no beauty, by no means contemptible either in talk, tidiness, or tocher.

The next on the list was one more likely, according to public opinion, to have been a thriving wooer—the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart of Drumluke. He was considered by himself and some others to be the best preacher in the synod ; and, since Daniel Craig's death, had contrived to hold forth more than once in the kirk of Casterton. He was very oratorically disposed ; and had got the gold medal at Glasgow College for the best specimen of elocution. This medal he generally carried in his pocket, and he had favoured Miss Lyndsay with a sight of it once in the manse, and once when they were alone eating gooseberries in the Garden of Nether-Place. The only thing very peculiar in his pronunciation was a burr, which might, on first hearing, have subjected him to the imputation of being a Northumbrian ; but then there was an indescribably ascending tone in his speech, running up eagerly to the top of a sentence, like a person in a hurry to the head of a staircase, that clenched him at once as a native of Paisley, born of parents from about Tynedrum, in Breadalbane. Mr M'Taggart was a moral preacher, and he had one Sermon upon Sympathy, which he had delivered before the Commissioner, wherein were touches equal, or indeed superior to any thing in Logan—and no wonder, for they were in a great measure attributable to Adam Smith. This celebrated Sermon did the pious Æneas pour forth, with mixed motives, to the congregation of Casterton, and ever and anon he

laid his hand upon his heart, and looked to a pier near the window beneath the loft, on the left hand side of the pulpit.

A few days after this judicious and instructive exhibition, Mr M'Taggart, with both Medal and Sermon in his pocket, rode up to the door of Nether-Place, like a man bent on bold and high emprise. Mysie was half afraid to lead his steed to the stable—for he was an exceedingly formidable looking animal, greatly above the usual stature of horses in that part of the country, as indeed well he might, for, during several years he had carried an enormous Black; hight Cupid Congo, kettle-drummer to that since highly distinguished regiment the Scots Greys. However, he was not so fierce as he looked; but, prophetic of provender, allowed Mysie to lead him away like a lamb into a stable which he could not enter till he 'had stooped his anointed head.' Meanwhile, the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart was proceeding to business.

The young Divine took his place, after a little elegant *badinage*, on the parlour hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, and his coat-flaps opening behind, and gathered up each below an elbow—the attitude which of all others makes a person appear most like a gentleman. 'Pray, Ma'am, have you ever read Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments?'—'No, Sir, I never have; indeed, from what I have seen said of it in other volumes, I fear it may be above the comprehension of a poor weak woman.'—'Not if properly explained by a superior mind—Miss Lyndsay. The great leading doctrine of this theory is, that our moral judgment follows, or is founded on our sympathetic affections or emotions. But then it requires to be particularly attended to, that, according to Dr Adam Smith, we do not sympathise directly with the emotions of the agent, but indirectly with what we suppose would be the feelings which we ourselves should entertain if placed in his situation. Do you comprehend, Ma'am?' 'It would be presumption in me, Mr M'Taggart, to say that I do perfectly comprehend it; but I do a little; and it seems to be pretty much like what you illustrated so eloquently in your discourse last Sabbath.'—'Yes, Ma'am, it is the germ which I unfolded under the stronger light of more advanced philosophy. You will observe, Miss Lyndsay, that often a man is placed in a situation where he feels nothing for himself, but where the judicious observer, notwithstanding, feels for him—perhaps pity, or even disgust—and with that he expanded himself before the chimney, not unlike a great

turkey-cock with his van-tail displayed in a farm-yard. Margaret requested him to have the goodness to take the poker and stir up the fire. 'Certainly, Ma'am, certainly—that is an office which they say a man should not take upon himself under seven years acquaintance; but I hope Miss Lyndsay does not look upon me as a stranger.' Therewith he smashed exultingly the large lump of coal, and continued, 'Then, Ma'am, as to the Sense of Propriety,'—but here Mysie opened the door, and came in with a fluster. 'My conscience, Mr M'Taggart, that beast o' yours is eating the crib—it'll take James Adams a forenoon-job with his plane to smooth off the splinters—he's a devil o' a horse yon, and likes shavings better than last year's hay.' This was an awkward interruption to the 'young man eloquent,' who was within a few paragraphs of putting the question. But Mysie withdrew—and Mr M'Taggart forthwith declared his heart. Before Margaret could reply, he strenuously urged his suit. 'The heritors are bound to build me a new manse—and the teinds are far from being exhausted. I have raised a process of augmentation, and expect seven additional chaulders. Ilay Campbell is the friend of the Clergy. The stipend is £137: 17s. 6d. in money, and likewise from the Widow's Fund you will be entitled, on my decease, to £30 per annum, be it less or more—so that'——Margaret was overwhelmed with such brilliant prospects, and could not utter a word. 'Give me, Ma'am, a categorical answer—be composed—be quiet—I respect the natural modesty of the sex—but as for Nether-Place, it shall be settled as you and our common friend Mr Oswald shall fix, upon our children.'

A categorical answer was one which Margaret did not very clearly understand; but she instantly felt that perhaps it might be the little expressive word—'No: ' and accordingly she hazarded that monosyllable. Mr M'Taggart, the Man of the Medal, was confounded and irritated,—he could not believe his ears, long as they were; and insisted upon an immediate explanation. In a few minutes things were brought to a proper bearing; and it was felt that the Sermon on Sympathy had not produced the expected effect. It is grievous to think, that Æneas was barely civil on his departure; and flung his leg over old Cromwell with such vehemence, as almost to derange the balance of power, and very nearly to bring the pride of the Presbytery to the gravel. However, he regained his equilibrium, and

"With his left heel insidiously aside,
Provoked the caper that he seemed to chide,"

till he disappeared out of the avenue, from the wondering eyes of Mysie, who kept exclaiming, 'Safe us—He's like a rough rider! Leuk now, the beast's funking like mad, and then up again wi' his forelegs like a perfect unicorn.'

THE LOST CHILD.

LUCY was only six years old, but bold as a fairy; she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes, and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The footpaths were all firm, and led through no places of danger, nor are infants of themselves incautious, when alone in their pastimes. Lucy went singing into the coppice-woods, and singing she reappeared on the open hill-side. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden-bridge, or lightly as the owzel tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet. The creature would be away for hours, and no fears be felt on her account by any one at home—whether she had gone with her basket under her arm to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbour, or merely for her own solitary delight, wandered off to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands. With a bonnet of her own sewing, to shade her pretty face from the sun, and across her shoulders a plaid in which she could sit dry during an hour of the heaviest rain beneath the smallest beild; Lucy passed many long hours in the day light, and thus knew, without thinking of it, all the topography of that pastoral solitude, and even something of the changeful appearances in the air and sky.

The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside, (a farm-house about two miles off,) with her playmates, the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise. She was dressed for a holiday, and father and mother, and Aunt Isobel, all three kissed her sparkling face before she set off by herself, and

stood listening to her singing, till her small voice was lost in the murmur of the rivulet. During her absence, the house was silent but happy; and the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isobel went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed, till they reached Ladyside; and heard the cheerful din of the imps within, still rioting at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door—but on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

Agnes suddenly sat down, without speaking one word, on the stone seat beside the door, and Michael, supporting her, said,—‘Jacob, our child left us this morning at six o’clock, and it is now near ten at night. God is merciful, but, perhaps, Lucy is dead.’ Jacob Mayne was an ordinary, common-place, and rather ignorant man, but his heart leapt within him at these words, and by this time his own children were standing about the door. ‘Yes, Mr Forrester—God is merciful—and your daughter, let us trust, is not dead. Let us trust that she yet liveth—and without delay let us go to seek the child.’ Michael trembled from head to foot, and his voice was gone; he lifted up his eyes to heaven, but it seemed not as if he saw either the moon or the stars. ‘Run over to Raeshorn, some of you,’ said Jacob, ‘and tell what has happened. Do you, Isaac, my good boy, cross over to a’ the towns on the Inverlethen-side, and—Oh! Mr Forrester—Mr Forrester, dinna let this trial overcome you sae sairly’—for Michael was leaning against the wall of the house, and the strong man was helpless as a child. ‘Keep up your heart, my dearest son,’ said Isobel, with a voice all unlike her usual, ‘Keep up your heart, for the blessed bairn is beyond doubt somewhere in the keeping of the great God, yea, without a hair of her head being hurt. A hundred things may have happened her, and death not among the number.—Oh! no—no—surely not death—that would indeed be too dreadful a judgment.’ And Aunt Isobel, oppressed by the power of that word, now needed the very comfort that she had in vain tried to bestow.

Within two hours a hundred people were traversing the hills in all directions, even to a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs all night through searched every

nook—every stony and rocky place—every little shaw—every piece of taller heather—every crevice that could conceal any thing alive or dead,—but no Lucy was there. Her mother, who for a while seemed inspired with supernatural strength, had joined in the search, and with a quaking heart looked into every brake, or stopped and listened to every shout and hollo reverberating among the hills, if she could seize on some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank, and then all the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away, and then came the grey dawn of morning, and then the clear brightness of day, and still Michael and Agnes were childless. ‘She has sunk into some mossy or miry place,’ said Michael to a man near him, into whose face he never looked. ‘A cruel, cruel death for one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!’

At last a man, who had left the search and gone in a direction towards the high road, came running with something in his arms, towards the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay apparently exhausted almost to dying on the sward. He approached hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy’s bonnet, clothes, and plaid. It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn round her neck. ‘Murdered—murdered—’ was the one word whispered or ejaculated all around; but Agnes heard it not, for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was perhaps seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

Isobel took the clothes, and narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said with a fervent voice, that was heard even in Michael’s despair, ‘No—Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent—no murderer’s hand has been here. These blood-spots have been put there to deceive. Besides, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But oh! foolish despair! What speak I of? For wicked as this world is—ay, desperately wicked—there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in heaven, that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gipsy-beggar, and that, before that sun has set, she will be saying her prayers in her father’s house,

with all of us upon our knees beside her, or with our faces prostrate upon the floor?’

Agnes opened her eyes, and beheld Lucy's bonnet and plaid lying close beside her, and then a silent crowd. Her senses all at once returned to her, and she rose up—‘Ay, sure enough drowned—drowned—drowned—but where have you laid her? Let me see our Lucy, Michael, for in my sleep I have already seen her laid out for burial.’ The crowd quietly dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour the country. Some took the high-roads, others all the by-paths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for Hope brought her back to their arms. Agnes had been able to walk to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isobel sat by her bed-side. Lucy's empty little crib was just as the child had left it the morning before, neatly made up with her own hands, and her small red Bible was lying on her pillow.

‘Oh! my husband—this is being indeed kind to your Agnes, for much it must have cost you to stay here; but had you left me, my silly heart must have ceased to beat altogether, for it will not lie still even now that I am well nigh resigned to the will of God.’ Michael put his hand on his wife's bosom, and felt her heart beating as if it were a knell. Then ever and anon the tears came gushing, for all her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf or a shadow across the window. And thus hour after hour passed on till it was again twilight.

‘I hear footsteps coming up the brae,’ said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and in a few moments the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door. It was no time for ceremony, and he advanced into the room where the family had been during all that trying and endless day. Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance, and he seemed, from his looks, to bring them no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. If he has heard nothing of my child, thought Michael, this man must care but little for his own fireside. ‘O speak, speak,’—said Agnes, ‘yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven.’—‘Something like a trace of her has been discovered—a woman with a child that did not look like a child of hers, was last night at Clovenford—and left it by

the daw'ing.—‘Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?’ said Isobel, ‘she’ll have tramped away with Lucy up into Et-trick or Yarrow, but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her, for these are quiet, but not solitary glens, and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days. What say ye, Mr Mayne? there’s the light o’ hope on your face.’ ‘There’s nae reason to doubt, Ma’am, that it was Lucy. Every body is sure o’t. If it was my ain Rachel, I should ha’e nae fear o’ seeing her this blessed nicht.’

Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. ‘I may tell you, noo, that Watty Oliver kens it was your bairn, for he saw her limping after the limmer at Galla-Brigg, but ha’eing nae suspicion, he did na tak’ a second leuk o’ her—but ae leuk is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forrester.’ Aunt Isobel, by this time, had bread and cheese, and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine on the table. ‘You have had a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr Mayne—tak’ some refreshment,’—and Michael asked a blessing. Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal the whole truth. ‘No—no—Mrs Irvine, I’m ower happy to eat or to drink.—You are a’ prepared for the blessing that awaits you—your bairn is no far aff—and I mysel’—for it was I mysel’ that faund her,—will bring her by the han’ and restore her to her parents.’ Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sunk gently back on her pillow. Aunt Isobel was rooted to her chair, and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet.

There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many joyful voices, which again, by degrees, subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look towards the door. Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but, dressed again in her own bonnet, and her gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their child, by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother’s bosom.

JOHN GALT.

IT were difficult to characterize, in a general manner, the style of a writer whose pen, like that of Mr GALT, has been employed in describing the manners of Greece as it lately was, and in composing tragedies on the model of its ancient authors—in transcribing state papers of Wolsey's time, and in writing dramas for the modern stage—in portraying the fatal ravages of pestilence under Edward III. as well as in commemorating a late royal visit to the metropolis of Scotland. His first acknowledged production, 'Voyages and Travels, containing Observations on Sicily and Turkey,' appeared in 1812. 'The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey,'—and a volume entitled, 'Reflections on Political and Commercial Subjects,' were succeeded, before the close of the same year, by 'Four Tragedies' after the manner of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, possessed of merits that might have softened the asperity with which he has invariably been treated in the QUARTERLY REVIEW. In 1813 he published 'Letters from the Levant, containing Views of the State of Society in Greece.' A 'Life of President West,' and 'The Majola, a Tale,' were given to the world in 1816; soon after which he brought forward 'The Witness,' a dramatic poem whose power and passion were such as induced many to attribute it to Mr Coleridge. In 1820, he became a frequent contributor to a celebrated periodical; and, about the same time, published 'The Earthquake,' which, if ever known, is now totally neglected. 'That delightful effusion

of *bonhomie*,* his 'Annals of the Parish,' appeared in 1821 ; but as the titles of his later performances, neither 'few' nor 'far between,' must be familiar to all, it were needless to introduce them here, farther than by remarking of our present humble vocation, that, like the profession of Puff in the Critic, 'it was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule' before the appearance of '*The Bachelor's Wife*.'

Besides that arising from diversity of subject, there is another circumstance which renders it difficult to speak briefly of Mr Galt's general manner ; namely, the rapidity with which he passes

——— from grave to gay,
From lively to severe.—

If, indeed, it be true, that, after correcting a proof-sheet, he can seat himself amid the bustle of a crowded printing-office and there compose his succeeding chapter, (which receives neither addition nor revision till presented to his eye in all the distinctness which Pica can impart,)—it is not surprising that his transitions should occasionally be abrupt, and his story but indifferently connected. In alluding to this, however, we are reminded of a quality by which his style is often distinguished—its adaptation to the immediate subject, how different soever it may be from that which went before. Hence he is equally successful in describing the regal splendour of the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, as in bringing before us the domestic economy of a Scottish parsonage ;†—in painting the raging of a troubled ocean,‡ as in soothing us by the prospect of an unruffled lake.§ He surrounds us with the savage jollity of Glenfruin's hall, and we are more familiar with its inmates than they who have

* *Westminster Review*, Vol. I. p. 275 :—considering the political principles of its conductors, this work is not likely to be charged with too much partiality for an avowed contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

† *Annals of the Parish*.

‡ *Provost*.

§ *Spawwife*.

quaffed his 'horns of horn:,* he transports us to a tea-party in the Kirkgate of Irvine,† and we are as much at home as any of the invited. The peculiarities of George III. are as happily recorded,‡ as those of his loyal subject, M'Sweeties of the Saltmarket,§ and poor Anniple the Ta'en-away speaks in language not less appropriate than the Queen of James I.* The 'humours' of a London Smack|| are as suitably commemorated as the formalities of his Majesty's visit to Edinburgh:¶ while the communings of ancient Barons* are represented with a fidelity equalled only by that which reveals to us the doings of a modern Town Council; and the 'joke' passed in 'Rothelan' on his admiring neighbours, the 'men of Musselburgh,' encourages a hope that Mr Galt is not now self-exiled without an intention of introducing us to American manners, in some future page.—

Yet, though well-adapted for individual scenes, his style, when examined as to general excellence, will be found to have considerable defects. This does not so much apply to his earlier novels illustrative of Scottish life, as to those more lately published. In his 'Annals' and 'Provost,' the only two of his works which seem to have been written for posterity, simplicity is a predominating feature: in his late productions, he is seduced, partly by his subject as well as a wish to sound a bolder strain, into a more laboured and ambitious style, employed with sufficient success on some occasions, but seldom harmonizing with that dry humour and gossiping familiarity which run through the whole of his fictitious writings, and, in some measure, pervade even those professedly historical. The dates of his successive publications may, indeed, explain, but cannot apologize for, their numerous imperfections both in style and manage-

* Spaewife.

† Ayrshire Legatees.

‡ Sir Andrew Wylie.

§ Steamboat.

|| Ayrshire Legatees, or Sir Andrew Wylie.

¶ Gathering of the West.

ment. We could have wished that 'Ringan Gilhaize' had been a solitary proof of the justness of our remarks—but in 'The Spaewife' it is still more strikingly exemplified. There is not a chapter which fails to disappoint, by dispelling the high anticipation formed of what has been ambitiously commenced; and the visible straining after *effect* prevents that pleasing illusion which constitutes the highest charm in works of imagination. These charges may, with tenfold force, be extended to 'ROTHELAN.' Never was expectation more highly or artfully excited by a novelist; but, after being prepared for some mighty result, every hope gradually evaporates, and we finish the perusal with a feeling of—utter disappointment. The reader is disposed to throw it aside in disgust; but 'Tales of the Lazaretto,' appended to *fill up* the fashionable number of volumes, will speedily restore his equanimity. From one of these—*The Physiognomist*—we have made some extracts, as a specimen of what Mr Galt can accomplish when pleased to exert himself. The story is given as if published for the first time, but we have a vague impression of its being an old acquaintance. Its didactic elegance and well supported interest seem, at least, to favour our opinion that it has been the work of younger days—before success had induced carelessness, or applause encouraged its author to discontinue his sacrifices to the Graces.—Of the doctrine implied in it we leave the reader to judge for himself, after requesting him to consider whether there may not be some reason for believing with Godwin, that, 'in the same manner as, in the world of human creatures, there exist certain mysterious sympathies and analogies, drawing and attracting each to each, and fitting them to be respectively sources of human happiness, so there are antipathies, and properties interchangeably irreconcilable and destructive to each other, that fit one human being to be the source of another's misery.'

Before treating our readers, however, with *The Physiog-*

nomist, we shall give them a small morsel from *THE PROVOST*, called *The Town Drummer*, as a specimen of the composition in which Mr Galt more particularly excels.

THE TOWN DRUMMER.

FOR many a year, one Robin Boss had been town drummer ;— he was a relic of some American-war fencibles, and was, to say the God's truth of him, a divor bodie, with no manner of conduct, saving a very earnest endeavour to fill himself fou as often as he could get the means ; the consequence of which was, that his face was as plooky as a curran bun, and his nose as red as a partan's tae.

One afternoon there was a need to send out a proclamation to abolish a practice that was growing a custom, in some of the bye parts of the town, of keeping swine at large—ordering them to be confined in proper sty'es, and other suitable places.—As on all occasions when the matter to be proclaimed was from the magistrates, Robin, on this, was attended by the town officers in their Sunday garbs, and with their halberts in their hand ; but the abominable and irreverent creature was so drunk, that he wamblet to and fro over the drum, as if there had not been a bane in his body. He was seemingly as soople and as senseless as a bolster.—Still, as this was no new thing with him, it might have passed ; for James Hound, the senior officer, was in the practice, when Robin was in that state, of reading the proclamation himself.—On this occasion, however, James happened to be absent on some hue and cry quest, and another of the officers (I forget which) was appointed to perform for him. Robin, accustomed to James, no sooner heard the other man begin to read, than he began to curse and swear at him as an incapable nincompoop—an impertinent term that he was much addicted to. The grammar school was at the time skayling, and the boys seeing the stramash, gathered round the officer, and yelling and shouting, encouraged Robin more and more into rebellion, till at last they worked up his corruption to such a pitch, that he took the drum from about his neck, and made it fly like a bombshell at the officer's head.

The officers behaved very well, for they dragged Robin

by the lug and the horn to the tolbooth, and then came with their complaint to me. Seeing how the authorities had been set at nought, and the necessity there was of making an example, I forthwith ordered Robin to be cashiered from the service of the town, and, as so important a concern as a proclamation ought not to be delayed, I likewise, upon the spot, ordered the officers to take a lad that had been also a drummer in a marching regiment, and go with him to make the proclamation.

Nothing could be done in a more earnest and zealous public spirit than this was done by me.—But habit had begot in the town a partiality for the drunken neer-do-weel Robin, and this just act of mine was immediately condemned as a daring stretch of arbitrary power; and the consequence was, that when the council met next day, some sharp words flew among us, as to my usurping an undue authority, and the thank I got for my pains was the mortification to see the worthless body restored to full power and dignity, with no other reward than an admonition to behave better for the future. Now, I leave it to the unbiassed judgment of posterity to determine if any public man could be more ungraciously treated by his colleagues than I was on this occasion.

THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

Soon after the expiration of my engagement with Don Lopez, Count Waltzerstein, a German nobleman, came from Cagliari to Sassari for the purpose of taking his passage to Leghorn. Don Lopez was his banker, and I saw him, in consequence, often. From the moment he had delivered his letters of credit, I had formed a wish to go with him to the continent; and, with this view, I endeavoured to conciliate his good opinion. He was not, however, one of those kind of persons with whom it is easy to excite any interest. His mind was tardy and indecisive, and there was a morbid irritability about him, the consequence of physical infirmity, that frequently frustrated the best attempts to please him.

But that which, more than any other cause, rendered his friendship exceedingly difficult of attainment, was the exquisite delicacy of his taste in every thing but the expression of his own feelings. He was, perhaps, not more than thirty, but ill health gave him the appearance of being considerably older. He was rather below the middle stature. His complexion was fair, and the cast of his physiognomy mild and interesting; but there was a want of that harmony in the parts of his figure, which is always found connected with a consistent character.

I have rarely met with a man to whom the epithet of accomplished could be more strictly or properly applied. He had not one spark of original genius. He could not place two words together, for which he might not have been able to quote an authority; and the slightest modification of original metaphor or fancy was beyond all the faculties of his mind to form; and yet the most ingenious poet, in the happiest moment of inspiration, never surpassed the occasional sallies of Count Waltzerstein. In every company where he chose to unbend he led the conversation, and astonished and delighted his auditors. His proficiency in music was wonderful; the violin was a living intelligence in his hands, and he could draw from it the whole pathos and spirit of the finest composers; but he could not himself connect a single bar of melody. He read and spoke every polished modern language with admirable propriety. But I am wrong in saying he had no genius, for, unquestionably, he was endowed with the most delicate perception of whatever is elegant in art and refined in manners and literature. Yet, notwithstanding all these accomplishments, Count Waltzerstein was, in his own person and manners, remarkably offensive. He declared his dislike, on the most trivial occasions, with such a vehemence of expression and distortion of features, that only feelings of the greatest abhorrence could have justified. If a dish at table was not exactly according to his taste, he would push it from him with the horror of such disgust as the smell of corruption and the sight of rotteness might excite. But, except in this odious peculiarity, he was altogether a thing made up of art—an automaton. He had been early taught to cull the happiest and most brilliant phrases for exhibition in conversation;—he held his time divided into certain invariable portions, to each of which was allotted a particular study, or the retouching of the faded points of recollection; and the evening was hallowed and

set apart, for displaying the intellectual full dress with which he had been engaged in adorning himself all the day.

All my endeavours to obtain any interest in the good-will of the Count would have proved useless, but for one of those curious turns in trifling things, which show us the massive strength of the chain of destiny with which we are all bound. Elegant and accomplished as he undoubtedly was, he possessed no knowledge of accounts ; and, in settling his affairs with Don Lopez, he showed himself so strangely ignorant of this very necessary and ordinary kind of knowledge, that he appeared exceedingly mortified. He had heard me express a wish to go to the continent ; he had seen me expert in common arithmetic, and to make himself in some degree acquainted with figures, he invited me to accompany him.

We left Sassari early in the morning, on the festival of St Nicholas, to embark at a village a few miles distant from the city, where a vessel, loaded with wine and grain, belonging to Don Lopez, was waiting for a favourable wind to sail for Leghorn. On our arrival, we found the vessel had weighed anchor, and was underweigh. The Count hired a boat to follow her, and we proceeded to sea. The vessel caught a favourable breeze, and left us farther and farther behind.

By this time the afternoon was far advanced ; the Magdalene islands lay bright around us, and the mountains of Corsica appeared nearer than those of Sardinia.

‘ We will not return to Sassari,’ said the Count, when he had made up his mind to relinquish the pursuit of the vessel. ‘ Let us examine these islands, which are but seldom visited ; and, when a favourable opportunity presents itself, we shall go to Corsica.’

We accordingly made for the only one of the cluster that is inhabited. The population does not exceed a thousand, chiefly Corsicans, who emigrated after the unsuccessful exploits of Paoli. The whole surface of the island is incrustated with masses of rocks, covered with the orchilla weed ; and the country has such an appearance of devastation, that I can compare it to nothing but a portion of the fragments of a broken-up world.

The little village to which our boatmen conducted us is the only town on the island. It was almost sunset when we landed. The Count was fatigued with the anxiety of the day and the disappointment which he had suffered. One of

the boatmen stepped on before to the town, and secured lodgings for us in one of the best cottages ; and the Count, on reaching it, resolved to go to bed.

By some unaccountable sympathy, which I had never before experienced, I was seized, immediately on setting my foot on the shore, with a kind of superstitious dread, so truly awful, that no words can convey any notion of what I felt ; and yet there was nothing in the appearance of the place to justify the indulgence of any fear. The sky at the time was as clear as crystal, and the sea as bright and calm as quicksilver ;—the sun hung upon the verge of the horizon, and the boats were drawn close to the water's edge, preparatory to being launched after vespers. It was the moment when the labour of the landsmen is on the point of terminating, and the hazards of the smuggler and the fisherman are almost to commence. The women stood at their doors without their distaffs, and the children were wondering at their own shadows lengthening as the sun declined.

The cottage in which we were to take up our abode, was recommended by an appearance of more industry among the inmates than any other in the place. The front of the house was attractively white-washed ;—several articles for sale hung at the window, and on each side of the door stood casks of tunny-fish, caviare, and olives.

The island is inhabited chiefly by Corsican exiles and emigrants. Their way of life at the period of our visit was bold, restless, and piratical. Their leaders had borne a distinguished part in the patriotic exertions of Paoli :—they had descended from their ancient castles with a sounding tread and a lordly spirit. The failure of his enterprise scattered them and their followers. Some sought an asylum among rocks, and forests, and inaccessible fastnesses, and were necessitated to turn the swords which they had drawn to vindicate the liberties of their country, against their earliest friends and fellow-patriots for support. The eyes of history will never discover the atrocities that were then perpetrated in the woods and caverns of Corsica. Hundreds perished of hunger in the recesses of the mountains, and when the peasants yet happen to find a skeleton, they mourn as they commit it to the earth, and remember that their country was once animated with the spirit of freedom.

At the period of my visit to Maddalena with Count Walzerstein, the troubled temper of the first refugees had subsided, and a sterner energy had succeeded to the zeal of patriotic enthusiasm. They treated the stranger with mili-

tary frankness, and with hospitality, but among themselves acknowledged the restraint of no law ;—they were felons and criminals in action, desire and practice ; but still their former habits lent an air of dignity to their manners, and depravity was so universal, that it produced no feeling of repugnance among them to the greatest offenders.

When the Count had retired to rest, I went and sat down on a bench opposite to a cottage. By this time the twilight had almost faded from the sky ; the breeze rose with fresh and delightful blandishments, and the stars sparkled as they shone out with extraordinary brilliancy.

While I was enjoying the freshness of the air and the beauty of the heavens, I heard at some distance on the shore, the sound of a flageolet played with exquisite sweetness and skill. I rose, and walked towards the spot whence the sound proceeded ; but I had not advanced above a hundred yards, when I found myself bewildered among the masses of rock ; and I sat down on a stone, content to listen to the melody which, wild and pathetic, came like the voice of an enchantress through the silence of the night.

The fancy unconsciously endeavours, in such situations, to form an image for itself to contemplate, and the character of the music led me to think, that the musician could be no other than some elegant youth, fallen from the fortunes of his fathers, and languishing over the recollection of departed hopes of glory and renown.

While I was thus busy giving figure and features to this creation, the flageolet stopped suddenly, as if interrupted, and I heard a man hoarsely call from a short distance towards the musician. The voice that replied was clear and masculine, and appropriate to the image I had formed in my fancy. Almost in the same moment, I heard the rustle of some one passing near me, and on turning round, I saw a female form, within a few yards of the stone on which I was sitting, stoop to conceal herself.

The intruder approached close to the musician. I was not near enough to hear distinctly what passed, but there was a menace in the accents of the one, and subdued energy of remonstrance in those of the other. It was a father and son.

Their altercation continued about ten minutes, and was ended by the old man calling with a deep and angry tone on Agatha, his daughter, to come to him. She rose from her hiding-place and went towards him. A wild and pierc-

ing shriek announced that she had received a wound. A profound silence followed, and I heard something heavy plunged into the sea, which dashed against the rocks in a succession of low and sullen sounds.—I shuddered: no other sound arose but that of retiring footsteps, for the undulations of the sea were all soon as hushed as oblivion.

The dawn of the morn now began to appear in the east. After waiting a few minutes, in a strange and indescribable state of mind approaching to horror, I returned to the cottage, unaccountably agitated with vague and hideous imaginings. The wild note of that shriek thrilled in my ear. The silence that followed was so hollow and inexplicable, that I could only ascribe it to mystery and guilt, while the dash of the water seemed expressive of some mournful acquiescence of Nature to the performance of a dreadful rite.

When I entered the cottage, Count Waltzerstein had risen, and supper was ready. He chided me for venturing out so late; but observing me pale and disturbed, he checked himself, and inquired if I was unwell. I had not courage to disclose to him the singular apprehension with which I had been seized, and I allowed him to think me really ill, by declining to eat.

While we were sitting at table, one of the Corsican exiles entered the shop, and inquired, in the same hoarse accents which interrupted the music, for an article he wished to purchase. The lamp on our table shone full on his face, and he stood nearly opposite me. He appeared to be about sixty years of age. His figure was naturally majestic, and it was rather crushed than decayed. His physiognomy was at once grim and sorrowful. He wore a red Barbaresque night-cap, and his flowing grey hair, hoary mustachios and eyebrows,—the colour of his cap, and the dark bronze of his complexion, gave him a supernatural, a demoniacal appearance. He looked older than human nature ever attains with the possession of so much strength, and something wilder and worse than man.

The Count was greatly struck with his figure, and in a whisper, bade me look at him.

The Corsican overheard him, but without perhaps knowing what he said, and turned fiercely towards me. His eye caught mine. I thought of the frightful shriek, and the more tremendous silence, and he withdrew his eye, abashed and confounded. In a moment after he looked at me again, with an expression of such helpless grief, that my heart dis-

solved within me. A slight gleam of surprise, probably occasioned by my sympathy, wavered over his features, and without taking the article he had come to purchase, he abruptly left the shop.

The moment he retired, Count Waltzerstein compared him to Thor, the Scandinavian god of vengeance, and entered into a description of the apparition so erudite and curious, that it would have passed for a masterpiece of genius in half the colleges and academies of Christendom.

‘Yes, Senor,’ said our landlord, ‘Baron Altarbro is a nobleman of an ancient and brave blood ; but, like many other gallant chiefs, he is destined to pine like a felon in this miserable islet.’

‘Has he any family?’ said I abruptly.

‘He has a son and a daughter,’ replied the landlord, ‘and he is the most unfortunate of fathers.’

‘It is certainly,’ said the Count, ‘a great misfortune to a nobleman, in his venerable years, to see his children outcasts from their country, and denied the homage due to their birth.’

‘That is but his common misfortune ; there are many others as wretched in that respect as he is,’ rejoined the landlord. But at that moment my tremor and horror increased to such a pitch, that I could not support myself at the table. The landlord happened to notice me, and stooped to offer me assistance. The Count ran to his trunk for a bottle of cordials, believing me very ill. After tasting it, I went to bed, but I found it impossible to compose myself to sleep ; when my eyes would have closed, my imagination grew more awake, and kept me in a state of restless ecstasy.

As soon as the daylight began to dawn, I quitted my bed, and, attracted by a kind of hideous fascination, walked towards the spot where I had stopped to listen to the music. I could not, however, again trace the path, but on the ledge of a rock which overhung the waves, I saw the flageolet lying in a pool of scattered and clotted blood.

When I returned to the village, the Count was up, and irritably impatient to quit the island, for he too had passed an uncomfortable night, and our luggage was already embarked. On my inquiring for the Baron Altarbro, the landlord told me that he had gone early that morning to one of the neighbouring islands ; and before I had time to ask a second question, the Count hurried me into the boat.

‘What a dismal place this is!’ said he, as I sat down beside him, ‘I am glad we are safe out of it.’

‘Has any thing unpleasant happened?’

‘No,’ was his reply; ‘but I have been so low-spirited, that I believe there is some malignant demon in the air that puts bad thoughts into one’s head. I have had such frightful dreams.’

‘Perhaps,’ said I, scarcely aware of what I said, ‘dreams may be owing to something in the state of the atmosphere.’ The Count’s eyes glistened with delight at the observation, and he related an interesting story, how a relation of his family, travelling in the Tyrol, once happened to stop at an obscure inn on the road, when he and two of his suite, who slept in the same apartment, dreamt that they were confined in an unwholesome sepulchre; and in the morning they learnt, with superstitious awe, that the landlady had died the preceding day, and that the corpse lay in an adjoining room;—a proof, said the Count, that dreams, if they do not come from the air, are affected by something in it; for it was no doubt the ammonia of the dead body floating in the atmosphere of their apartment which occasioned the similarity of their dreams.

This observation was somewhat curious; and I could not help saying,—‘But what could occasion the peculiar oppression of our spirits in the Island of Maddalena?’

‘Some sympathy,’ said the Count, ‘doubtless of the same kind, if we could only know what was done there last night. I should not wonder if some terrible crime has been committed.’

In this sort of conversation, both deeply affected from some unexplained cause, we sailed towards Porto Vecchio in Corsica.

After remaining nearly twelve months at Naples, the Count received letters from his father recalling him to Germany, and we set out for Rome. During the early stages of our journey, I paid but little attention to the various objects that usually interest travellers; and we had reached the borders of the Pontine marshes before I was aware that we had entered the papal territory. It was in the morning we passed those dreaded regions of agues and death. It was also the spring, and every thing in nature that could inspire cheerfulness presented itself to the eye. The flowers

sprinkled with dew, and the bright verdure, with which the ground was overspread, seemed of an elysian beauty and freshness; but not the chirp of a single bird, nor the hum of an insect was heard, a few dumb butterflies here and there glided by, and as we advanced, even they disappeared, and all was silent.—

About the fourth hour after mid-day we arrived in Rome. The heat was excessive, and my spirits were languid; in consequence of which, the celebrated objects, which travellers regard with so much interest as they approach the everlasting city, lost on me their wonted influence. In a state of drowsy abstraction I reached the house where lodgings had been previously engaged for us, without recollecting whether I had observed even the dome of St Peter's. The Count went immediately to bed, but I was induced to accept of some refreshments which the servants offered.

The fatigue of the journey, the heat of the day, and the repast I had made, overwhelmed me with sleep. I leant back on the sofa, and, unconscious of having closed my eyes, I saw the Count enter and seat himself opposite to me at the table between us. His countenance was cadaverously ghastly. He filled a glass of wine; but, in raising it to his lips, it fell from his hand, and the wine flowed along the floor. He looked as if he expected me to assist him, but I felt myself strangely unable. In this juncture a wild cry startled me, and I perceived I had been dreaming—the Count was not in the room, nor any wine on the floor.

The cry continued, and the noise and confusion in the house led me to inquire what was the matter. On opening the door for the purpose, I found our servants in the passage, who, immediately on seeing me, exclaimed with one voice, 'The Count is dead!'

It was even so: he had expired during the time I was asleep. Such apparitional coincidences are, I believe, not uncommon, and those who have a superstitious faith in them, would rather ascribe them to supernatural agency than to any physical impression on the senses, or to moral sympathy of any kind.

The preparations in the course of the evening for the Count's funeral, which the heat of the weather rendered immediately necessary, absorbed my whole mind, and prevented me from advertg to the forlorn condition into which the event had cast me.—I was an utter stranger in Rome, and all the money I possessed would not suffice for a

week's expenditure. At night, when I had leisure to reflect on this, my spirits failed ; my pillow burned beneath my head with anxiety, and I devised a thousand impracticable schemes to redeem myself from the thraldoms of poverty ; but I was locked fast in the skeleton-embraces of the fiend.

The weather was extremely warm, and the air was heavy and stifling. The influence of night and the presence of death are apt to put ill thoughts into men's minds. The murmur of my restlessness had been overheard by the domestics who watched the corpse. They took it into their heads that the Count had died of poison ; they recollected some trifling dispute which I had with him on the road ; they ascribed my lethargy, in the latter part of the journey, to the morose musings of revenge ; in a word, they concluded that I had poisoned their master.

The first conception of this atrocious fancy startled them ; they raised the whole house ; they declared their suspicions ; surgeons were sent for ; the door of my chamber, in the same instant, was forced with a heavy beam, as if it had been doubly fortified within ; and before I had time to utter a word, they seized me, and bound my hands behind. The confusion increased ; the rumour of the murder reached the street, and the house was soon filled with the multitude.

In the meantime, conscious of my innocence, I preserved myself calm, but my equanimity was construed against me. At last the surgeons came, and the body was opened, and a quantity of mineral poison was found in the stomach. A horrible growl of rage was muttered by all present against me, as the police officers dragged me to prison ; but I was neither agitated with dread, depressed with shame, nor affected with sorrow. I have rarely felt more self-possessed than when the jailer left me alone in the dungeon. I was in that high state of excitement, of which some men are conscious when they act their part well in difficult circumstances, or find that they have reached the extremity of their fortunes.

The first reflection that occurred to me was, that the Count had committed suicide ; but a moment's consideration convinced me that such a notion was most improbable. One of the officers, while I was considering this idea, returned to inform me that I was to be examined at an early hour in the morning.

' It will be but a short business,' said he, ' for a quantity

of the same poison found in the stomach has been discovered in your trunk.

I was thunderstruck ; and the officer seeing my consternation, regarded it as the confusion of guilt. But, without noticing the insolence of his exultation, I sat down on the floor, and steadily endeavoured to recollect which of the servants was likely to have stolen the poison, a particular preparation of antimony, that I had sometime before purchased for a chemical experiment. And I remembered that, on the evening prior to our departure from Naples, the phial in which it was contained had been left on the dressing table in my bed-room. It must then have been taken away, for my trunk was not opened after I had packed up that phial.

Failing to recollect any circumstance to attach suspicion to any particular individual, I had recourse to the unjustifiable alternative of conjecturing which of the servants was constitutionally most likely to have perpetrated the deed, and the idea of the Count's valet came frequently across my mind, in spite as it were of reason. Yet he was a young man of a singularly mild and agreeable physiognomy ; of a disposition alert to serve, and altogether so different in countenance and conduct from the dark characteristics of a secret murderer, that I ought not to have suspected him. Nevertheless, his image so frequently recurred upon me, that it took possession of my mind.

Notwithstanding his prepossessing physiognomy, I then began to think that he was taciturn and unsocial, and that there was often a degree of embarrassment in his eye, which a stranger would have ascribed to diffidence ; but which was never accompanied with the slightest confusion in the performance of any matter in which he, at the time, happened to be engaged. That peculiarity, I then recollected, had forcibly struck me when I first saw him, and, at the time, I attributed it to the consciousness of having committed some fault, but the habit of daily intercourse wore away the first impression, and reconciled me to the secret perplexity of his look.

The whole night was spent in this course of intense meditation, till I became persuaded that Antonio (for so he was called) had committed the murder. But scarcely had I come to this conclusion, when, with one of the other servants, he was admitted into the dungeon.

His appearance acted upon me with the electricity of an insult. I leapt from the ground on which I had been sit-

ting, and, in an agony of rage and rapture, I grasped him by the throat, exclaiming, 'Wretch! what is this that you have done?'

His complexion, naturally pale, became of a gangrenous yellow, and, before I could master myself, he fainted. In the course of a few minutes, however, he recovered, and, to the utter amazement of his companion, confessed his guilt.

It is impossible to describe the tumult of feelings with which this disclosure shook me. I embraced the mysterious felon with an emotion like gratitude for having redeemed me from an ignominious death. The noise brought in the jailer and several of his officers, to whom the discovery was announced; indeed the appearance of the assassin was almost sufficient of itself to attest the confession he had made; for he sat on the floor, leaning against the wall, with his head drooping on his breast, and his arms hanging listless.

The dungeon in which we then were belonged to one of the guard-houses of the Inquisition; and after Antonio had repeated his confession, the officers did not think it necessary to detain me; accordingly I returned to the hotel, and, exhausted by the intensity of my reflection, I felt myself so much fatigued that I went to bed, and slept upwards of twelve hours. Meanwhile Antonio had been carried before the tribunal, and having again acknowledged that he had administered the poison, was condemned to be executed next day.

This information, which I received on awakening, induced me to hasten to his prison. On approaching the door, a friar of a venerable aspect came out of the condemned cell. He held in his hand a lamp, which, flaring on his face, showed that he was profoundly affected by the result of his interview with the criminal. I bowed to him as he silently passed, and the jailer, who was at my side, said, 'He must have received some terrible confession; for, although he has attended the worst criminals, I never saw him so affected before.'

On entering the cell I beheld, with astonishment, Antonio seated on the ground, bearing the same mild and prepossessing countenance, and contentedly eating his supper. In that same easy, comfortable state, he had laid open the dreadful secrets of his conscience to the friar.

I sat down opposite to him under a grated aperture in the wall, which admitted light. The setting sun shone hori-

zontally into the dungeon, and the beams tinted the head of the criminal in such a manner as to give to his flat sweaty hair (for such it was) the appearance of glistening with supernatural fire. His complexion was colourless, and his eyes dull and glassy.

‘In the name of Heaven,’ said I, ‘what tempted you to poison the Count?’

He laid down a piece of bread, which he was in the act of raising towards his mouth, and laying the back of his right hand on his knee, placed the left in its place with a sort of emphatic negligence.

‘Did you never feel yourself,’ said he, ‘inclined to do any thing which you could not account for? Unless you have experienced that feeling, I can give you no explanation, nor why I feel no sorrow for what I have done.’

‘Is this your first crime, Antonio?’

‘It is the only murder that I have committed,’ said he, looking at me with a smile expressive of the remembrance of enjoyment; ‘and,’ he added—‘I have long desired to gratify myself in that way.’

I sickened with horror at the manner and the expression of the demoniacal sentiment, and could not continue the conversation.

One night, while I was sitting alone in the room, a stranger, in the uniform of the army of the Cisalpine republic, came in. He was a fine manly figure, of a noble cast of countenance, and in his whole air and deportment there was a Roman dignity that could not be seen without admiration. But he had not been above a minute or two in the room, when I felt myself fearfully affected, and the whole incident that had so powerfully agitated me in the island of Maddalena burst upon my mind. In the same moment the stranger began to hum the identical air which I had heard so exquisitely played on the flageolet. Suddenly he paused, and shuddered as with the emotion of some terrible recollection. I rose and went towards him, and, without being able to tell wherefore, said—‘Do not you come from the Island of Maddalena?’

The look he gave me was terrific; but, subduing his feelings, he replied—

‘No: I am a Corsican; but why do you ask if I am of Maddalena?’ I then requested him to sit down with me;

and I began to recount to him the story which I have already told you, when he abruptly started up and quitted the room. I could be under no mistake,—he was undoubtedly the son of the old and unfortunate baron.

Soon after this curious rencontre, I resolved to leave Paris and return to Italy. Of the money which I had received at Vienna for the journey, and a liberal present from the father of Count Waltzerstein, a considerable sum remained, but it could not last for ever; and in Paris I had no friends, while in Naples I was known to many persons who could assist me to obtain employment.

I preferred for my route the road through Savoy; and in the course of the journey, after quitting France, I fell in with two Franciscan friars going to Turin, and we joined company. One of them was an old man, who had been invited to become superior of a monastery in the neighbourhood of that city, and was then on his way to take possession. Urged by the entreaties of that respectable ecclesiastic, and partly by my own reflections on the friendlessness of my condition, I was induced, after we reached the monastery, to assume the Franciscan habit, and to become a novice for several months, with the intention of professing myself a monk. But this design had scarcely been formed a week, when it began to be rumoured that Buonaparte intended to dissolve the monastic institutions of Italy. I, however, having been provided with the garb, continued to wear it.

One evening, as I was returning from Turin to the monastery, which stood at some distance from the city, I fell in with a numerous party of soldiers who had been wounded in a recent battle. This, with some general news that I had collected in the town, furnished topics in the refectory for conversation after supper; and while we were speaking, a message came from a house, not far from the convent, to request the superior to visit an officer whose wounds had suddenly assumed such an appearance, owing to the fatigues of his day's march, that it was feared he could not recover. My friendly old companion readily obeyed the summons, and I went with him.

The night was solemnly tranquil,—the slightest sound was distinctly heard,—the lights of the city seemed to shine with more than common brilliancy, and the stars sparkled as it were with the intelligence of life as well as light.

On reaching the door, it was opened softly. A superfluous number of lamps and candles were burning in almost

every apartment, and an unusual splendour, but dull and mysterious, appeared throughout the whole house. The family spoke in whispers, and were answered by signs. It was evident that some catastrophe was going on.

We silently ascended the stairs. At the chamber-door of the dying man, a tall and venerable old lady stood listening;—she was wrapped in a white mantle over a black dress, and, the folds being loosely drawn over her head, it had the appearance of a winding sheet, and gave to her withered and cadaverous features something wildly charnel and characteristic of the tomb. On seeing us approach, she raised her hand, and motioned us to go into the room.

On entering, we heard the patient breathing laboriously. His servant sat at a table near his pillow, with a crystal goblet of water in his hand. Observing us, he placed it on the table, and resigned his chair to the superior; one of the domestics, who had followed us into the room, at the same time set down a lamp.

I took a seat at the bottom of the bed, and instinctively drew the capuchin of my habit over my head. The old friar, in the meantime, was gently addressing himself to the patient, who was suffering excessively, and breathing with great pain, urging him to make his peace with Heaven, by confessing his sins.

‘Heaven,’ exclaimed the officer, ‘already knows my sins, and I will not gratify your curiosity.’

‘You will permit me to pray for you,’ said the superior. ‘Do as you please,—but it is of no use.’

The good and venerable ecclesiastic began in a soft, low, and pathetic voice, the orisons for the dying. Before he concluded, the dead-rattle was heard in the officer’s throat. When the service was finished, the patient, whose fortitude seemed to be invulnerable, requested a drink. I lifted the glass with the water from the table, at the same moment the old monk raised the lamp, and as we bent to administer the drink, I threw back my capuchin. The dying man gazed at me, and in that instant I discovered in him the mysterious son of the Corsican baron. He wildly stretched out his hand, and grasping the holy brother by the arm, cried, ‘Save me!’ and expired.

Soon after that affair, the monasteries being dissolved, I threw aside my Franciscan garb, and went to Rome.

For the causes and reasons already described, I had seen nothing of that famous city during my first visit. I now saw

every thing, and, among others, a curious collection of bones of the human leg, formed by a German doctor, for the purpose of instituting a new science, which he intended to call Skæliology. He had arranged them in what he denominated moral classes, and showed me the points by which they indicated the characters of the individuals to which they had belonged. The signs of the passions were plausibly pointed out; and he showed, on a thigh-joint, what he described as a most extraordinary development of the index of delight.

I was in the act of taking the bone in my hand to examine it, when I was seized with the same inexplicable sort of tremor which I had experienced in Paris, at the time I first saw the Corsican officer in the coffee-room, and the image of the murderer Antonio flashed upon my recollection.

‘This bone,’ said I to the German, ‘has been taken from a murderer’s thigh. I knew the wretch, and his name was Antonio Scelerata.’

The doctor gazed at me with wonder and dread, and then exclaimed, ‘How can you know that? no one has before seen that bone. I bought the leg, and cleaned it myself; but it is unique, and I have not ventured to show it before, because I could not assign that conformation to any determinate class. But it is, as you say, the bone of an assassin who was executed for the murder of his master.’

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MARMONTEL.

THE style of MARMONTEL, (says a modern poet of eminence,* who, as a critic, has the merit of being sincere, and of weighing well all that he says,) is so peculiar to himself, that it is very difficult, except by a long descriptive periphrasis, to convey any suitable idea of it. In its general nature, indeed, it is composed of the constituents of a perfect simplicity—a simplicity of thought—a simplicity of feeling—and a simplicity of language. But his simplicity is not the simplicity of an English writer. It has no resemblance to that of Sterne, and still less to that of Goldsmith. It is the simplicity of Marmontel, and of Marmontel alone—it is *sui generis*.

Amongst the works of Marmontel his reputation almost solely rests upon his *Moral Tales*. He has been, indeed, the author of many other productions;—of some poems, some comedies, and a kind of historical romance, under the title of *Belisarius*. It is somewhat singular that his poems are altogether as flat and insipid as his *Moral Tales* are pointed and spirited. He loses himself in the moment in which he attempts to become poetical. His figures are the most wretched commonplace, and his natural humour is lost in lengthened dilatation. His comedies are little better. He has no success when he steps out of his peculiar circle. He is equal to a scene, but not to an act.

It is from the *Moral Tales*, therefore, that we must endeavour to form a due estimate of the genius of Marmontel. With respect to the general plan of them, they are a species of narrative dramas. They have their fables, and their characters, and their peculiar scenery: the fable is some action

* LEIGH HUNT.

of life and manners: the fidelity of the painting to the original in life constitutes its chief excellence. It is this, in fact, which may be termed the peculiar talent of Marmontel. He selects for his fable some certain action—something which we see daily passing in the domestic intercourse of life, and with equal judgment and accuracy follows it through all its parts with a representation as exact as lively. His tale is thus a domestic picture, a representation of manners as seen in the action which he has chosen for his subject.

His dramatis personæ are as natural and as domestic as his fable. They are all of a piece, and seem as if taken together, and existing only for each other. They are imitated with the same fidelity as the action. He possesses the peculiar faculty of transmigrating into the person of each of his characters, and of investing himself as it were in the same circumstances. It is by this facility of substitution and general sympathy, that he is enabled so correctly to imitate nature. It is this which constitutes his naïvete.

The *Shepherdess of the Alps* is perhaps the best specimen of the general style of Marmontel;—it is at once nature and romance. In its kind it is a perfect piece. It has been adopted as the groundwork of an opera in almost every kingdom in Europe: the scenes are beautiful, and the situations impressive: it is an epic romance. It was the first which produced the reputation of Marmontel. When it appeared in the *Mercure François*, the author was anxiously sought out, and taken under the immediate patronage of a prince of the blood. He was, in fact, from that moment admitted into the society of the first wits in France.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

IN the mountains of Savoy, not far from the road from Briançon to Modena, is a solitary valley, the sight of which inspires travellers with a pleasing melancholy. Three little

hills, in form of an amphitheatre, on which are scattered, at a great distance from each other, some shepherds' huts, torrents that fall from the mountains, clumps of trees here and there, pastures always green, form the ornament of this rural place.

The Marchioness of Fonrose was returning from France to Italy with her husband. The axle-tree of their carriage broke; and as the day was on the decline, they were obliged to seek in this valley for some shelter to pass the night. As they advanced towards one of the huts, they saw a flock going that way, conducted by a shepherdess whose gait astonished them. They drew nearer, and heard a heavenly voice, whose plaintive and moving accents made the echoes groan.

'How the setting sun still glitters with a gentle light! It is thus,' said she, 'that at the end of a painful race, the exhausted soul departs to grow young again in the pure source of immortality. But alas, how distant is the period, and how long is life!' On saying these words, the shepherdess retired with her head inclined; but the negligence of her attitude seemed to give still more nobleness and majesty to her person and deportment.

Struck with what they saw, and still more with what they had just heard, the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose redoubled their pace, in order to overtake this shepherdess whom they admired. But what was their surprise, when under the plainest head-dress, beneath the most humble garb, they saw all the graces, all the beauties united! 'Child,' said the Marchioness to her, on seeing that she avoided them, 'fear nothing; we are travellers whom an accident obliges to seek shelter in these huts till the day: will you be so good as to be our guide?' 'I pity you, Madam,' said the shepherdess to her, looking down and blushing: 'these huts are inhabited by poor wretches, and you will be very ill lodged.' 'You lodge there without doubt yourself,' replied the Marchioness; 'and I can easily endure, for one night, the inconveniences which you suffer always.' 'I am formed for that,' said the shepherdess, with a modesty that charmed them. 'No, surely,' said the Marquis de Fonrose, who could no longer dissemble the emotion she had caused in him, 'no, you are not formed to suffer; and Fortune is very unjust! Is it possible, lovely damsel, that so many charms are buried in this desert, under that habit?' 'Fortune, Sir,' replied Adelaïde (this was the name of the shepherdess,) 'Fortune is not cruel but when she takes from

us that which she has given us. My condition has its pleasures for one who knows no other, and custom creates wants for you, which shepherds do not know.' 'That may be,' said the Marquis, 'with respect to those whom Heaven has placed from their birth in this obscure condition; but you, astonishing damsel, you whom I admire, you who enchant me, you were never born what you now are; that air, that gait, that voice, that language, every thing betrays you. But two words, which you have just now spoken, proclaim a cultivated understanding, a noble soul. Proceed, teach us what misfortune can have reduced you to this strange abasement.' 'For a man in misfortune,' replied Adelaïde, 'there are a thousand ways to extricate himself; for a woman, you know, there is no other honest resource than servitude, and the choice of masters. They do well; in my opinion, who prefer the good. You are now going to see mine; you will be charmed with the innocence of their lives, the candour, the simplicity, the probity of their manners.'

While she talked thus, they arrived at the hut. It was separated by a partition from the fold into which this incognita drove her sheep, telling them over with the most serious attention, and without deigning to take any further notice of the travellers, who contemplated her. An old man and his wife, such as Philomel and Baucis are described to us, came forth to meet their guests with that village-honesty, which recalls the golden age to our minds. 'We have nothing to offer you,' said the good woman, 'but fresh straw for a bed, milk, fruit, and rye-bread for your food; but the little that Heaven gives us, we will most heartily share with you.' The travellers, on entering the hut, were surprised at the air of regularity which every thing breathed there. The table was one single plank of walnut-tree highly polished: they saw themselves in the enamel of the earthen vessels designed for their milk. Every thing presented the image of cheerful poverty, and of the first wants of nature agreeably satisfied. 'It is our dear daughter,' said the good woman, 'who takes upon her the management of our house. In the morning, before her flock ramble far into the country, and while they begin to graze round the house on the grass covered with dew, she washes, cleans, and sets every thing in order with a dexterity that charms us.' 'What!' said the Marchioness, 'is this shepherdess your daughter?' 'Ah! Madam, would to Heaven she were!' cried the good old woman; 'it is my heart that calls her so, for I have a

mother's love for her ; but I am not so happy as to have borne her ; we are not worthy to have given her birth.'— 'Who is she then? Whence comes she? and what misfortune has reduced her to such a condition?'—'All that is unknown to us. It is now four years since she came in the habit of a female peasant to offer herself to keep our flocks ; we would have taken her for nothing, so much had her good look and pleasing manner won upon our hearts. We doubted her being born a villager ; but our questions afflicted her, and we thought it our duty to abstain from them. This respect has but augmented in proportion as we have become better acquainted with her soul ; but the more we would humble ourselves to her, the more she humbles herself to us. Never had daughter more attention for her father and mother, nor officiousness more tender. She cannot obey us, because we are far from commanding her ; but it seems as if she saw through us, and every thing that we can wish is done, before we perceive that she thinks of it. She is an angel come down among us to comfort our old age.' 'And what is she doing now in the fold?' demanded the Marchioness.—'Giving the flock fresh litter ; drawing the milk from the ewes and she-goats. This milk, pressed out by her hand, seems to become the more delicate for it. I, who go and sell it in the town, cannot serve it fast enough. They think it delicious. The dear child employs herself, while she is watching the flock, in works of straw and osier, which are admired by all. Every thing becomes valuable beneath her fingers. You see, Madam,' continued the good old woman, 'you see here the image of an easy and quiet life : it is she that procures it to us. This heavenly daughter is never employed but to make us happy.' 'Is she happy herself?' demanded the Marquis de Fonrose. 'She endeavours to persuade us so,' replied the old man ; 'but I have frequently observed to my wife, that at her return from the pasture she had her eyes bedewed with tears, and the most afflicted air in the world. The moment she sees us, she affects to smile : but we see plainly that she has some grief that consumes her. We dare not ask her what it is.' 'Ah ! Madam,' said the old woman, 'how I suffer for this child, when she persists in leading out her flocks to pasture in spite of rain and frost ! Many a time have I thrown myself on my knees, in order to prevail with her to let me go in her stead ; but I never could prevail on her. She goes out at sun-rise, and returns in the evening benumbed

with cold. Judge now, says she to me, whether I would suffer you to quit your fire-side, and expose yourself at your age to the rigours of the season. I am scarce able to withstand it myself. Nevertheless, she brings home under her arm the wood with which we warm ourselves; and when I complain of the fatigue she gives herself, Have done, have done, my good mother, it is by exercise that I keep myself from cold: labour is made for my age. In short, Madam, she is as good as she is handsome, and my husband and I never speak of her, but with tears in our eyes.' 'And if she should be taken from you?' said the Marchioness.—'We should lose,' interrupted the old man, 'all that we hold dearest in the world; but if she herself was to be happier for it, we would die happy in that consolation.' 'Oh! ay,' replied the old woman, shedding tears, 'Heaven grant her a fortune worthy of her, if it be possible! It was my hope, that that hand, so dear to me, would have closed my eyes, for I love her more than my life.' Her arrival broke off their discourse.

She appeared with a pail of milk in one hand, a basket of fruit in the other: and after saluting them with an ineffable grace, she directed her attention to the care of the family, as if nobody observed her. 'You give yourself a great deal of trouble, my dear child,' said the Marchioness. 'I endeavour, Madam,' replied she, 'to fulfil the intention of those I serve, who are desirous of entertaining you in the best manner they are able. You will have,' continued she, spreading over the table a coarse, but very white cloth, 'you will have a frugal and rural repast: this bread is not the whitest in the world, but it tastes pretty well; the eggs are fresh, the milk is good, and the fruits, which I have just now gathered, are such as the season affords.' The diligence, the attention, the noble and becoming grace with which this wonderful shepherdess paid them all the duties of hospitality, the respect she showed for her master and mistress, whether she spoke to them, or whether she sought to read in their eyes what they wanted her to do, all these things filled the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose with astonishment and admiration. As soon as they were laid down on the bed of fresh straw which the shepherdess had prepared for them herself, 'Our adventure has the air of a prodigy,' said they one to another, 'we must clear up this mystery; we must carry away this child along with us.'

At break of day, one of the men, who had been up all

night mending their carriage, came to inform them that it was thoroughly repaired. Madam de Fonrose, before she set out, ordered the shepherdess to be called to her. 'Without wanting to pry,' said she, 'into the secret of your birth, and the cause of your misfortune; all that I see, all that I hear, interests me in your favour. I see that your spirit has raised you above ill fortune; and that you have suited your sentiments to your present condition: your charms and your virtues render it respectable, but yet it is unworthy of you. I have it in my power, amiable stranger, to procure you a happier lot; my husband's intentions agree entirely with mine. I have a considerable estate at Tourin: I want a friend of my own sex; and I shall think I bear away from this place an invaluable treasure, if you will accompany me. Separate from the proposal, from the suit I now make you, all notion of servitude: I do not think you made for that condition; but though my prepossessions in your favour should deceive me, I had rather raise you above your birth, than leave you beneath it. I repeat to you, it is a friend of my own sex that I want to attach to me. For the rest, be under no concern for the fate of these good people: there is nothing which I would not do to make them amends for your loss; at least they shall have wherewith to spend the remainder of their lives happily, according to their condition; and it is from your hand that they shall receive the benefits I intend them.' The old folks, who were present at this discourse, kissing the hands of the Marchioness, and throwing themselves at her feet, begged the young incognita to accept of these generous offers: they represented to her with tears, that they were on the brink of the grave; that she had no other consolation than to make them happy in their old age; and that at their death, when left to herself, their habitation would become a dreadful solitude. The shepherdess, embracing them, mingled her tears with theirs; she returned thanks to the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose for their goodness, with a sensibility that made her still more beautiful. 'I cannot,' said she, 'accept of your courtesies. Heaven has marked out my place, and its will is accomplished; but your goodness has made impressions on my soul which will never be effaced. The respectable name of Fonrose shall ever be present to my imagination. I have but one favour more to ask you,' said she, blushing, and looking down, 'that is to be so good as to bury this adventure in eternal silence, and to leave the world for ever ignorant of the lot of an unknown

wretch, who wants to live and die in oblivion.' The Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose, moved with pity and grief, redoubled a thousand times their entreaties: she was immoveable, and the old people, the traveller, and the shepherdess, separated with tears in their eyes.

During the journey the Marquis and his lady were taken up with nothing but this adventure. They thought they had been in a dream. Their imaginations being filled with this kind of romance, they arrive at Turin. It may easily be imagined that they did not keep silence, and this was an inexhaustible subject for reflections and conjectures. The young Fonrose, being present at these discourses, lost not one circumstance. He was at that age wherein the imagination is most lively, and the heart most susceptible; but he was one of those characters whose sensibility displays not itself outwardly, and who are so much the more violently agitated, when they are so at all, as the sentiment which affects them does not weaken itself by any sort of dissipation. All that Fonrose hears said of the charms, virtues, and misfortunes, of the shepherdess of Savoy, kindles in his soul the most ardent desire of seeing her. He forms to himself an image of her, which is always present to him. He compares her to every thing that he sees, and every thing that he sees vanishes before her. But the more his impatience redoubles, the more care he takes to conceal it. Turin becomes odious to him. The valley which conceals from the world its brightest ornament, attracts his whole soul. It is there that happiness waits him. But if his project is known, he foresees the greatest obstacles: they will never consent to the journey he meditates; it is the folly of a young man, the consequences of which they will be apprehensive of; the shepherdess herself, affrighted at his pursuits, will not fail to withdraw herself from them; he loses her, if he should be known. After all these reflections, which employed his thoughts for three months, he takes a resolution to quit every thing for her sake; to go, under the habit of a shepherd, to seek her in her solitude, and to die there, or to draw her out of it.

He disappears; they see him no more. His parents become alarmed at his absence: their fear increases every day: their expectations disappointed throw the whole family into affliction: the fruitlessness of their inquiries completes their despair; a duel, an assassination, every thing that is most unfortunate, presents itself to their imagination; and

these unhappy parents ended their researches by lamenting the death of their son, their only hope. While his family are in mourning, Fonrose, under the habit of a shepherd, presents himself to the inhabitants of the hamlets adjoining to the valleys, which they had but too well described to him. His ambition is accomplished : they trust him with the care of their flocks.

The first days after his arrival, he left them to wander at random, solely attentive to discover the places to which the shepherdess led hers.

‘ Let us manage,’ said he, ‘ the timidity of this solitary fair-one : if she is unfortunate, her heart has need of consolation ; if it be nothing but a desire to banish herself from the world, and the pleasure of a tranquil and innocent life that retains her here, she will feel some dull moments, and wish for company to amuse or console her. If I succeed so far as to render that agreeable to her, she will soon find it necessary ; then I shall take counsel from the situation of her soul. After all, we are here alone, as it were, in the world, and we shall be every thing to each other. From confidence to friendship the passage is not long ; and from friendship to love, at our age, the road is still easier.’ And what is Fonrose’s age when he reasoned thus ? Fonrose was eighteen : but three months’ reflection on the same object unfolds a number of ideas. While he was thus giving himself up to his imagination, with his eyes wandering over the country, he hears at a distance that voice, the charms of which had been so often extolled to him. The emotion it excited in him was as lively as if she had been unexpected. ‘ It is here,’ said the shepherdess in her plaintive strains ; ‘ it is here that my heart enjoys the only happiness that remains to it. My grief has a luxury in it for my soul ; I prefer its bitterness to the deceitful sweets of joy.’ These accents rent the sensible heart of Fonrose. ‘ What,’ said he, ‘ can be the cause of the chagrin that consumes her ? How pleasing would it be to console her ! A hope still more pleasing presumed, not without difficulty, to flatter his desires. He feared to alarm the shepherdess if he resigned himself imprudently to his impatience of seeing her near, and for the first time it was sufficient to have heard her. The next day he went out again to lead his sheep to pasture ; and after observing the route which she had taken, he placed himself at the foot of the rock, which the day before repeated to him the sounds of that touching voice. I forgot

to mention that Fonrose, to the handsomest figure, had joined those talents which the young nobility of Italy do not neglect. He played on the hautboy like Besuzzi, of whom he had taken his lessons, and who formed at that time the delight of Europe. Adelaïde, buried in her own afflicting ideas, had not yet made her voice heard, and the echoes kept silence. All on a sudden this silence was interrupted by the plaintive sounds of Fonrose's hautboy. These unknown sounds excited in the soul of Adelaïde a surprise mingled with anxiety. The keepers of the flocks that wandered on the hills had never caused her to hear aught before but the sounds of rustic pipes. Immoveable and attentive, she seeks with her eyes who it was that could form such harmonious sounds. She perceives at a distance, a young shepherd seated in the cavity of a rock, at the foot of which he fed his flock; she draws near, to hear him the better. 'See,' said she, 'what the mere instinct of nature can do! The ear teaches this shepherd all the refinements of art. Can any one breathe purer sounds? What delicacy in his inflections! what variety in his gradations! Who can say after this, that taste is not the gift of nature?' Ever since Adelaïde had dwelt in this solitude, this was the first time that her grief, suspended by an agreeable distraction, had delivered up her soul to the sweet emotion of pleasure. Fonrose, who saw her approach and seat herself at the foot of a willow to hear him, pretended not to perceive her. He seized, without seeming to affect it, the moment of her retreat, and managed the course of his own flock in such a manner as to meet her on a declivity of a hill, where the road crossed. He cast only one look on her, and continued his route, as if taken up with nothing but the care of his flock. But what beauties had that one look ran over!—what eyes! what a divine mouth! How much more ravishing still would those features be, which are so noble and touching in their languor, if love reanimated them! He saw plainly that grief alone had withered in their spring the roses on her lovely cheeks; but of so many charms, that which had moved him most was the noble elegance of her person and her gait; in the ease of her motions he thought he saw a young cedar, whose strait and flexible trunk yields gently to the zephyrs. This image, which love had just engraven in flaming characters on his memory, took up all his thoughts. 'How feebly,' said he, 'have they painted to me this beauty, unknown to the world, whose adoration she merits!

And it is a desert that she inhabits! and it is thatch that covers her! She who ought to see kings at her feet, employs herself in tending an humble flock! Beneath what garments has she presented herself to my view? She adorns every thing, and nothing disfigures her. Yet what a life for a frame so delicate! Coarse food, a savage climate, a bed of straw—great gods!—and for whom are the roses made? Yes, I will draw her out of this state, so much too hard and too unworthy of her.’ Sleep interrupted his reflections, but effaced not her image. Adelaïde, on her side, sensibly struck with the youth, the beauty of Fonrose, ceased not to admire the caprices of fortune. ‘Where is nature going,’ said she, ‘to reassemble together so many talents and so many graces! But alas! those gifts which to him are here but useless, would be perhaps his misfortune in a more elevated state. What evils does not beauty create in the world! Unhappy as I am, is it for me to set any value on it?’ This melancholy reflection began to poison in her soul the pleasures she had tasted; she reproached herself for having been sensible of it, and resolved to deny it herself for the future. The next day Fonrose thought he perceived that she avoided his approach; he fell into a profound melancholy. ‘Could she suspect my disguise?’ said he. ‘Should I have betrayed it myself?’ This uneasiness possessed him all the live-long day, and his hautboy was neglected. Adelaïde was not so far but she could easily have heard it; and his silence astonished her. She began to sing herself. ‘It seems,’ said the song, ‘that every thing around me partakes of my heaviness: the birds send forth none but sorrowful notes; echo replies to me in complaints; the zephyrs moan amidst these leaves; the sound of the brooks imitates my sighs, one might say that they flowed with tears.’ Fonrose softened by these strains, could not help replying to them. Never was concert more moving than that of his hautboy with Adelaïde’s voice. ‘O Heaven!’ said she, ‘it is enchantment! I dare not believe my ears: it is not a shepherd, it is a god whom I have heard! Can the natural sense of harmony inspire such concord of sounds?’ While she was speaking thus, a rural or rather a celestial melody, made the valley resound. Adelaïde thought she saw these prodigies realizing which Poetry attributes to her sprightly sister Music. Astonished, confounded, she knew not whether she ought to take herself away, or resign herself up to this enchantment. But she perceived the shepherd, whom she had just

heard, re-assembling his flock in order to regain his hut. 'He knows not,' says she, 'the delight he diffuses around him; his undisguised soul is not in the least vain of it; he waits not even for the praises I owe him. Such is the power of music: it is the only talent that places its happiness in itself; all the others require witnesses. This gift of heaven was granted to man in his innocence: it is the purest of all pleasures. Alas! it is the only one I still relish; and I consider this shepherd as a new echo, who is come to answer my grief.'

The following day Fonrose affected to keep at a distance in his turn: Adelaïde was afflicted at it. 'Chance,' said she, 'seemed to have procured me this feeble consolation; I gave myself up to it too easily, and, to punish me, she has deprived me of it.' At last, one day, when they happened to meet on the declivity of the hill, 'Shepherd,' said she to him, 'are you leading your flocks far off?' These first words of Adelaïde caused an emotion in Fonrose which almost deprived him of the use of his voice. 'I do not know,' said he, hesitating; 'it is not I who lead my flock, but my flock leads me; these places are better known to it than to me; I leave to it the choice of the best pastures.'—'Whence are you, then?' said the shepherdess to him. 'I was born beyond the Alps,' replied Fonrose. 'Were you born among shepherds?' continued she. 'As I am a shepherd,' said he, looking down, 'I must have been born to be one.'—'I doubt it,' replied Adelaïde, viewing him with attention. 'Your talents, your language, your very air; all tell me, that fate had placed you in a better situation.'—'You are very obliging,' said Fonrose; 'but ought you of all persons to believe that nature refuses every thing to shepherds? Were you born to be a queen?' Adelaïde blushed at this answer; and changing the subject, 'The other day,' said she, 'by the sound of a hautboy you accompanied my songs with an art that would be a prodigy in a simple shepherd.'—'It is your voice that is so,' replied Fonrose, 'in a simple shepherdess.'—'But has nobody instructed you?'—'I have, like yourself, no other guide than my heart and my ear. You sung, I was melted; what my heart feels, my hautboy expresses; I breathe my soul into it. This is the whole of my secret; nothing in the world is easier.'—'That is incredible,' said Adelaïde. 'I said the very same on hearing you,' replied Fonrose, 'but I was forced to believe it. What will you say? Nature and

love sometimes take a delight in assembling their most precious gifts in persons of the most humble fortune, to show that there is no condition which they cannot ennoble.

During this discourse, they advanced towards the valley; and Fonrose, whom a ray of hope animated, began to make the air resound with those sprightly notes which pleasure inspires. 'Ah, pr'ythee now!' said Adelaïde, 'spare my soul the troublesome image of a sentiment which she cannot relish. This solitude is consecrated to grief; her echoes are not used to repeat the accents of a profane joy; here every thing groans in concert with me.'—'I also have cause to complain!' replied the young man; and these words, pronounced with a sigh, were followed by a long silence. 'You have cause to complain!' replied Adelaïde; 'is it of mankind? is it of fortune?'—'No matter,' said he, 'but I am not happy: ask me no more.'—'Hear me,' said Adelaïde: 'Heaven gives us to each other as a consolation in our troubles; mine are like an overwhelming load, which weighs down my heart. Whoever you may be, if you know misfortune, you ought to be compassionate, and I believe you worthy of my confidence; but promise me that it shall be mutual.'—'Alas!' said Fonrose, 'my misfortunes are such, that I shall perhaps be condemned never to reveal them.' This mystery but redoubled the curiosity of Adelaïde. 'Repair to-morrow,' said she to him, 'to the foot of that hill, beneath that old tufted oak where you have heard me moan: There I will teach you things that will excite your pity.' Fonrose passed the night in the utmost emotion. His fate depended on what he was going to hear. A thousand alarming ideas agitated him by turns. He dreaded, above all, the being driven to despair by the communication of an unsuccessful and faithful love. 'If she is in love,' said he, 'I am undone!'

He repairs to the appointed place. He sees Adelaïde arrive: the day was overcast with clouds, and nature mourning seemed to forebode the sadness of their conversation. As soon as they were seated at the foot of the oak, Adelaïde spoke thus. 'You see these stones which the grass begins to cover; they are the tomb of the most tender, the most virtuous of men, whom my love and my imprudence have cost his life. I am a French woman, of a family of distinction; and, to my misfortune, too rich. The Count D'Orestan conceived the tenderest passion for me; I was sensible of it, sensible to excess. My parents opposed the

inclination of our hearts, and my frantic passion made me consent to a marriage sacred to virtuous souls, but disallowed by the laws. Italy was at that time the theatre of war. My husband went thither to join the corps which he was to command; I followed him as far as Briançon: my foolish tenderness retained him there two days in spite of himself: for he, a young man, full of honour, prolonged his stay there with the greatest reluctance. He sacrificed his duty to me: but what would not I have sacrificed to him? In a word, I required it of him; and he could not withstand my tears. He took leave, with a foreboding which alarmed me. I accompanied him as far as this valley where I received his adieus; and in order to wait to hear from him, I returned to Briançon. A few days after a report was spread of a battle. I doubted whether D'Orestan had got thither; I wished it for his honour, I dreaded it for my love; when I received a letter from him, which I thought very consoling: "I shall be such a day, at such an hour," said he, "in the valley, and under the oak where we parted; I shall repair there alone; I conjure you to go there, and expect me, likewise, alone; I live yet but for you." How great was my mistake! I perceived in his billet nothing more than an impatience to see me again, and this impatience made me happy. I repaired, then, to this very oak. D'Orestan arrives; and after the tenderest reception: "You would have it so, my dear Adelaïde," said he, "I have failed in my duty at the most important moment of my life. What I feared is come to pass. A battle has happened—my regiment charged. It performed prodigies of valour, and I was not there. I am dishonoured, lost without resource. I reproach not you with my misfortune, but I have now but one sacrifice more to make you, and my heart is come to accomplish it." At this discourse, pale, trembling, and scarce breathing, I took my husband into my arms. I felt my blood congeal in my veins, my knees bent under me, and I fell down senseless. He availed himself of my fainting to tear himself from my bosom; and in a little time I was recalled to life by the report of a shot which killed him. I will not describe to you the situation I was in; it is inexpressible; and the tears which you now see flowing, the sighs that stifle my voice are but a feeble image of it. After passing the whole night beside his bloody corpse, in a grief that stupified me, my first care was to bury along with him my shame: my hands dug out his grave. I seek not to

move you ; but the moment in which the earth was to separate me from the sorrowful remains of my husband, was a thousand times more dreadful to me than that can be which is to separate my body from my soul. Spent with grief, and deprived of nourishment, my enfeebled hands took up two whole days in hollowing out this tomb with inconceivable labour. When my strength forsook me, I reposed myself on the livid and cold bosom of my husband. In short, I paid him the rights of sepulture, and my heart promised him to wait in these parts till death reunites us. In the mean time, cruel hunger began to devour my exhausted entrails. I thought it criminal to refuse nature the supports of a life more grievous than death. I changed my garments for the plain habit of a shepherdess, and I embraced that condition as my only refuge. From that time my only consolation has been to come here, and weep over this grave, which shall be my own. You see,' continued she, 'with what sincerity I open my soul to you. With you I may henceforth weep at liberty ; it is a consolation I had need of ; but I expect the same confidence from you. Do not think that you have deceived me. I see clearly that the state of a shepherd is as foreign, and newer to you than to me. You are young, perhaps sensible ; and, if I may believe my conjectures, our misfortunes have the same source, and you have loved as well as I. We shall only feel the more for one another. I consider you as a friend, whom Heaven, touched by my misfortunes, designs to send me in my solitude. Do you also consider me as a friend, capable of giving you, if not salutary counsel, at least a consolatory example.'

'You pierce my very soul,' said Fonrose, overcome with what he had just heard ; 'and whatever sensibility you may attribute to me, you are very far from conceiving the impression that the recital of your misfortunes has made on me. Alas ! why cannot I return it with that confidence which you testify towards me, and of which you are so worthy ? But I warned you of it ; I foresaw it. Such is the nature of my sorrows, that an eternal silence must shut them up in the bottom of my heart.' You are very unhappy, added he with a profound sigh ; 'I am still more unhappy, this is all I can tell you. Be not offended at my silence ; it is terrible to me to be condemned to it. The constant companion of all your steps, I will soften your labours : I will partake of all your griefs : I will see you weep over this grave, I will mingle my tears with yours.

You shall not repent having deposited your woes in a heart, alas ! but too sensible.'—' I repent me of it from this moment,' said she with confusion : and both, with downcast eyes, retired in silence from each other. Adelaïde, on quitting Fonrose, thought she saw in his countenance the impression of a profound grief. ' I have revived,' said she, ' the sense of his sorrows ; and what must be their horror, when he thinks himself still more wretched than I !'

From that day more sighing and more conversation followed between Fonrose and Adelaïde. They neither sought nor avoided one another : looks of consternation formed almost their only language ; if he found her weeping over the grave of her husband, his heart was seized with pity, jealousy, and grief ; he contemplated her in silence, and answered her sighs with deep groans.

Two months had passed away in this painful situation, and Adelaïde saw Fonrose's youth wither as a flower. The sorrow which consumed him afflicted her so much the more deeply, as the cause of it was unknown to her. She had not the most distant suspicion that she was the cause of it. However, as it is natural, when two sentiments divide a soul, for one to weaken the other, Adelaïde's regret on account of the death of D'Orestan became less lively every day, in proportion as she delivered herself up to the pity with which Fonrose inspired her. She was very sure that this pity had nothing but what was innocent in it ; it did not even come into her head to defend herself from it ; and the object of this generous sentiment being continually present to her view, awakened it every instant. The languor into which this young man was fallen became such, that she thought it her duty not to leave him any longer to himself. ' You are dying,' said she to him, ' and you add to my griefs that of seeing you consumed with sorrow under my eye, without being able to apply any remedy. If the recital of the imprudences of my youth has not inspired you with a contempt for me ; if the purest and tenderest friendship be dear to you : in short, if you would not render me more unhappy than I was before I knew you, confide to me the cause of your griefs : you have no person in the world but myself to assist you in supporting them ; your secret, though it were more important than mine, fear not that I shall divulge. The death of my husband has placed a gulf betwixt the world and me ; and the confidence which I require will soon be buried in this grave, to which grief is

with slow steps conducting me.'—'I hope to go before you,' said Fonrose, bursting into tears. 'Suffer me to finish my deplorable life without leaving you afterwards the reproach of having shortened its course.'—'O Heaven, what do I hear,' cried she with distraction. 'What! I—can I have contributed to the evils which overwhelm you? Go on; you pierce my soul! What have I done? what have I said? Alas, I tremble! Good heaven! hast thou sent me into the world only to create wretches? Speak; nay speak; you must no longer conceal who you are; you have said too much to dissemble any longer.'—'Well, then, I am—I am Fonrose, the son of those travellers, whom you filled with admiration and respect. All that they related of your virtues and your charms inspired me with the fatal design of coming to see you in this disguise. I have left my family in the deepest sorrow, thinking they have lost me, and lamenting my death. I have seen you; I know what attaches you to this place; I know that the only hope that is left me, is to die here adoring you. Give me no useless counsel or unjust reproaches. My resolution is as firm and immoveable as your own. If in betraying my secret you disturb the last moments of a life almost at an end, you will to no purpose injure me, who would never offend you.'

Adelaide, confounded, endeavoured to calm the despair into which this young man was plunged. 'Let me,' said she, 'do to his parents the service of restoring him to life; let me save their only hope: Heaven presents me with this opportunity of acknowledging their favours.' Thus, far from making him furious by a misplaced rigour, all the tenderness of pity, and consolation of friendship, were put in practice in order to soothe him.

'Heavenly angel!' cried Fonrose, 'I see all the reluctance that you feel to make any one unhappy: your heart is with him who reposes in this grave: I see that nothing can detach you from him; I see how ingenuous your virtue is to conceal your woe from me; I perceive it in all its extent, I am overwhelmed by it, but I pardon you: it is your duty never to love me, it is mine ever to adore you.'

Impatient of executing the design which she had conceived, Adelaide arrives at her hut. 'Father,' said she to her old master, 'do you think you have strength to travel to Turin? I have need of somebody whom I can trust, to give the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose the most interesting intelligence.' The old man replied, that his zeal

to serve them inspired him with courage. 'Go,' resumed Adelaïde, 'you will find them bewailing the death of their only son; tell them that he is living, and in these parts, and that I will restore him to them; but that there is an indispensable necessity for their coming here themselves to fetch him.'

He sets out, arrives at Turin, sends in his address as the old man of the valley of Savoy. 'Ah!' cried Madam de Fonrose, 'some misfortune, perhaps, has happened to our shepherdess.'—'Let him come in,' added the Marquis, 'he will tell us, perhaps, that she consents to live with us.'—'After the loss of my son,' said the Marchioness, 'it is the only comfort I can taste in this world.' The old man is introduced. He throws himself at their feet; they raise him. 'You are lamenting the death of your son,' said he; 'I come to tell you that he lives; our dear child has discovered him in the valley; she sends me to inform you of it; but yourselves only, she says, can bring him back.' As he spoke this, surprise and joy deprived the Marchioness de Fonrose of her senses. The Marquis distracted and amazed, calls out for help for his lady, recalls her to life, embraces the old man, publishes to the whole house that their son is restored to them. The Marchioness resuming her spirits; 'What shall we do,' said she, taking the old man by the hands, and pressing them with tenderness, 'what shall we do in gratitude for this benefit which restores life to us?'

Every thing is ordered for their departure. They set out with the good man; they travel night and day, and repair to the valley, where their only good awaits them. The shepherdess was out at pasture: the old woman conducts them to her; they approach. How great is their surprise—their son, that well-beloved son, is by her side in the habit of a simple shepherd! Their hearts sooner than their eyes acknowledge him. 'Ah, cruel child,' cried his mother, throwing herself into his arms, 'what sorrow have you occasioned us! why withdraw yourself from our tenderness? and what is it you come here for?'—'To adore,' said he, 'what you yourself admired.' 'Pardon me, Madam,' said Adelaïde, while Fonrose embraced his father's knees, who raised him with kindness; 'pardon me for having left you so long in grief: If I had known it sooner, you should have been sooner consoled.' After the first emotions of nature, Fonrose relapsed into the deepest affliction. 'Let us go,' said the Marquis, 'let us go

rest ourselves in the hut, and forget all the pain that this young madman has occasioned us.'—'Yes, Sir, I have been mad,' said Fonrose to his father, who led him by the hand. 'Nothing but the loss of my reason could have suspended in my heart the emotions of nature, so as to make me forget the most sacred duties; in short, to detach myself from every thing that I held dearest in the world; but this madness you gave birth to, and I am but too severely punished for it. I love without hope the most accomplished person in the world; you see nothing, you know nothing of this incomparable woman; she is honesty, sensibility, virtue itself; I love her even to idolatry, I cannot be happy without her, and I know that she cannot be mine.'—'Has she confided to you,' said the Marquis, 'the secret of her birth?'—'I have learned enough of it,' said Fonrose, 'to assure you, that it is in no respect beneath my own; she has even renounced a considerable fortune to bury herself in this desert.'—'And do you know what has induced her to it?'—'Yes, Sir, but it is a secret which she alone can reveal to you.'—'She is married perhaps?'—'She is a widow, but her heart is not the more disengaged; her ties are but too strong.'—'Daughter,' said the Marquis, on entering the hut, 'you see that you turn the heads of the whole family of Fonrose. The extravagant passion of this young man cannot be justified, but by such a prodigy as you are. All my wife's wishes are confined to having you for a companion and a friend; this child here will not live, unless he obtains you for his wife; I desire no less to have you for my daughter: see how many persons you will make unhappy by a refusal.'—'Ah, Sir,' said she, 'your goodness confounds me, but hear and judge for me.' Then Adelaïde, in the presence of the old man and his wife, made a recital of her deplorable adventure. She added the name of her family, which was not unknown to the Marquis de Fonrose, and ended by calling on himself to witness the inviolable fidelity she owed her spouse. At these words consternation spread itself into every countenance. Young Fonrose, choked with sobs, threw himself into a corner of the hut, in order to give them free scope. The father, moved at the sight, flew to the assistance of his son. 'See,' said he, 'my dear Adelaïde, to what a condition you have reduced him!' Madam de Fonrose, who was near Adelaïde, pressed her in her arms, bathing her at the same time with tears. 'Alas! why, my daughter,' said she, 'why will you a second time

make us mourn the death of our dear child ?' The old man and his wife, their eyes filled with tears, and fixed upon Adelaïde, waited her speaking. 'Heaven is my witness,' said Adelaïde, rising, 'that I would lay down my life in gratitude for such goodness. It would heighten my misfortunes to have occasion to reproach myself with yours : but I am willing that Fonrose himself should be my judge ; suffer me, if you please, to speak to him for a moment.' Then retiring with him alone : 'Fonrose,' said she, 'you know what sacred ties retain me in this place. If I could cease to love and lament a husband who loved me but too well, I should be the most despicable of women. Esteem, friendship, gratitude, are the sentiments I owe you ; but none of these can cancel love : the more you have conceived for me, the more you should expect from me ; it is the impossibility of fulfilling that duty, that hinders my imposing it on myself. At the same time I see you in a situation that would move the least sensible heart ; it is shocking to me to be the cause, it would be still more shocking to me to hear your parents accuse me with having been your destruction. I will forget myself, then, for the present, and leave you, as far as in me lies, to be the arbiter of our destiny. It is for you to choose that of the two situations which appears to you least painful ; either to renounce me, to subdue yourself, and forget me, or to possess a woman, whose heart being full of another object, can only grant you sentiments too feeble to satisfy the wishes of a lover.'— 'That is enough,' said Fonrose ; 'and in a soul like yours, friendship should take place for love. I shall be jealous, without doubt, of the tears which you shall bestow on the memory of another husband : but the cause of that jealousy, in rendering you more respectable, will render you also more dear in my eyes.'

'She is mine !' said he, coming and throwing himself into the arms of his parents ; 'it is to her respect for you, to your goodness, that I owe her, and it is owing you a second life.' From that moment their arms were chains from which Adelaïde could not disengage herself.

Did she yield only to pity, to gratitude ? I would fain believe it, in order to admire her the more : Adelaïde believed so herself. However it be, before she set out, she would revisit the tomb which she quitted but with regret. 'O, my dear D'Orestan,' said she, 'if from the womb of the dead thou canst read the bottom of my soul, thy shade

has no cause to murmur at the sacrifice I make: I owe it to the generous sentiments of this virtuous family; but my heart remains thine for ever. I go to endeavour to make them happy without any hope of being myself so.' It was not without some sort of violence they forced her from the place; but she insisted that they should erect a monument here to the memory of her husband; and that the hut of her old master and mistress, who followed her to Turin, should be converted into a country house, as plain as it was solitary, where she proposed to come sometimes to mourn the errors and misfortunes of her youth. Time, the assiduities of Fonrose, the fruits of her second marriage, have since opened her soul to the impressions of a new affection; and they cite her as an example of a woman, remarkable and respectable even in her infidelity.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

DR HAWKESWORTH holds a respectable rank among English miscellaneous writers, and none of his works are more valued than the few Eastern tales and domestic stories he has left behind him. Next to 'Almorán and Hamet,' the history of AMURATH, which we here give, is one of his most reputed tales. "The fable," says an eminent writer, "is very simple, and resembles much the style of the Arabian Nights. The fiction of the ring is pleasing, and its powers are judiciously 'called into action. The gradations by which Amurath advances from a state of comparative innocence into that vice which finally degrades him from manhood, and sends him as a monster into the desert, are perhaps too abrupt; but the tale is, on the other hand, too compressed to allow room for any more detailed exhibition of the gradual fall of nature from virtue into the most abandoned profligacy. Too much is not to be expected in these abridged moral portraitures. The displeasure of the sultan at the vizier, who being commanded to lay aside all ceremony, and imagine his sovereign his equal, literally obeyed the command, and indulged in the full liberty of friendship, is well imagined and well represented. The disgust which Amurath at length conceives at his ring, and his anxiety rather to be rid of his monitor than, by correcting his irregularities, to render it harmless, are equally natural, and contain an equally good moral. It is another stroke of nature in this tale, that the resentment of the sultan against Alibeg is but more violent in proportion to its injustice, and the bitterness of his reflections upon treating a faithful servant so unjustly only further exasperates him,

and renders him more precipitate against his object. This is nature and the human mind. The manner in which Amurath finally throws away the admonitory ring, his soliloquy which accompanies this action, the appearance and the address of the Genius, and finally the transformation of Amurath into a Satyr, in all these circumstances DR HAWKESWORTH seems so far to exceed himself, that we find it almost difficult to persuade ourselves that this tale was the production of his own unassisted powers."

There are, however, many indecencies of conception in the tales of Hawkesworth, that have never been adverted to, because of the manner, we suppose, in which they are hedged round by moral and biblical apothegms. We do not pretend to more delicacy of feeling than our neighbours, nor do we wish to join a cant nauseously prevalent at this time, but we must say, that, in looking over the stories of Hawkesworth, we were a good deal surprised at the filthy groundwork upon which almost the whole of them are constructed. It may be enough to remark, that the scene of *all* his tales in *The Adventurer* is either an Eastern seraglio or a London brothel; but this is nothing compared to the gross conceits that pervade them. What can be more vile, for instance, than the conception of a virtuous wife personifying a strumpet, for the purpose of detecting her husband's infidelity? Or what more loathsome than the story of Agamus, an old debauchee, who is brought to the brink of committing incest with his own daughter, and who, breaking down the sacred delicacy of relationship, is made to send the *Adventurer* a minute history of her prostitution, *as narrated to him by her*?† It is very well to tag a moral to such things; but we need not feel grateful to him who gives an antidote to his own poison; and although it may gain Dr

* See the story of *Desdemona*, in *The Adventurer*, Nos. 117 and 118.

† See *Adventurer*, Nos. 86 and 134—36.

Hawkesworth the praise of good intention, it cannot prevent the purity of his taste from being questioned.*

We make these remarks unwillingly ; but we should like to see some of our modern sticklers for decency brought to a consistency of conduct, and not exercising their severity upon the authors only who have the misfortune to publish in these days. There are parts even in the '*British Moralists*' much more objectionable than any part of '*Adam Blair*,' and there are passages in many of our Standard Poets—in Dryden, Swift, Pope, Prior—a thousand times more gross than any thing in '*Don Juan*.' Let him who will not admit the one into his library turn out the others ; and he can console himself for his empty shelves by the reflection that he has acted consistently.

AMURATH.

AMURATH, Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life : let those who presumptuously question the ways of Providence, blush in silence and be wise ; let the proud be humble and obtain honour ; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The Angel of Death closed the eyes of the Sultan Abradin my father, and his empire descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief ; I was insensible to the splendour of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence ; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave : I prostrated myself on his

* In the '*Account of Voyages undertaken for making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere*,' drawn up by Dr Hawkesworth, he discovered his real character much more than in *The Adventurer*—to a degree, indeed, that brought upon him universal censure, and sent him, it is said, broken hearted to the grave.

tomb : sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod ; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. ' I am,' said he, ' the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abradin, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of his people ; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest : resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him.' I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. ' This ring,' said he, ' shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil ; that without weighing remote consequences, thou mayest know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition ; and when the circle of gold shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a transgression of the rule of right : keep my gift as a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment.' I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The Genius perceived my confusion, and turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first moon I was so cautious and circumspect, that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to public business ; my melancholy decreased as my mind was diverted to other objects ; and lest the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned in the field ; I grew warm in the pursuit, I continued the chase, which was unsuccessful too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand : but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl

away and hide himself under a sofa in the corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at first struck with surprise and regret ; but surprise and regret quickly gave way to disdain. ‘ Shall not the Sultan Amurath,’ said I, ‘ to whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not Amurath strike a dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the rule of right ?’ My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale ; immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the Genius Syndarac again stood before me.

‘ Amurath,’ said he, ‘ thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust ; a being who, like thee, has received from the Almighty a capacity of pleasure and pain ; pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power, in afflicting inferior beings ; I should be justified in afflicting thee ; but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the laws of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayest yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty the forwardness of disgust, lest by the laws of goodness I be compelled to afflict thee ; for he that scorns reproof, must be reformed by punishment, or lost for ever.’

At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion ; I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent, ‘ Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance, or gratify the security of speculation : confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring.’

As the chase had produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it ; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the conversation would otherwise be encumbered or restrained ; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriance of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my Vizier, who endeavoured to prevail

upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the subject of my raillery, the man who alone deserved my approbation; he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my favour, by that behaviour, which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success; but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment; but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified: I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: the Vizier was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous and descended from raillery to invective: at length disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile, 'Amurath,' said he, 'if the Sultan should know, that after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure.' The severity of this sarcasm, which was exorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage: I started up, and spurning him from the table was about to draw my poniard: when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a perfect white.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself, that the Genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility; servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension and sometimes with a place. Thus

the government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time I filled my seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My resentment against Alibeg, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred; I degraded him from his office; but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death: but the pleasure and the dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would if possible seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by seeking to bring calamity upon others: I considered my disappointment as the triumph of a slave, whom I wished but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had often shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food; and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the seraglio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed at me astonished and terrified, and then looking upon each other stood silent. I repeated my de-

mand with fury and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where she was; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since to their knowledge passed in or out of her apartment.

In this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the seraglio. But why should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? and did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: 'May the Sultan Amurath, in whose wrath the Angel of Death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smile of Heaven! Let the wretched Alibeg perish; but let my lord remember Selima with mercy, let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight.' I heard no more, but cried out, 'Darest thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom thou hast stolen! thou whose life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up.' 'Oh!' said he, 'let not the mighty sovereign of the East sport with the misery of the weak: if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together.'

Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to persist in requizing her at his hands; and therefore dismissed

him with a repetition of my command, to produce her within an hour upon pain of death.

My ring, which, during this series of events had given perpetual intimations of guilt which were always disregarded, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice: I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom. ‘How wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible tyrant! a being, whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me by intimating that every action of my life is a crime! How long shall I groan under this intolerable oppression! This accursed ring is the badge and the instrument of my subjection and dishonour: he who gave it, is now, perhaps, in some remote region of the air; perhaps, he rolls some planet in its orbit, agitates the southern ocean with a tempest, or shakes some distant region with an earthquake: but wherever he is, he has surely a more important employ than to watch my conduct. Perhaps he has contrived this talisman, only to restrain me from the enjoyment of some good, which he wishes to withhold. I feel that my desires are controlled; and to gratify these desires is to be happy.’ As I pronounced these words I drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain and indignation; immediately the air grew dark; a cloud burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent; horror thrilled in my veins, and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance there was a calm severity; and I heard him pronounce these words: ‘Thou hast now, as far as it is in thy own power, thrown off humanity and degraded thy being: thy form, therefore, shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render thy vices contagious.’ He then touched me with his rod; and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not in the form of a man but of a monster, with the fore-parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in an agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the desert, impelled only by the vain desire of flying from myself. I now bellowed with rage, and now howl-

ed in despair ; this moment I breathed execration against the Genius, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were soon exhausted : I crawled into a den which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept, but sleep, instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The Genius still terrified me with his presence ; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awakened, I was not refreshed : calamity, though it is compelled to admit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused by hunger ; for hunger like sleep is irresistible.

I went out in search of prey ; and if I felt any alleviation of misery, beside the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured ; for though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my crimes : and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mitigate nor increase my sufferings, I was not restrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction of others, I trembled lest by some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of the hunters ; and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with wonder, and doubted whether they should advance : but at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music at a distance : the heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession : and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been

a fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me: so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and languor, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by constraint was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my submission; and, to show as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened, that a tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision, and leaping upon him would instantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the slave presently despatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer; but starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me, and leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the first moments of my escape; for I reflected, that as a dog my liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the power, who had once more brought me within the circle of

nature. As a brute I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven?

As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my seraglio. I placed myself behind an Emir whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself, 'Dost thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken? Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once so lightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury, and this steady friendship, are they less than human, or are they more?' I was not prevented by these reflections from returning the caresses that I received; and Alibeg, who just then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me, by the unanimous voice of the people: but I gained no intelligence of Selima, whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and for whom I had searched every part of the palace in vain. I became restless; every place was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed, and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree, and slept.

In the morning I beheld, with surprise, a wall of marble that seemed to reach to heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold, 'Within this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete: Nature is not oppressed

by the tyranny of religion, nor is pleasure awed by the frown of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy wish, whosoever thou art ; enter therefore, and be happy.'

When I read this inscription, my bosom throbbed with tumultuous expectation ; but my desire to enter was repressed by the reflection, that I had lost the form in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Desire and curiosity were notwithstanding predominant : the door immediately opened inward ; I entered, and it closed after me.

But my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eye sickened at the contortions of misery : disease was visible in every countenance, however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust. Rape and murder, revelling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection ; for I imagined, that I could no otherwise escape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose propensity to ill was restrained by no law, and I perceived too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness.

It was now evening, and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a house that was encircled by a mote, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for my asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and music : but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venison was thrown out, which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing since my departure from the seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident ; and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear ; but in a short time many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venison which had been thrown out ; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the house : but as I could not discover that I was the object either of malignity or kindness, I was in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was resolved ; for I soon learned from the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison, which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the

suspicion. As it was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and the event of my confinement, with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a sudden light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the presence of the Genius. I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope. 'Yet a few moments,' said he, 'and the Angel of Death shall teach thee, that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food; but the lust and revenge of others have given thee poison.' My blood grew chill as he spoke; I discovered and abhorred my folly: but while I wished to express my contrition, I fell down in an agony: my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, rose up from the dust which had thus been restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new state of existence I entered with inexpressible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this region a sulphurous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehension; as it seemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the recess of luxury: but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in silence and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge: but the lady I discerned to be Selima. I was struck with

amazement at this discovery ; I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she continued her narrative.

‘ I was sitting on a sofa one evening after I had been caressed by Amurath, and my imagination kindled as I mused. Why, said I aloud, should I give up the delights of love with the splendour of royalty ? since the presumption of my father has prevented my marriage, why should I not accept the blessings that are still offered ? Why is desire restrained by the dread of shame ; and why is the pride of virtue offended by the softness of nature ? Immediately a thick cloud surrounded me ; I felt myself lifted up and conveyed through the air with incredible rapidity. I descended ; the cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an alcove, by the side of a canal that encircled a stately edifice and a spacious garden. I saw many persons pass along ; but discovered in all something either dissolute or wretched, something that alarmed my fears, or excited my pity. I suddenly perceived many men with their swords drawn, contending for a woman, who was forced along irresistibly by the crowd, which moved directly towards the place in which I was sitting. I was terrified, and looked round me with eagerness, to see where I could retreat for safety. A person richly dressed perceived my distress, and invited me into the house which the canal surrounded. Of this invitation I hastily accepted with gratitude and joy : but I soon remarked several incidents, which filled me with new perplexity and apprehension. I was welcomed to a place, in which infamy and honour were equally unknown ; where every wish was indulged without the violation of any law, and where the will was therefore determined only by appetite. I was presently surrounded by women, whose behaviour covered me with blushes ; and though I rejected the caresses of the person into whose power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of the distinction with which he treated me ; my expostulations were not heard, and my tears were treated with merriment : preparations were made for revelling and jollity ; I was invited to join the dance, and upon my refusal was entertained with music. In this dreadful situation, I sighed thus to myself : How severe is that justice, which transports those who form licentious wishes, to a society in which they are indulged without restraint ! Who

shall deliver me from the effects of my own folly? who shall defend me against the vices of others? At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice of some invisible being. "The friends of Virtue are mighty; reject not their protection, and thou art safe." As I renounced the presumptuous wish, which had once polluted my mind, I exulted in this intimation with an assurance of relief; and when supper was set before me, I suffered the principal lady to serve me with some venison; but the friendly voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back in my seat and turned pale: the lady inquired earnestly what had disordered me; but instead of making a reply, I threw the venison from the window, and declared that she had intended my death. The master of the table, who perceived the lady to whom I spoke change countenance, was at once convinced, that she had indeed attempted to poison me, to preserve that interest which as a rival she feared I should subvert. He rose up in a rage, and commanded the venison to be produced; a dog that was supposed to have eaten it was brought in: but before the event could be known, the tumult was become general, and my rival, after having suddenly stabbed her patron, plunged the same poniard in her own bosom.

'In the midst of this confusion I found means to escape, and wandered through the city in search of some obscure recess, where, if I received not the assistance which I hoped, death at least might secure my person from violation, and close my eyes on those scenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with disgust but with horror. By that Benevolent Power, who, as a preservative from misery, has placed in us a secret and irresistible disapprobation of vice, my feet have been directed to thee, whose virtue has participated in my distress, and whose wisdom may effect my deliverance.'

I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learned the ardour of that affection which I had abused, with sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter remorse, for having produced one wish that could stain so amiable a mind; and abhorred myself for having used the power which I derived from her tenderness, to effect her destruction. My fondness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender; desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion, to which, till now, I had been a stranger: and the moment love was kindled in my breast, I resumed

the form proper to the nature in which alone it can subsist, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly Genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant Selima recovered. 'Arise,' said Syndarac, 'and look round.' We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkled before us. 'Go,' said he, 'Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people! I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath the Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the taught of heaven: Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign with wisdom and diffuse felicity.' I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamations. Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a monitor who reproaches thee in secret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.

VOLTAIRE.

JEANNOT AND COLIN.

MANY credible persons have seen Jeannot and Colin of the village of Issoire in Auvergne, a place famous all over the world for its college and its cauldrons. Jeannot was the son of a very renowned mule-driver; Colin owed his existence to an honest labourer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the earth with the help of four mules, and who, after he had paid the poll-tax, the military-tax, the royal-tax, the excise-tax, the shilling-in-the-pound, the capitation, and the twentieths, did not find himself over-rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very pretty lads for Auvergnians; they were remarkably attached to each other, and enjoyed together those little confidentialities, and those snug familiarities, which men always recollect with pleasure when they afterwards meet in the world.

The time dedicated to their studies was just upon the eve of elapsing, when a tailor brought Jeannot a velvet coat of three colours, with a Lyons waistcoat made in the first taste; the whole was accompanied with a letter directed to Monsieur de la Jeannotiere. Colin could not help admiring the coat, though he was not at all envious of it; but Jeannot immediately assumed an air of superiority which perfectly distressed his companion. From this moment Jeannot studied no more; he admired himself in the glass, and despised the whole world. Soon afterwards a valet-de-chambre arrives post-haste, bringing a second letter, which was addressed to Monsieur the Marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from Monsieur the father that Monsieur the son should set out for Paris directly. Jeannot ascended the chaise, and stretched out his hand to Colin with a smile of

protection sufficiently dignified; Colin felt his own insignificance, and burst into tears: Jeannot departed in all his glory.

Those readers who like to be instructed as well as amused, must know that Monsieur Jeannot the father had very rapidly acquired a most immense fortune by business. Do you ask how it is one makes a great fortune? it is because one is fortunate. Monsieur Jeannot was handsome, and so was his wife, who had still a certain bloom about her. They came up to Paris on account of a law-suit, which ruined them; when fortune, who elevates and depresses mankind at will, presented them to the wife of a contractor for the army-hospitals, a man of very great talent, who could boast of having killed more soldiers in one year than the cannon had blown up in ten. Jeannot pleased the lady, and his wife pleased the contractor. Jeannot soon had his share in his patron's enterprise; and afterwards entered into other speculations. When once you are in the current of the stream, you have nothing to do but to leave your bark to itself; you will make an immense fortune without much difficulty. The mob on the bank, who see you scud along in full sail, open their eyes with astonishment; they are at a loss to conjecture how you came by your prosperity; they envy you at all events, and write pamphlets against you, which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who quickly became Monsieur de la Jeannotiere, and who, having purchased a marquisate at the end of six months, took Monsieur the Marquis his son from school, to introduce him into the fashionable world of Paris.

Colin, always affectionate, sent a letter of compliment to his old school-fellow, in which he wrote his '*these lines to congratulate*' him. The little Marquis returned no answer: Colin was perfectly ill with mortification.

The father and mother provided a tutor for the young Marquis. This tutor, who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, of course could teach nothing to his pupil. Monsieur wished his son to learn Latin; Madame wished him not: accordingly they called in as arbitrator an author, who was at that time celebrated for some very pleasing works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by asking him; 'Monsieur, as you understand Latin, and are a courtier,'—'I, Sir, understand Latin? not a word,' replied the wit, 'and very glad am I that I don't; for there is not a doubt but a man always speaks his own language

the better, when his studies are not divided between that and foreign languages : look at all our ladies, is not their vivacity more elegant than that of the men ? Their letters, are they not written with a hundred times the animation ? Now all this superiority they possess from nothing else but their not understanding Latin.'

'There now ! was not I in the right?' said Madame : 'I wish my son to be a wit : that he may make a figure in the world ; and you see if he learns Latin he is inevitably lost. Are comedies or operas played in Latin ? In a law-suit, does any one plead in Latin ? Do we make love in Latin ?' Monsieur, dazzled by all this ratiocination, gave his judgment ; when it was finally determined that the young Marquis should not lose his time in becoming acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. But then what was he to learn ? for he must know something : could not he be shown a little geography ? 'What would that serve ?' replied the tutor : 'when Monsieur the Marquis goes to any of his estates, won't the postillions know which way to drive him ? They'll certainly take care not to go out of their way ; one has no need of a quadrant to travel with ; and a man may go from Paris to Auvergne very commodiously, without having the least idea of what latitude he is under.'

'You are right,' replied the father ; 'but I have somewhere heard of a very beautiful science, which is called astronomy, I think.' 'The more's the pity then,' cried the tutor ; 'does any one regulate himself by the stars in this world ? and is it necessary that Monsieur the Marquis should murder himself by calculating an eclipse, when he will find its very point of time in the almanack, a book which will teach him moreover the moveable feasts and fasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe.' Madame was entirely of the tutor's opinion ; the little Marquis was overjoyed ; the father was very much undecided. 'What must my son learn then ?' said he. 'To make himself agreeable :—if,' replied the friend whom they had consulted, 'he knows but how to please, he knows every thing ; that is an art he can learn from his mother, without giving the least trouble either to that master or this.'

At this speech, Madame embraced the polite ignoramus, and said to him, 'It is very plain, Sir, that you are the most learned man in the whole world ; my son will owe his entire education to you : however, I conceit that it will be as well if he should know a little of history.' 'Alas ! Madame, what

is that good for?' replied he: 'there is nothing either so pleasing or so instructive as the history of the day; all ancient history, as one of our wits observes, is nothing but a preconcerted fable; and as for modern, it is a chaos which no one can disintricate: what does it signify to Monsieur your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor was a stutterer?'

'Nothing was ever better said,' cried the tutor; 'the spirits of children are overwhelmed with a mass of useless knowledge; but of all absurd sciences, that which, in my opinion, is the most likely to stifle the spark of genius, is geometry. This ridiculous science has for its object surfaces, lines, and points, which have no existence in nature; ten thousand crooked lines are by the mere twist of imagination made to pass between a circle and a right line that touches it, although in reality it is impossible to draw a straw between them. In short, geometry is nothing but an execrable joke.'

Monsieur and Madame did not understand too much of what the tutor said; but they were entirely of his opinion.

'A nobleman like Monsieur the Marquis,' continued he, 'ought not to dry up his brains with such useless studies; if at any time he has occasion for one of your sublime geometricians to draw the plan of his estates, can't money buy him a surveyor? or if he wishes to unravel the antiquity of his nobility, which rises to the most obscure times, can't he send for a benedictine? And it is the same in every other art. A young lord, born under a lucky star, is neither painter, musician, architect, nor sculptor: but he makes all those arts flourish in proportion as his magnificence encourages them; and it is much better to patronise than to exercise them. Enough that Monsieur the Marquis has a taste; let artists work for him: it is in this we have so great reason to say, that men of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know every thing, without having learned any thing; because in fact they at least know how to judge of every thing which they order and pay for.'

The amiable ignoramus then took up the conversation. 'You have very justly remarked, Madame, that the great end of man is to rise in society: seriously now, is it by science that success is to be obtained? Does any man in company even so much as think of talking about geometry? Is a man of fashion ever asked what star rose with the sun to day? Who wishes to know, at supper, if the long-haired

Clodio passed the Rhine?' 'Nobody, without doubt,' exclaimed the Marchioness de la Jeannotiere, whose personal attractions had somewhat initiated her in the polite world; 'and Monsieur my son ought not to cramp his genius by studying all this trash. But after all, what shall he learn? for it is but right that a young lord should know how to shine upon occasion, as Monsieur my husband very justly observes. I remember hearing an old abbé say once, that the most delightful of all possible sciences was something, of which I have forgotten the name; but it begins with an *h*.' 'With an *h*, Madame; it was not horticulture?' 'No, it was not horticulture he meant; it begins, I tell you, with an *h* and ends with a *ry*.' 'Ah! I understand you, Madame, 'tis heraldry: heraldry is indeed a very profound science, but it has been out of fashion ever since the custom of painting arms on carriage doors was dropped. It was once the most useful thing in the world in a well-regulated state: but the study would have become endless; for now-a-days there is not a hair-dresser but has his coat of arms; and you know that whatever becomes common ceases to be esteemed.' At length, after having examined the merits and demerits of every science, it was decided that Monsieur the Marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does every thing, had bestowed on him a gift that quickly developed itself with a prodigious success; it was an agreeable knack at singing ballads. The graces of youth joined to this superior talent, made him looked upon as a young man of the greatest promise. He was beloved by the women; and having his head always stuffed with songs, he manufactured them for his mistresses. He plundered *Bacchus* and *Cupid* to make one sonnet, the *Night* and the *Day*, for another, the *Charms* and *Alarms*, for a third; but as he always found in his verses some feet too little, or some too much, he was obliged to have them corrected at twenty shillings a song; and thus he got a place in the Literary Year, by the side of the *La Fares*, the *Chaulieus*, the *Hamiltons*, the *Sarrasins*, and the *Voitures* of the day.

Madame the Marchioness now thought she should gain the reputation of being the mother of a wit; and gave a supper to all the wits in Paris accordingly. The young man's brain was presently turned; he acquired the art of speaking without understanding a single word he said, and perfected himself in the art of being good for nothing.

When his father saw him so eloquent, he began to regret very sensibly, that he had not had his son taught Latin ; for in that case, he could have bought him such a valuable place in the law. The mother, whose sentiments were less groveling, wished to solicit a regiment for her son ; and in the mean time the son fell in love. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment : it cost him a great deal ; while his parents pinched themselves still more, in order to live among great lords.

A young widow of quality in their neighbourhood, who had but a very moderate fortune, had a great mind to resolve upon putting the vast riches of Monsieur and Madame de la Jeannotiere in a place of security, which she could easily do by appropriating them to her own use, and marrying the young Marquis. She attracted him, suffered him to love her, gave him to understand that she was not indifferent to him, drew him in by degrees, enchanted, and vanquished him without much difficulty : sometimes she gave him praise, and sometimes advice, and quickly became the favourite both of his father and his mother. An old neighbour proposed their marriage ; the parents, dazzled with the splendour of the alliance, joyfully accepted the offer, and gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young Marquis was thus about to marry a woman he adored, and by whom he himself was beloved ; the friends of his family congratulated him, and the marriage articles were just about to be settled, whilst all hands were working at their wedding clothes and songs.

He was one morning upon his knees before the charming wife, with whom love, esteem, and friendship were about to present him : they were tasting in a tender and animated conversation, the first fruits of their felicity, and were parcelling out a most delicious life, when a valet-de-chambre belonging to Madame the mother came up quite scared : ‘ Here is very different news,’ said he ; ‘ the bailiffs are ransacking the house of Monsieur and Madame ; every thing is laid hold of by the creditors ; nay, they talk of seizing your persons ; and so I made haste to come and be paid my wages.’ ‘ Let us see a little,’ said the Marquis, ‘ what all this means ; what can this adventure be ?’ ‘ Go,’ said the widow, ‘ and punish these rascals,—go quickly.’ He runs to the house ; his father was already imprisoned ; all the domestics had fled, each about his own business, but having first carried away every thing they could lay hold on ; his

mother was alone, without protection, without consolation, drowned in tears ; nothing remained but the recollection of her fortune, the recollection of her beauty, the recollection of her errors, and the recollection of her mad profuseness.

After the son had wept a long time with the mother, he ventured to say to her : ‘ Let us not despair ; this young widow loves me to distraction, and is still more generous than rich, I can answer for her ; I’ll fly to her, and bring her to you.’ He then returned to his mistress, and found her in a private interview with a very charming young officer. ‘ What ! is it you, Monsieur de la Jeannotiere ? what do you do here ? is it thus you have abandoned your mother ? Go to that unfortunate woman, and tell her that I wish her every happiness : I am in want of a chamber-maid, and I will most undoubtedly give her the preference.’ ‘ My lad,’ said the officer, ‘ you seem well shaped enough ; if you are inclined to enlist in my company, I’ll give you every encouragement.’

The Marquis, thunderstruck, and bursting with rage, went in quest of his old tutor, lodged his troubles in his breast, and asked his advice. The tutor proposed to him to become a preceptor like himself. ‘ Alas !’ said the Marquis, ‘ I know nothing ; you have taught me nothing, and are indeed the principal cause of all my misfortunes.’ As he spoke this, he sobbed aloud. ‘ Write romances,’ said a wit who was present ; ‘ it is an excellent resource at Paris.’

The young man, more desperate than ever, ran towards his mother’s confessor, who was a Theatin in great repute, troubling himself with the consciences of women of the first rank only. As soon as Jeannot saw him, he prostrated himself before him. ‘ Good God ! Monsieur Marquis,’ said he, ‘ where is your carriage ? how does that respectable lady, the Marchioness your mother ?’ The poor unfortunate youth related the disasters of his family ; and the farther he proceeded, the graver, the cooler, and the more hypocritical was the air of the Theatin. ‘ My son,’ said he, ‘ it has pleased God to reduce you to this ; riches serve but to corrupt the heart ; God has therefore conferred a favour on your mother in bringing her to this miserable state.’

‘ Yes, Sir,’ — ‘ Her election is thus rendered the more sure.’ — ‘ But, father,’ resumed the Marquis, ‘ in the mean time, is there no means of obtaining relief in this world ?’ ‘ Adieu ! my son ; there is a court-lady waiting for me.’

The Marquis was ready to faint : he was treated in pretty

much the same way by all his friends, and gained more knowledge of the world in half a day than he did all the rest of his life.

As he was thus plunged into the blackest despair, he saw advancing an old-fashioned sort of calash or tilted-cart, with leather curtains, which was followed by four enormous wag-gons well loaded. In the chaise was a young man coarsely clothed; he had a countenance round and fresh, breathing all the complacency of cheerfulness: his wife, a little brunette, fat, but not disagreeably so, was jolted in beside him; the vehicle did not move like the carriage of a *petit-maitre*, but afforded the traveller sufficient time to contemplate the Marquis, motionless and abyssed in grief as he stood. ‘Eh! good God!’ cried the rider, ‘I do think that is Jeannot.’ At this name the Marquis lifted up his eyes; the chaise stopped. ‘It is too true, it is Jeannot,’ sighed the Marquis. The fat little fellow made but one jump of it, and flew to embrace his old schoolfellow. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face. ‘You have abandoned me,’ said Colin; ‘but though you are a great Lord, I will love you for ever.’ Jeannot, confused and heart-broken, related to him with many sobs a part of his story. ‘Come to the inn where I lodge, and tell me the rest there,’ said Colin; ‘embrace my little wife, and then let’s go and dine together.’

They all three set forward on foot, their baggage following behind. ‘What is the meaning of all this equipage? is it yours?’ says Jeannot. ‘Yes, it is all mine and my wife’s. We are just arrived from the country, where I have the management of a good manufactory of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in utensils which are necessary both to great and small: we work hard; God has prospered us: we have never changed our condition; we are happy; and we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be a Marquis no longer; all the greatness in the world is not to be compared to a friend. You shall go back into the country with me; I will teach you our trade; it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the very corner of the earth where we were born.’

The astonished Jeannot felt himself divided between grief and joy, between affection and shame; and said to himself: ‘All my fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, alone comes to my relief.’ What an instruction! The goodness of Colin’s soul elicited from the

breast of Jeannot a spark of nature which all the world had not yet stifled ; he felt himself unable to abandon his father and mother. ‘ We’ll take care of your mother,’ said Colin ; ‘ and as to your father, who is in prison, I understand those matters a little ; his creditors, when they see he has nothing to pay, will make up matters for a very trifle ; I’ll undertake to manage the whole business.’ Colin quickly released the father from prison ; Jeannot returned to the country with his parents, who resumed their former profession ; he married a sister of Colin’s, who, being of the same disposition as her brother, made him very happy ; and Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, now saw that happiness was not to be found in vanity.

J. G. LOCKHART.

THE time has long since passed away, when the labours of the poet would have been looked upon as ignoble in comparison with those exercises which make us 'joyous in the performance, and vigorous in the consequences.' The squire of other days, following, on his paternal acres, those robust pursuits which had constituted the enjoyment of each successive sire and son, may have viewed, with contempt, an art which, in his opinion, seemed to limit its followers to the dignified alternative of counting their fingers for a verse, or—scratching their heads for a rhyme; but even in classes the least intellectual, a very different opinion has long been entertained regarding performances which have immortalized their authors. It is doubtful whether the same remark will apply, with equal force, to that species of literature constituting the most valuable addition made in modern times to the literary treasures invented from the Greeks and Romans. Fictions intended to represent the manners and character of mankind at large, affecting us by the relation of misfortunes which may befall ourselves or those around us, and composed in a style intelligible by every capacity, might be expected to meet with approbation from the unlettered as well as the learned, the rigid sectarian as well as the enlightened philosopher. But thousands may be found who regard a NOVEL as the most unfailing substitute yet selected by the arch-fiend, since he thought fit to discontinue his visits to this earth in proper person. To account for what we are disposed to consider an uncharitable prejudice, is inconsistent with our present purpose. May it not, in a great measure, be owing to the

insipidity and trifling which characterize the countless host still dustily arrayed on the shelves of circulating Libraries? One volume in a thousand of these may, indeed, repay the toil of perusal, by presenting occasional beauties: but to their admirers, if any such there be, we would take the liberty of applying the description given by love-lorn Musidorus in the *Arcadia*, when comparing his thoughts to sheep, he says,

On barren sweets they feed, and feeding starve.

At all events, many of the ephemeral productions called into light by the splendid success of those who can rank with Fielding or Mackenzie, had now been undeserving of notice, were it not that, in some quarters, they have been instrumental in attaching undeserved odium to the works of our Standard Novelists. Within the last ten years, however, this prejudice has been fast giving way: and few have more successfully contributed to its final removal, than the author of VALERIUS. Should the report which attributes this work to MR LOCKHART be founded in truth, Glasgow may be proud to reckon him amongst her sons. The familiarity with ancient customs, the intimacy with every nook of the Eternal City, and the critical as well as philosophical acquaintance with Latin writers displayed in this (well named) *Roman Story*, might have qualified its author for composing tomes that would have entitled him to rank among the most illustrious of German illustrators. Happily for the general reader, he has chosen the less dignified, though more difficult task of imparting the result of his acquirements in a form which almost raises the mere English scholar to a level with the most refined cultivator of the languages of antiquity. In perusing it, we feel as when introduced to some stately gallery. The mouldering banners,—the massive armour,—the frowning portraits of those who have long slumbered in the dust,—transport the beholder to the scenes of other years.

So, in Valerius, the curtain which shadows the past seems to be withdrawn. The magnificence, the stateliness of ancient Rome, pass in review before us. The barbarities exhibited for the amusement of its populace,—the studied luxury of its palaces, the stir and tumult of its forum—are seen in colouring so vivid as to fall little short of reality.

REGINALD DALTON, by the same author, we have somewhere seen pronounced to be, of all the novels which have appeared of late years, the one which comes nearest to *Ivanhoe* and *Anastasius*. But it is absurd to institute a comparison, where there can be no resemblance. Though possessed of surpassing merits, it can never rival two productions, which, if we except *Hajji Baba*, are unequalled for conveying an exact delineation of national manners. Its chief merit seems to lie in the animated sketches given of manners as they exist at one of the English universities. These are said to be so faithful, that, in the same way as the *Present for an Apprentice* is put into the hands of inexperienced youths when first about to encounter the temptations of the metropolis, the *trials* of Reginald may warn an embryo Oxonian of the dangers likely to beset him in the course of his noviciate. Of Helen Hesketh, the heroine,—who makes us acquainted with the beautiful lines beginning,

The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!
St Rochus bless the land of love and wine!—

said to have become, through the genius of the immortal Haydn, the *God-Save-the-King* of Germany,—every reader will long retain a remembrance: and seldom will he visit Caroline Park, where Reginald first told his ‘tale of love,’ without thinking of the work in which that lovely scene is mentioned.

With some defects in style, ADAM BLAIR can boast of merits which amply atone for the absence of minor graces. We here meet with little variety of character or incident;

but the dark workings of passion are drawn with an unpretending, yet impressive energy, second only to that which distinguishes the novels of Godwin. It has, however, been charged with indelicacy, and branded as likely to diminish the reverence entertained in Scotland for the sacred character. Unluckily for this objection, it appears that our Church Records contain instances so precisely similar that some of them must have suggested the work before us: and if ADAM failed at one period of his life, his lapse was grievously atoned for by ten long years of unceasing and humiliating penance, succeeded by an old age meekly spent in the discharge of every duty incumbent on a Christian minister.

Many of the beauties and all of the defects, which characterize our author's other works, are to be met with in MATTHEW WALD. The same simplicity, and, so to speak, muscularity of diction, the same originality of thought, the same skill in delineating the turbulent emotions, and the same knowledge of human character, will be found interspersed with occasional violations of probability, and frequent carelessness in style as well as in unravelling the thread of his tale. After passing through a variety of perilous adventures, both 'by flood and field,' MATTHEW becomes a student of medicine at the university of Glasgow. Here he adds to the list of his 'hairbreadth scapes,' that which is recorded in the following story, which we select, not by any means as the best thing in the book, but as the one which can best be read detachedly. Many of our readers will at once recognise it as founded on a murder of a Lanark carrier, for which a *James M'Kean* was executed about thirty years ago. To heighten the effect, he is here represented as strictly wedded to certain religious opinions; but it does not appear that the unfortunate person, whom we have named as the original, was at all remarkable in this respect. That he was a bold enough sophist, however, in his own way, appears from what passed with his counsel, who,

waiting on him for the grounds of his defence, unexpectedly found that his client entertained confident hopes of an acquittal: 'for,' said he, 'although *murder*, the crime charged in the libel, be punishable by law, yet there is no express provision against *cutting a man's throat*, and particularly against cutting a *Lanark carrier's throat*.'

JOHN M'EWAN.

I LODGED in the house of a poor shoemaker, by name John M'Ewan. He had no family but his wife, who, like himself, was considerably beyond the meridian of life. The couple were very poor, as their house, and every thing about their style of living, showed; but a worthier couple, I should have no difficulty in saying, were not to be found in the whole city. When I was sitting in my own little cell, busy with my books, late at night, I used to listen with reverence and delight to the psalm which the two old bodies sung, or rather, I should say, *croon'd* together, before they went to bed. Tune there was almost none; but the low, articulate, quiet chaunt, had something so impressive and solemnizing about it, that I missed not melody. John himself was a hard-working man, and, like most of his trade, had acquired a stooping attitude, and a dark saffron hue of complexion. His close-cut greasy hair suited admirably a set of strong, massive, iron features. His brow was seamed with firm, broad-drawn wrinkles, and his large grey eyes seemed to gleam, when he deigned to uplift them, with the cold haughty independence of virtuous poverty. John was a rigid Cameronian, indeed; and every thing about his manners spoke the world-despising pride of his sect. His wife was a quiet, good body, and seemed to live in perpetual adoration of her stern cobbler. I had the strictest confidence in their probity, and would no more have thought of locking my chest ere I went out, than if I had been under the roof of an Apostle.

One evening I came home, as usual, from my tutorial trudge, and entered the kitchen (where they commonly sat) to warm my hands at the fire, and get my candle lighted. Jean was by herself at the fire-side, and I sat down beside her for a minute or two. I heard voices in the inner room, and easily recognised the hoarse grunt which John M'Ewan

condescended, on rare occasions, to set forth as the representative of laughter. The old woman told me that the goodman had a friend from the country with him—a farmer, who had come from a distance to sell ewes at the market. Jean, indeed, seemed to take some pride in the acquaintance, enlarging upon the great substance and respectability of the stranger. I was chatting away with her, when we heard some noise from the spence as if a table or chair had fallen—but we thought nothing of this, and talked on. A minute after, John came from the room, and shutting the door behind him, said, ‘I’m going out for a moment, Jean; Andrew’s had ower muckle of the fleshers’ whisky the day, and I maun stap up the close to see after his beast for him.—Ye needna gang near him till I come back.’

The cobbler said this, for any thing that I could observe, in his usual manner; and, walking across the kitchen, went down stairs as he had said. But imagine, my friend, for I cannot describe the feelings with which, some five minutes perhaps after he had disappeared, I, chancing to throw my eyes downwards, perceived a dark flood creeping, firmly and broadly, inch by inch, across the sanded floor towards the place where I sat. The old woman had her stocking in her hand—I called to her without moving, for I was nailed to my chair—‘See there! what is that?’

‘Andrew Bell has coupit our water-stoup,’ said she, rising.

I sprung forwards, and dipt my finger in the stream.—‘Blood, Jean, Blood!’

The old woman stooped over it, and touched it also; she instantly screamed out, ‘Blood, ay, blood!’ while I rushed on to the door from below which it was oozing. I tried the handle, and found it was locked—and spurned it off its hinges with one kick of my foot. The instant the timber gave way, the black tide rolled out as if a dam had been breaking up, and I heard my feet plash in the abomination as I advanced. What a sight within! The man was lying all his length on the floor; his throat absolutely severed to the spine. The whole blood of the body had run out. The table, with a pewter pot or two, and a bottle upon it, stood close beside him, and two chairs, one half-tumbled down and supported against the other. I rushed instantly out of the house, and cried out, in a tone that brought the whole neighbourhood about me. They entered the house—Jean had disappeared—there was nothing in it but the corpse and

the blood, which had already found its way to the outer staircase, making the whole floor one puddle.—There was such a clamour of surprise and horror for a little while, that I scarcely heard one word that was said. A bell in the neighbourhood had been set in motion—dozens, scores, hundreds of people were heard rushing from every direction towards the spot. A fury of execration and alarm pervaded the very breeze. In a word, I had absolutely lost all possession of myself, until I found myself grappled from behind, and saw a Town's-officer pointing the bloody knife towards me. A dozen voices were screaming, 'Tis a doctor's knife—this is the young doctor that bides in the house—this is the man.'

Of course, this restored me at once to my selfpossession. I demanded a moment's silence, and said, 'It is my knife, and I lodge in the house; but John M'Ewan is the man that has murdered his friend.'

'John M'Ewan!' roared some one in a voice of tenfold horror; 'our elder John M'Ewan a murderer! Wretch! how dare ye blaspheme?'

'Carry me to jail immediately,' said I, as soon as the storm subsided a little—'load me with all the chains in Glasgow, but don't neglect to pursue John M'Ewan.'

I was instantly locked up in the room with the dead man, while the greater part of the crowd followed one of the officers. Another of them kept watch over me until one of the magistrates of the city arrived. This gentleman, finding that I had been the person who first gave the alarm, and that M'Ewan and his wife were both gone, had little difficulty, I could perceive, in doing me justice in his own mind. However, after he had given new orders for the pursuit, I told him that, as the people about were evidently unsatisfied of my innocence, the best and the kindest thing he could do to me would be to place me forthwith within the walls of his prison; there I should be safe at all events, and I had no doubt, if proper exertions were made, the guilty man would not only be found, but found immediately. My person being searched, nothing suspicious, of course, was found upon it; and the good bailie soon had me conveyed under a proper guard, to the place of security—where, you may suppose, I did not, after all, spend a very pleasant night. The jail is situated in the heart of the town, where the four principal streets meet; and the glare of hurrying lights, the war of anxious voices, and the eternal

tolling of the alarum-bell—these all reached me through the bars of the cell, and, together with the horrors that I had really witnessed, were more than enough to keep me in no enviable condition.

Jean was discovered, in the grey of the morning, crouching under one of the trees in the Green—and being led immediately before the magistrates, the poor trembling creature confirmed, by what she said, and by what she did not say, the terrible story which I had told. Some other witnesses having also appeared, who spoke to the facts of Andrew Bell having received a large sum of money in M'Ewan's sight at the market, and been seen walking to the Vennel afterwards, arm in arm with him—the authorities of the place were perfectly satisfied, and I was set free, with many apologies for what I had suffered: But still no word of John M'Ewan.

It was late in the day ere the first traces of him were found—and such a trace! An old woman had died that night in a cottage many miles from Glasgow—when she was almost in *articulo mortis*, a stranger entered the house, to ask a drink of water—an oldish dark man, evidently much fatigued with walking. This man, finding in what great affliction the family was—this man, after drinking a cup of water, knelt down by the bedside, and prayed—a long, an awful, a terrible prayer. The people thought he must be some travelling field-preacher. He took the Bible into his hands—opened it as if he meant to read aloud—but shut the book abruptly, and took his leave. This man had been seen by these poor people to walk in the direction of the sea.

They traced the same dark man to Irvine, and found that he had embarked on board of a vessel which was just getting under sail for Ireland. The officers immediately hired a small brig, and sailed also. A violent gale arose, and drove them for shelter to the Isle of Arran. They landed, the second night after they had left Irvine, on that bare and desolate shore—they landed, and behold, the ship they were in pursuit of at the quay!

The Captain acknowledged at once that a man corresponding to their description had been one of his passengers from Irvine—he had gone ashore but an hour ago.

They searched—they found M'Ewan striding by himself close to the sea-beach, amidst the dashing spray—his Bible in his hand. The instant he saw them he said—'You need not tell me your errand—I am he you seek—I am John

M'Ewan, that murdered Andrew Bell. I surrender myself your prisoner.—God told me but this moment that ye would come and find me; for I opened his word, and the first text that my eye fell upon was *this*.' He seized the officer by the hand, and laid his finger upon the page—'See you there?' said he; 'Do you see the Lord's own blessed decree, *Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*.—And there,' he added, plucking a pocket book from his bosom—'there, friends, is Andrew Bell's siller—ye'll find the haill o't there, an be not three half-crowns and a sixpence. Seven-and-thirty pounds was the sum for which I yielded up my soul to the temptation of the Prince of the Power of the Air—Seven-and-thirty pounds!—Ah! my brethren! call me not an olive, until you see me gathered. I thought that I stood fast, and behold ye all how I am fallen!'

I saw this singular fanatic tried. He would have pleaded guilty; but, for excellent reasons, the Crown Advocate wished the whole evidence to be led. John had dressed himself with scrupulous accuracy in the very clothes he wore when he did the deed. The blood of the murdered man was still visible upon the sleeve of his blue coat. When any circumstance of peculiar atrocity was mentioned by a witness, he signified, by a solemn shake of his head, his sense of its darkness and its conclusiveness; and when the Judge, in addressing him, enlarged upon the horror of his guilt, he, standing right before the bench, kept his eye fixed with calm earnestness on his Lordship's face, assenting now and then to the propriety of what he said, by exactly that sort of see-saw gesture which you may have seen escape now and then from the devout listener to a pathetic sermon or sacramental service. John, in a short speech of his own, expressed his sense of his guilt; but even then he borrowed the language of Scripture, styling himself 'a sinner and the chief of sinners.' Never was such a specimen of that insane pride. The very agony of this man's humiliation had a spice of holy exultation in it; there was in the most penitent of his lugubrious glances still something that said or seemed to say—'Abuse me—spurn me as you will—I loathe myself also; but this deed is Satan's.' Indeed he always continued to speak quite gravely of his 'trespass,' his 'back-sliding,' his 'sore temptation!'

I was present also with him during the final scene. His irons had been knocked off ere I entered the cell; and

clothed as he was in a most respectable suit of black, and with that fixed and imperturbable solemnity of air and aspect, upon my conscience, I think it would have been a difficult matter for any stranger to pick out the murderer among the group of clergymen that surrounded him. In vain did these good men labour to knock away the impious and absurd props upon which the happy fanatic leaned himself. He heard what they said, and instantly said something still stronger himself—but only to shrink back again to his own fastness with redoubled confidence.—‘He had *once* been right, and he could not be wrong;—he had been *permitted to make a sore stumble!*’—This was his utmost concession.

What a noble set of nerves had been thrown away here!—He was led, out of the dark, damp cellar, in which he had been chained for weeks, and brought at once into the open air. His first step into light was upon his scaffold! and what a moment! In general, at least in Scotland, the crowd, assembled upon such occasions, receive the victim of the law with all the solemnity of profoundest silence;—not unfrequently there is even something of the respectful, blended with compassion, on that myriad of faces. But here, the moment M'Ewan appeared, he was saluted with one universal shout of horror—a huzza of mingled joy and triumph, and execration and laughter:—cats, rats, every filth of the pillory, showered about the gibbet. I was close by his elbow at that terrific moment, and I laid my finger on his wrist. As I live, there was never a calmer pulse in this world—slow, full, strong;—I feel the iron beat of it at this moment.

There happened to be a slight drizzle of rain at the moment; observing which, he turned round and said to the Magistrates,—‘*Dinna come out,—dinna come out, your honours, to weet yourselves. It’s beginning to rain, and the lads are uncivil at ony rate, poor thoughtless creatures!*’

He took his leave of this angry mob in a speech which would not have disgraced a martyr, embracing the stake of glory,—and the noose was tied. I observed the brazen firmness of his limbs after his face was covered. He flung the handkerchief with an air of semi-benediction, and died without one apparent struggle.

MACKENZIE.

HENRY MACKENZIE has long outlived the age and the school to which his novels belong ; but he has had the satisfaction of seeing them quietly hold their place among the more luxuriant productions of this century ; and even unto him have two of the most celebrated of these productions* been gallantly inscribed. He is the last of a race of Scotch literati, more marked for severe investigation in points of moral and practical philosophy than distinguished in the fields of fancy or feeling ; and it is refreshing, in surveying the literary history of Scotland during the last half century, to light upon one who stept aside from the track of his compeers, and sought the Arcadian region of sunshine and flowers.

There is, we have sometimes thought, a resemblance between the genius of Henry Mackenzie and his countryman Thomas Campbell. Pathos—pure and thrilling pathos—is the great characteristic and excellence of both. They have the same delicacy of taste—the same refinement of feeling—the same leaning towards all that is dear and beautiful in domestic life. They are both cautious writers, and neither of them voluminous ; yet they have written what is worth a thousand volumes : and if we were required to name two works of our age that were sure of a lasting reputation—that can be read again and again with undiminished enjoyment—that can never fail to be relished by the good, the intelligent, and the sensitive—we should name the ‘ Julia de Roubigné ’ of the one, and the ‘ Gertrude of Wyoming ’ of the other.

* WAVERLEY and REGINALD DALTON.

In their smaller productions, they are both equally successful, and betray equally their distinguishing excellences. The *Story of La Roche* is a fair specimen of Mackenzie's best manner; and the remark may be made of it that has been made of 'The Soldier's Dream' of Campbell—that 'it is one of those heartfelt and domestic appeals, from which the fancy, after dwelling on their tenderness, is suddenly glad to escape.'

LA ROCHE.

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr H ***'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united has become proverbial, and in common language the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove

mortal; that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge of medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.—Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr H * * * was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr H * * * and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the *gouvernante*; 'if he could possibly be moved any where'——'If he could be moved to our house,' said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied next to the *gouvernante's*. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character

of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr H * * *, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His *gouvernante* joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—‘My master,’ said the old woman, ‘alas! is not a Christian! but he is the best of unbelievers.’—‘Not a Christian!’ exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, ‘yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for’t! I would he were a Christian!’ ‘There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,’ said her father, ‘which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.’—‘But Mr H * * *,’ said his daughter, ‘alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies.’—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness:—she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.—‘I have been thanking God,’ said the good La Roche, ‘for my recovery.’ ‘That is right,’ replied his landlord.—‘I would not wish,’ continued the old man, hesitatingly, ‘to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good:—Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me,’—he clasped Mr H * * *’s hand; ‘but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love

to him : it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror.'—'You say right, my dear Sir,' replied the philosopher ; 'but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland : I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country.—I will help to take care of you by the road ; for as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.' La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal ; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father ; for they really loved their landlord—not, perhaps, the less for his infidelity ; at least, that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings ; hatred never dwelt in them. ;

• They travelled by short stages ; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion ; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse ; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid ; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love ; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwel-

ling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.—A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides ; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr H * * * enjoyed the beauty of the scene ; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent ; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice ; pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven ; and having wiped off a tear that was about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this ; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence ; it was too delicate for their handling ; but La Roche took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,'—said he ; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound ; he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal,' said he, 'for our evening exercise ; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it ; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us ;—if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant ; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within.'—'By no means,' answered the philosopher ; 'I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions.'—'She is our organist,' said La Roche ; 'our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism ; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose

of assisting our singing.'—'Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other ; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche ; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr H * * * was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music ; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined ; the words were mostly taken from holy writ ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm ;—it paused, it ceased ;—and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke ; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man ; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation ; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either ; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast ; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. 'Our Father which art in heaven!' might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr H * * *, 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings ; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why

should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess, and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction,—so lifts me above the world.—Man, I know, is but a worm,—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!—It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr H * * *, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—‘They are not seen in Flanders!’ said Ma’moiselle with a sigh. ‘That’s an odd remark,’ said Mr H * * *, smiling.—She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

’Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva ; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies ; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr H * * * 's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices ; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event ; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. — Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's ; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. — After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy,

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress ; he was benighted before he reached the

quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr H * * * 's making inquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir?—you never beheld a lovelier.'—'La Roche!' exclaimed he in reply—'Alas! it was she indeed!'—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came up closer to Mr H * * * ; 'I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche.'—'Acquainted with her! Good God! when—how—where did she die?—Where is her father?'—'She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions:—Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him.'—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the sha-

dowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased ;—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief ; Mr H * * * was not less affected than they—La Roche arose.—‘ Father of mercies,’ said he, ‘ forgive these tears ; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee ; to lift to thee the souls of thy people ! My friends ! it is good so to do ; at all seasons it is good ; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is ! Well saith the sacred book, “ Trust in the Lord ; at all times trust in the Lord.” When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God.—’Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use ; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not bid you be insensible, my friends ! I cannot, I cannot, if I would,’ (his tears flowed afresh)—‘ I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings ; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard ; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you ; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears ; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

‘ You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years ! Such a child too !—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues : yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself.—Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy :—ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me ; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.—Oh ! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to Him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict !—For we are not as those who die without hope ; we know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with him, with

our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.—Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child; but a little while, and we shall meet again never to be separated.—But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort?—So live as she lived; that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.’

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope.—Mr H * * * followed him into his house.—The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected: they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight.—‘Oh! my friend!’ said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr H * * * had now recollected himself; he stepped forward and drew the curtain close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend’s hand, ‘You see my weakness,’ said he, ‘’tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.’—‘I heard you,’ said the other, ‘in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.’—‘It is, my friend,’ said he, ‘and I trust I shall ever hold it fast;—if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.’

Mr H * * *’s heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN bestowing unqualified praise on the English for the respect in which men of genius are held amongst them, Voltaire may have been prompted by, what his countrymen would term, *l'esprit de corps*. Contrasting the ostentatious munificence of Louis XIV. with the substantial rewards obtained by literary men in this country, he says, *Le mérite trouve à la vérité parmi les Anglois d'autres recompenses plus honorable pour la Nation. Tel est le respect que ce peuple a pour les talens, qu'un homme de mérite y fait toujours fortune. J'ai vu long tems en France l'auteur de Rhadamiste près de mourir de faim ; et le fils d'un de plus grands hommes que la France ait eu, et qui commençoit à marcher sur les traces de son pere étoit réduit à la misere sans Mr Fagon.** Whatever may have been his motive, it is a trait in our national character seldom exhibited by continental states. A similar spirit, however, is said to have at length sprung up in France ; and, strange as it may sound, it has partly arisen from the popularity of an *English* author whose merits might exhaust every form of panegyric furnished by the vocabulary of his native tongue. Believing it impossible to pen an eulogium which would concentrate the praises due to the AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, we cannot do better than remind our readers of the fact, that, on the Continent, his works are scarcely less popular, than in Britain. The Russian has been dazzled by the unimagined splendour of the *Gentle Passage of Arms* at Ashby de la Zouch ;—the Swede has taken an interest in the customs of a fashionable watering place ;—the German has been roused

* *Lettres Ecrites de Londres sur les Anglois*, p. 204, 5 : à Baale, 1734.

from his lethargy by the bold darings of a mountain chief;—the Italian, amidst all his refinement, has relished the rude fashions of sunless and barren Scotland: and the Spaniard from the same fountain has imbibed a spirit which may yet free his land from the tyrant's yoke. But it is in France that this magician has been welcomed with a fervour never before excited by an alien. Not only Romance, but Poetry, and even History, must be *à la* WALTER SCOTT. His name is dragged into every criticism; and his works referred to as the standard of excellence. Casimir de la Vigne, the most popular of their poets, has composed a tragedy founded on his *Quentin Darnard*. Authors of established fame disdain not to sound his praise; while the young and aspiring find, that, in taking him for their model, they select the surest path to favour. The national taste seems to have undergone a revolution, and all classes are beginning to take an interest in literature. Authors meet with an encouragement—not, indeed, from the government, but—from the public, which bears us out in saying that England no longer stands alone as a country in which living genius meets its deserved award. In keeping with this enthusiasm is the conduct of a Frenchman on arriving in the Scottish metropolis: for he visits not its public edifices, or its titled inhabitants, till he has first seen, or heard something of, one whose praise has been so widely proclaimed. *Quand les étrangers visitaient Athenes*, says a late traveller in recording his visit to Edinburgh, *ils couraient voir tout d'abord Socrate et Platon: notre premiere visite était due à l'auteur des Puritains et de Waverley*.*

Thus universally a favourite, it may well be asked with

———what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,

hath he 'wrought upon' the public mind? Favoured alike

* *Voyage en Angleterre et en Ecosse: Par Adolphe Blanqui.* Paris, 1824, 1 vol. 8vo.

by the peer and the artisan—praised by the statesman who bends a senate to his will, and relished by the insect whose flutterings are limited to a drawing-room :—wherein can lie the secret of his art? He who has known Tasso only as a poet whose beauties can be relished by few of those around him, must listen with singular delight to the gondoliers of Venice as they lighten their toil by the melody of his strains ; so, the works of our author must acquire an additional interest with the stranger, when he finds a peasant quoting or referring to them amid scenes thus brought into celebrity :—whence comes it, that, even during his own life, he should thus be familiar to every rank, and in the course of a few short years, acquire that fame aimed at, though scarcely hoped for, by every generous breast? The name of a Conqueror spreads, with rapidity, to the poorest hovel in the remotest corner of an extensive empire ; but it is not by the laurels he has won that it there *retains* an interest. The lonely dweller may have sent forth a son as a kinsman to swell, with his blood, the tide which has drenched the field of his commander's fame : and so long as memory lingers on him whose return is now hopeless, the name of the hero, under whom he fell, will be oft repeated, and his exploits sorrowfully referred to. But, here, we have a *conqueror*, who, without convulsing a whole people by grief for lost kindred, enjoys a popularity more enviable, if not more extensive, than that which ever attended a Marlborough :—compelling us again to ask—how has this nameless enchanter made captive every heart? To such a question there can be but one reply, and that one is sufficiently obvious :—HE PAINTS FROM NATURE—putting to shame those who would deny the ‘ great original’ from which he draws to be ‘ in every charm—supreme.’

Some, however, will tell you that nothing can be more inimical to the best interests of man as the member of a political body, than the popularity of an author, who, say

they, possessed of unparalleled influence over public opinion, prostitutes his talents to the basest of purposes. History, our safest instructor, is said to be perverted in his pages.—Crouching subserviency to those in power,—unquestioning devotion to the tyrant who may wear a crown,—unresisting submission under the most slavish lot, if an attempt to regain privileges which are the birthright of man may cause one moment's uneasiness to the 'sacred' despot,—are said to be the doctrines inculcated in these works.—As to the charge of poisoning the 'well-springs of knowledge,' we would ask, whether, if it could be established against any individual work, an ample apology be not furnished in its title-page? The reader is not, as by the Biographer of Charles XII. *duped* into a belief that the book about to be perused conveys a faithful narration of any *historical* events in which the hero may be made to act a part. But, it will be urged, though 'Novel,' 'Tale,' 'Romance,' be expressed in its title, the young and the indolent will long retain an impression received from the work of an author beyond whom he proposes not to extend his inquiries. His very popularity, however, *counteracts* the dreaded result: for all become anxious to know the *real events* which form the groundwork of such interesting performances. We venture to assert that thousands who might otherwise have known little of the struggles made for liberty in Scotland, during the 17th century, have been led, after perusing the exaggerations in *Old Mortality*, to consult authorities more likely to give an unvarnished account of the period referred to. Deep as is the sympathy felt for our 'Mary Queen,' Dr Robertson's account of her reign has passed as a tale unheeded with many who, since the appearance of *The Abbot*, would blush at the apathy with which they formerly perused his interesting narrative. To give other instances must be unnecessary. Few who can recall the stimulus given by these works to their own researches into the history of particular periods,

will urge such an objection: but its existence furnishes another proof, that merit

—bath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well.

The objection which regards the alleged political tendency of these works, evidently proceeds from the kindly feelings with which its supporters regard the party favoured by the *AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY'S other self*. That he is an Aristocrat is indisputable. That he is blindly wedded to established systems, however, or an advocate for 'non-resistance,' 'the divine right of kings,' &c. would never have been inferred from his works, had he been able to remain undetected. But, in addition to those already received, every person can favour his neighbours with one proof more that the *Author of Marmion* and the *Author of Waverley* are convertible designations. Now, say those whom we are opposing, SIR WALTER SCOTT is a Tory and a Placeman; *ergo*, (for they pause not to invent a middle term to their syllogism, but leap at once to the 'foregone conclusion,' that) the *AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY* is an *illiberal*, and an enemy to innovation. Surely logicians who reason thus profoundly, could point out the passages where the doctrines above mentioned are so sedulously inculcated as they would have us to believe. *We* are so ignorant of their existence as to imagine that it were dishonouring our author seriously to answer calumnies amply refuted in every page of his works. Of him we would ask, as has been asked of Shakspeare,—Who has furnished more instructive lessons to the great upon the 'insolence of office,' 'the oppressor's wrong,' or the 'abuses of brief authority'? or who has so severely stigmatized those who 'crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning'? Holding, moreover, that these Novels have done more for the advancement of liberality in matters both civil and religious, than has been effected by the eloquence

of the most enlightened Premier who ever sat in the British Cabinet, we will be pardoned, in the present imperfect state of our knowledge, for believing that posterity, adopting the language of a grateful servant, will apply to the AUTHOR OF *WAVERLEY* the words of the immortal bard, who has at last found a rival to his fame :

—Alas!

There are no more such masters : we may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, yet ne'er
Find such another.

Cymbeline, IV. 3.

THE REV. JOSIAH CARGILL.

THE Rev. Josiah Cargill was the son of a small farmer in the south of Scotland; and a weak constitution, joined to the disposition for study which frequently accompanies infirm health, induced his parents, though at the expense of some sacrifices, to educate him for the ministry. They were the rather led to submit to the privations which were necessary to support this expense, because they conceived, from their family traditions, that he had in his veins some portion of the blood of that celebrated Boanerges of the Covenant, Donald Cargill, who was slain by the persecutors at the town of Queensferry, in the melancholy days of Charles II. merely because, in the plenitude of his sacerdotal power, he had cast out of the church, and delivered over to Satan by a formal excommunication, the King and Royal Family, with all the ministers and courtiers thereunto belonging. But if Josiah really derived himself, from this uncompromising champion, the heat of the family spirit which he might have inherited was qualified by the sweetness of his own disposition, and the quiet temper of the times in which he had the good fortune to live. He was characterized by all who knew him as a mild, gentle, and studious lover of learning, who, in the quiet prosecution of his own sole object, the acquisition of knowledge, and especially that connected with his profession, had the utmost indulgence for all whose pursuits were different from his own. His sole relax-

ations were those of a gentle, mild, and pensive temper, and were limited to a ramble, almost always solitary, among the woods and hills, in praise of which he was sometimes guilty of a sonnet, but rather because he could not help the attempt, than as proposing to himself the fame or the rewards which attend the successful poet. Indeed, far from seeking to insinuate his fugitive pieces into magazines or newspapers, he blushed at his poetical attempts while alone, and, in fact, was rarely so indulgent to his vein as even to commit them to paper.

From the same maid-like modesty of disposition, our student suppressed a strong natural turn towards drawing, although he was repeatedly complimented upon the few sketches which he made, by some whose judgment was generally admitted. It was, however, this neglected talent, which, like the swift feet of the stag in the fable, was fated to render him a service which he might in vain have expected from his worth and learning.

My Lord Bidmore, a distinguished connoisseur, chanced to be in search of a private tutor for his son and heir, the Honourable Augustus Bidmore, and for this purpose had consulted the Professor of Theology, who passed before him in review several favourite students, any of whom he conceived well suited for the situation; but still his answer to the important and unlooked-for question, 'Did the candidate understand drawing?' was answered in the negative. The Professor, indeed, added his opinion, that such an accomplishment was neither to be desired nor expected in a student of theology; but, pressed hard with this condition as a *sine qua non*, he at length did remember a dreaming lad about the hall, who seldom could be got to speak above his breath, even when delivering his essays, but was said to have a strong turn for drawing. This was enough for my Lord Bidmore, who contrived to obtain a sight of some of young Cargill's sketches, and was satisfied that, under such a tutor, his son could not fail to maintain that character for hereditary taste which his father and grandfather had acquired at the expense of a considerable estate, the representative value of which was now the painted canvas in the great gallery at Bidmore-House.

Upon following up the inquiry concerning the young man's character, he was found to possess all the other necessary qualifications of learning and morals in a greater degree than perhaps Lord Bidmore might have required; and to

the astonishment of his fellow-students, but more especially to his own, Josiah Cargill was promoted to the desired and desirable situation of private tutor to the Honourable Mr Bidmore.

Mr Cargill did his duty ably and conscientiously, by a spoiled though good-humoured lad, of weak health and very ordinary parts. He could not, indeed, inspire into him any portion of the deep and noble enthusiasm which characterizes the youth of genius; but his pupil made such progress in each branch of his studies as his capacity enabled him to attain. He understood the learned languages, and could be very learned on the subject of various readings—he pursued science, and could class shells, pack mosses, and arrange minerals—he drew without taste, but with much accuracy; and although he attained no commanding height in any pursuit, he knew enough of many studies, literary and scientific, to fill up his time, and divert from temptation a head which was none of the strongest in point of resistance.

Miss Augusta Bidmore, his lordship's only other child, received also the instructions of Cargill in such branches of science as her father chose she should acquire, and her tutor was capable to teach. But her progress was as different from that of her brother, as the fire of heaven differs from that grosser element which the peasant piles upon his smouldering hearth. Her acquirements in Italian and Spanish literature, in history, in drawing, and in all elegant learning, were such as to enchant the teacher, while at the same time it kept him on the stretch, lest, in her successful career, the scholar should outstrip the master.

Alas! such intercourse, fraught as it is with dangers arising out of the best and kindest, as well as the most natural feelings on either side, proved in the present, as in many other instances, fatal to the peace of the preceptor. Every feeling heart will excuse a weakness which we will presently find carried with it its own severe punishment. Cadenus, indeed, believe him who will, has assured us, that, in such a perilous intercourse, he himself preserved the limits which were unhappily transgressed by the unfortunate Vanessa, his more impassioned pupil.—

The innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy,
In school to hear the finest boy.

But Joiah Cargill was less fortunate, or less cautious. He suffered his fair pupil to become inexpressibly dear to him, before he discovered the precipice towards which he was moving under the direction of a blind and misplaced passion. He was indeed utterly incapable of availing himself of the opportunities afforded by his situation, to involve his pupil in the toils of a mutual passion. Honour and gratitude alike forbade such a line of conduct, even had it been consistent with the natural bashfulness, simplicity, and innocence of his disposition. To sigh and suffer in secret, to form resolutions of separating himself from a situation so fraught with danger, and to postpone from day to day the accomplishment of a resolution so prudent, was all to which the tutor found himself equal; and it is not improbable, that the veneration with which he regarded his patron's daughter, with the utter hopelessness of the passion which he nourished, tended to render his love yet more pure and disinterested.

At length, the line of conduct which reason had long since recommended, could no longer be the subject of procrastination. Mr Bidmore was destined to foreign travel for a twelvemonth, and Mr Cargill received from his patron the alternative of accompanying his pupil, or retiring upon a suitable provision, the reward of his past instructions. It can hardly be doubted which he preferred; for while he was with young Bidmore, he did not seem entirely separated from his sister. He was sure to hear of Augusta frequently, and to see some part, at least, of the letters which she was to write to her brother: he might also hope to be remembered in these letters as her 'good friend and tutor;' and to these consolations his quiet, contemplative, and yet enthusiastic disposition, clung as to a secret source of pleasure, the only one which life seemed to open to him.

But fate had a blow in store for him, which he had not anticipated. The chance of Augusta changing her maiden condition for that of a wife, probable as her rank, beauty, and fortune rendered such an event, had never once occurred to him; and although he had imposed upon himself the unwavering belief that she could never be his, he was inexpressibly affected by the intelligence that she had become the property of another.

The Honourable Mr Bidmore's letters to his father soon after announced that poor Mr Cargill had been seized with a nervous fever, and again, that his convalescence was at-

tended with so much debility, it seemed both of mind and body, as entirely to destroy his utility as a travelling companion. Shortly after this the travellers separated, and Cargill returned to his native country alone, indulging upon the road in a melancholy abstraction of mind, which he had suffered to grow upon him since the mental shock which he had sustained, and which in time became the most characteristic feature of his demeanour. His meditations were not even disturbed by any anxiety about his future subsistence, although the cessation of his employment seemed to render that precarious. For this, however, Lord Bidmore had made provision: for, though a coxcomb where the fine arts were concerned, he was in other particulars a just and honourable man, who felt a sincere pride in having drawn the talents of Cargill from obscurity, and entertained due gratitude for the manner in which he had achieved the important task entrusted to him in his family.

His lordship had privately purchased from the Mowbray family the patronage or advowson of the living of Saint Ronan's, then held by a very old incumbent, who died shortly afterwards; so that upon arriving in England he found himself named to the vacant living. So indifferent, however, did Cargill feel himself towards this preferment, that he might not possibly have taken the trouble to go through the necessary steps previous to his ordination, had it not been on account of his mother, now a widow, and unprovided for, unless by the support which he afforded her. He visited her in her small retreat in the suburbs of Marchthorn, heard her pour out her gratitude to Heaven, that she should have been granted life enough to witness her son's promotion to a charge, which, in her eyes, was more honourable and desirable than an Episcopal see—heard her chalk out the life which they were to lead together in the humble independence which had thus fallen to him—he heard all this, and had no power to crush her hopes and her triumph by the indulgence of his own romantic feelings. He passed almost mechanically through the usual forms, and was inducted into the living of St Ronan's.

Although fanciful and romantic, it was not in Josiah Cargill's nature to yield to unavailing melancholy; yet he sought relief not in society, but in solitary study. His seclusion was the more complete, that his mother, whose education had been as much confined as her fortunes, felt awkward under her new dignities, and willingly acquiesced in her

son's secession from society, and spent her whole time in superintending the little household, and in her way providing for all emergencies, the occurrence of which might call Josiah out of his favourite book-room. As old age rendered her inactive, she began to regret the incapacity of her son to superintend his own household, and talked something of matrimony and the mysteries of the muckle wheel. To these admonitions Mr Cargill returned only slight and evasive answers; and when the old lady slept in the village church-yard, at a reverend old age, there was no one to perform the office of superintendent in the minister's family. Neither did Josiah Cargill seek for any, but patiently submitted to all the evils with which a bachelor estate is attended, and which were at least equal to those which beset the renowned Mago-Pico during his state of celibacy. His butter was ill churned, and declared by all but himself and the quean who made it, altogether uneatable; his milk was burnt in the pan, his fruit and vegetables were stolen, and his black stockings mended with blue and white thread.

For all these things the minister cared not, his mind ever bent upon far different matters. Do not let my fair readers do Josiah more than justice, or suppose that, like Beltenebros in the desert, he remained for years the victim of an unfortunate and misplaced passion. No—to the shame of the male sex be it spoken, that no degree of hopeless love, however desperate and sincere, can ever continue for years to embitter life. There must be hope—there must be uncertainty—there must be reciprocity, to enable the tyrant of the soul to secure a dominion of very long duration over a manly and well constituted mind, which is itself desirous to *will* its freedom. The memory of Augusta had long faded from Josiah's thoughts, or was remembered only as a pleasing, but melancholy and unsubstantial dream, while he was straining forward in pursuit of a yet nobler and coyer mistress, in a word, of Knowledge herself.

Every hour that he could spare from his parochial duties, which he discharged with zeal honourable to his heart and head, was devoted to his studies, and spent among his books. But this chase of wisdom, though in itself interesting and dignified, was indulged to an excess which diminished the respectability, nay, the utility, of the deceived student, and he forgot, amid the luxury of deep and dark investigations, that society has its claims, and that the

knowledge which is unimparted, is necessarily a barren talent, and is lost to society, like the miser's concealed hoard, by the death of the proprietor. His studies also were under the additional disadvantage, that, being pursued for the gratification of a desultory longing after knowledge, and directed to no determined object, they turned on points rather curious than useful, and while they served for the amusement of the student himself, promised little utility to mankind at large.

Bewildered amid abstruse researches, metaphysical and historical, Mr Cargill, living only for himself and his books, acquired many ludicrous habits, which expose the secluded student to the ridicule of the world, and which tinged, though they did not altogether obscure, the natural civility of an amiable disposition, as well as the acquired habits of politeness which he had learned in the good society that frequented Lord Bidmore's mansion. He not only indulged in neglect of dress and appearance, and all those ungainly tricks which men are apt to acquire by living very much alone, but besides, and especially, he became probably the most abstracted and absent man of a profession peculiarly liable to cherish such habits. No man fell so regularly into the painful dilemma of mistaking, or, in Scottish phrase, *miskennin*g the person he spoke to, or more frequently inquired at an old maid after her husband, at a childless wife after her young people, at the distressed widower after the wife at whose funeral he himself had assisted but a fortnight before; and none was ever more familiar with strangers whom he had never seen, or seemed more estranged from those who had a title to think themselves well known to him. The worthy man perpetually confounded sex, age, and calling; and when a blind beggar extended his hand for charity, he has been known to return this civility by taking off his hat, making a low bow, and hoping his worship was well.

Among his brethren, Mr Cargill alternately commanded respect by the depth of his erudition, and gave occasion to laughter from his odd peculiarities. On the latter occasions he used abruptly to withdraw from the ridicule he had provoked; for notwithstanding the general mildness of his character, his solitary habits had engendered a testy impatience of contradiction, and a keener sense of pain, arising from the satire of others, than was natural to his unassuming character.—As for his parishioners, they enjoyed, as may

reasonably be supposed, many a hearty laugh at their pastor's expense, and were sometimes, as Mrs Dods hinted, more astonished than edified by his learning ; for in pursuing a point of biblical criticism, he did not altogether remember that he was addressing a popular and unlearned assembly, not delivering a *concio ad clerum*—a mistake, not arising from any conceit of his learning, or wish to display it, but from the same absence of mind which induced an excellent divine, when preaching before a party of criminals condemned to death, to break off by promising the wretches, who were to suffer next morning, ' the rest of the discourse at the first proper opportunity.' But all the neighbourhood acknowledged Mr Cargill's serious and devout discharge of his ministerial duties ; and the poorer parishioners forgave his innocent peculiarities, in consideration of his unbounded charity ; while the heritors, if they ridiculed the abstractions of Mr Cargill on some subjects, had the grace to recollect that they had prevented him from suing an augmentation of stipend, according to the fashion of the clergy around him, or from demanding at their hands a new manse or the repair of the old one. He once, indeed, wished that they would amend the roof of his book-room, which ' rained in' in a very pluvius manner ; but receiving no direct answer from our friend Meiklewham, who neither relished the proposal nor saw means of eluding it, the minister quietly made the necessary repairs at his own expense, and gave the heritors no farther trouble on the subject.

Such was the worthy divine whom our *bon-vivant* at the Cleikum Inn hoped to conciliate by a good dinner and Cockburn's particular—an excellent menstruum in most cases, but not likely to be very efficacious on the present occasion.

Our traveller, rapid in all his resolutions and motions, strode stoutly down the street, and arrived at the Manse, which was, as we have already described it, all but absolutely ruinous. The total desolation and want of order about the door, would have argued the place uninhabited, had it not been for two or three miserable tubs with suds, or such like sluttish contents, which were left there, that those who broke their shins among them might receive a sensible proof, that ' here the hand of woman had been.' The door being half off its hinges, the entrance was for the time protected by a broken harrow, which must necessarily be removed before entry could be obtained. The little garden, which might have given an air of comfort to the old house,

had it been kept in any order, was abandoned to a desolation, of which that of the sluggard was only a type ; and the minister's man, an attendant always proverbial for doing half work, and who seemed in the present instance to do none, was seen among docks and nettles, solacing himself with the few gooseberries which remained on some moss-grown bushes. To him Mr Touchwood called loudly, inquiring after his master ; but the clown, conscious of being taken in flagrant delict, as the law says, fled from him like a guilty thing, instead of obeying his summons, and was soon heard *hopping* and *jeering* to the cart which he had left on the other side of the broken wall.

Disappointed in his application to the man-servant, Mr Touchwood knocked with his cane, at first gently, then harder, hollowed, bellowed, and shouted, in hope of calling the attention of some one within doors, but received not a word in reply. At length, thinking that no trespass could be committed upon so forlorn and deserted an establishment, he removed the obstacles to entrance with such a noise as he thought must necessarily have alarmed some one, if there was any live person about the house at all. All was still silent ; and, entering a passage where the damp walls and broken flags corresponded to the appearance of things without doors, he opened a door to the left, which, wonderful to say, still had a latch remaining, and found himself in the parlour and in the presence of the person whom he came to visit.

Amid a heap of books and other literary lumber, which had accumulated around him, sat, in his well-worn leathern elbow-chair, the learned minister of St Ronan's ; a thin, spare man, beyond the middle age, of a dark complexion, but with eyes which, though now obscured and vacant, had been once bright, soft, and expressive, and whose features seemed interesting, the rather that, notwithstanding the carelessness of his dress, he was in the habit of performing his ablutions with eastern precision ; for he had forgot neatness, but not cleanliness. His hair might have appeared much more disorderly, had it not been thinned by time, and disposed chiefly around the sides of his countenance and the back part of his head ; black stockings, ungartered, marked his professional dress, and his feet were thrust into the old slip-shod shoes, which served him instead of slippers. The rest of his garments, so far as visible, consisted in a plaid night-gown wrapt in long folds round his stooping and

emaciated length of body, and reaching down to the slippers aforesaid. He was so intently engaged in studying the book before him, a folio of no ordinary bulk, that he totally disregarded the noise which Mr Touchwood made in entering the room; as well as the coughs and hems with which he thought proper to announce his presence.—

No notice being taken of these inarticulate signals, Mr Touchwood, however great an enemy he was to ceremony, saw the necessity of introducing his business, as an apology for his intrusion.—

‘Hem! Sir—ha, hem!—you see before you a person in some distress for want of society, who has taken the liberty to call on you as a good pastor, who may be, in Christian charity, willing to afford him a little of your company, since he is tired of his own.’

Of this speech Mr Cargill only understood the words ‘distress’ and ‘charity,’ sounds with which he was well acquainted, and which never failed to produce some effect on him. He looked at his visitor with lack-lustre eye, and, without correcting the first opinion which he had formed, although the stranger’s plump and sturdy frame, as well as his nicely brushed coat, glancing cane, and above all, his upright and self-satisfied manner, resembled in no respect the dress, form, or bearing of a mendicant, he quietly thrust a shilling into his hand, and relapsed into the studious contemplation which the entrance of Mr Touchwood had interrupted.

‘Upon my word, my good Sir,’ said his visitor, surprised at a degree of absence of mind which he could hardly have conceived possible, ‘you have entirely mistaken my object.’

‘I am sorry my mite is insufficient, my friend,’ said the clergyman, without again raising his eyes, ‘it is all I have at present to bestow.’

‘If you will have the kindness to look up for a moment, my good Sir,’ said the traveller, ‘you may possibly conceive that you labour under a considerable mistake.’

Mr Cargill raised his head, recalled his attention, and seeing that he had a well-dressed, respectable looking person before him, he exclaimed in much confusion, ‘Ha!—yes—on my word, I was so immersed in my book—I believe—I think I have the pleasure to see my worthy friend, Mr Lavender?’

‘No such thing, Mr Cargill,’ replied Mr Touchwood. ‘I will save you the trouble of trying to recollect me—you

never saw me before.—But do not let me disturb your studies—I am in no hurry, and my business can wait your leisure.’

‘I am much obliged,’ said Mr Cargill: ‘Have the goodness to take a chair, if you can find one—I have a train of thought to recover—a slight calculation to finish—and then I am at your command.’

The visitor found among the broken furniture, not without difficulty, a seat strong enough to support his weight, and sat down, resting upon his cane, and looking attentively at his host, who very soon became totally insensible of his presence. A long pause of total silence ensued, only disturbed by the rustling leaves of the folio from which Mr Cargill seemed to be making extracts, and now and then by a little exclamation of surprise and impatience, when he dipped his pen, as happened once or twice, into his snuffbox, instead of the ink-standish which stood beside it. At length, just as Mr Touchwood began to think the scene as tedious as it was singular, the abstracted student raised his head, and spoke as if in soliloquy, ‘From Acon, Accor, or St John D’Acré, to Jerusalem, how far?’

‘Twenty-three miles north north-west,’ answered his visitor, without hesitation.

Mr Cargill expressed no more surprise than if he had found the distance on the map, and, indeed, was not probably aware of the medium through which his question had been solved; and it was the tenor of the answer alone which he attended to in his reply.—‘Twenty-three miles—Ingulphus,’ laying his hand on the volume, ‘and Jeffrey Winesauf do not agree in this.’

‘They may both be d—d, then, for blockheads,’ answered the traveller.

‘You might have contradicted their authority without using such an expression,’ said the divine gravely.

‘I cry you mercy, Doctor,’ said Mr Touchwood, ‘but would you compare these parchment fellows with me, that have made my legs my compasses over great part of the inhabited world?’

‘You have been in Palestine, then?’ said Mr Cargill, drawing himself upright in his chair, and speaking with eagerness and interest.

‘You may swear that, Doctor, and at Acre too. Why, I was there the month after Boney had found it too hard a nut to crack.’

‘ If you have really been in the Holy Land, Sir,’ said Mr Cargill, whom the reckless gayety of Mr Touchwood’s manner rendered somewhat suspicious of a trick, ‘ you will be able materially to enlighten me on the subject of the Crusades.’

‘ They happened before my time, Doctor,’ replied the traveller.

‘ You are to understand that my curiosity refers to the geography of the countries where these events took place,’ answered Mr Cargill.

‘ O! as to that matter, you are lighted on your feet,’ said Mr Touchwood; ‘ for to the time present I can fit. Turk, Arab, Copt, and Druse, I know every one of them, and can make you as well acquainted with them as myself. Without stirring a step beyond your threshold, you shall know Syria as well as I do. But one good turn deserves another—in that case, you must have the goodness to dine with me.’

‘ I go seldom abroad, Sir,’ said the minister, with a good deal of hesitation, for his habits of solitude and seclusion could not be entirely overcome, even by the expectation raised by the traveller’s discourse; ‘ yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of waiting on a gentleman possessed of so much experience.’

‘ Well then,’ said Mr Touchwood, ‘ three be the hour—I never dine later, and always to a minute—and the place, the Cleikum Inn, up the way; where Mrs Dods is at this moment busy in making ready such a dinner as your learning has seldom seen, Doctor, for I brought the receipts from the four different quarters of the globe.’

Upon this treaty they parted; and Mr Cargill, after musing for a short while upon the singular chance which had sent a living man to answer those doubts for which he was in vain consulting ancient authorities, at length resumed, by degrees, the train of reflection and investigation which Mr Touchwood’s visit had interrupted, and in a short time lost all recollection of his episodical visitor, and of the engagement which he had formed.

Not so Mr Touchwood, who, when not occupied with business of real importance, had the art, as the reader may have observed, to make a prodigious fuss about nothing at all. Upon the present occasion, he bustled in and out of the kitchen, till Mrs Dods lost patience, and threatened to pin the dishcloth to his tail; a menace which he pardoned,

in consideration, that in all the countries which he had visited, which are sufficiently civilized to boast of cooks, these artists, toiling in their fiery element, have a privilege to be testy and impatient. He therefore retreated from the torrid region of Mrs Dods' microcosm, and employed his time in the usual devices of loiterers, partly by walking for an appetite, partly observing the progress of his watch towards three o'clock, when he had happily succeeded in getting one. His table, in the blue parlour, was displayed with two covers, after the fairest fashion of the Cleikum Inn; yet the landlady, with a look 'civil but sly,' contrived to insinuate a doubt whether the clergyman would come, 'when a' was dune.'

Mr Touchwood scorned to listen to such an insinuation until the fated hour arrived, and brought with it no Mr Cargill. The impatient entertainer allowed five minutes for difference of clocks, and variation of time, and other five for the procrastination of one who went little into society. But no sooner were the last five minutes expended, than he darted off for the Manse, not, indeed, much like a greyhound or a deer, but with the momentum of a corpulent and well-appetized elderly gentleman, who is in haste to secure his dinner. He bounced without ceremony into the parlour, where he found the worthy divine, clothed in the same plaid night-gown, and seated in the very elbow-chair in which he had left him five hours before. His sudden entrance recalled to Mr Cargill, not an accurate, but something of a general recollection, of what had passed in the morning, and he hastened to apologise with 'Ha!—indeed—already?—upon my word, Mr A—a—, I mean my dear friend—I am afraid I have used you ill—I forgot to order any dinner—but we will do our best.—Eppie—Eppie!'

Not at the first, second, nor third call, but *ex intervallo*, as the lawyers express it, Eppie, a bare-legged, shock-headed, thick-ankled, red-armed wench, entered, and announced her presence by an emphatic 'What's your wull?'

'Have you got any thing in the house for dinner, Eppie?'

'Naething but bread and milk, plenty o't—what should I have?'

'You see, Sir,' said Mr Cargill, 'you are like to have a Pythagorean entertainment; but you are a traveller, and have doubtless been in your time thankful for bread and milk.'

'But never when there was any thing better to be had,'

said Mr Touchwood. 'Come, Doctor, I beg your pardon, but your wits are fairly gone a wool-gathering; it was I invited *you* to dinner, up at the Inn yonder, not you me.'

'On my word, and so it was,' said Mr Cargill; 'I knew I was quite right—I knew there was a dinner engagement betwixt us, I was sure of that, and that is the main point.—Come, sir, I wait upon you.'

'Will you not first change your dress?' said the visitor, seeing with astonishment that the divine proposed to attend him in his plaid night-gown; 'why, we shall have all the boys in the village after us—you will look like an owl in sunshine, and they will flock around you like so many hedge-sparrows.'

'I will get my clothes instantly,' said the worthy clergyman; 'I will get ready directly—I am really ashamed to keep you waiting; my dear Mr—eh—eh—your name has this instant escaped me.'

'It is Touchwood, Sir, at your service: I do not believe you ever heard it before,' answered the traveller.

'True—right—no more I have—well, my good Mr Touchstone, will you sit down an instant until we see what we can do?—strange slaves we make ourselves to these bodies of ours, Mr Touchstone—the clothing and the sustaining of them costs us much thought and leisure, which might be better employed in catering for the wants of our immortal spirits.'

Mr Touchwood thought in his heart that never had Bramin or Gymnosophist less reason to reproach himself with excess in the indulgence of the table; or of the toilette, than the sage before him; but he assented to the doctrine, as he would have done to any minor heresy, rather than protract matters by farther discussing the point at present: In a short time the minister was dressed in his Sunday's suit, without any farther mistake than turning one of his black stockings inside out, and Mr Touchwood, happy as was Boswell when he carried off Dr Johnson in triumph to dine with Strahan and John Wilkes, had the pleasure of escorting him to the Cleikum Inn.

In the course of the afternoon they became more familiar, and the familiarity led to their forming a considerable estimate of each other's powers and acquirements. It is true, the traveller thought the student too pedantic, too much attached to systems, which, formed in solitude, he was unwilling to renounce, even when contradicted by the

voice and testimony of experience ; and moreover, considered his utter inattention to the quality of what he eat and drank as unworthy of a rational, that is, of a cooking creature, or of a being, who, as defined by Johnson, holds his dinner the most important business of the day. Cargill did not act up to this definition, and was, therefore, in the eyes of his new acquaintance, so far ignorant and uncivilized. What then ? He was still a sensible, intelligent man, however abstemious and bookish.

On the other hand, the divine could not help regarding his new friend as something of an epicure or belly-god, nor could he observe in him either the perfect education, or the polished bearing, which mark the gentleman of rank, and of which, while he mingled with the world, he had become a competent judge. Neither did it escape him, that in the catalogue of Mr Touchwood's defects, occurred that of many travellers, a slight disposition to exaggerate his own personal adventures, and to prose concerning his own exploits. But then his acquaintance with Eastern manners, existing now in the same state in which they existed during the time of the Crusades, formed a living commentary on the works of William of Tyre, Raymund of St Giles, the Moslem annals of Abulfaragi, and other historians of the dark period, with which his studies were at present occupied.

A friendship, a companionship at least, was therefore struck up hastily betwixt these two originals ; and to the astonishment of the whole parish of St Ronan's, the minister therefore was seen once more leagued and united with an individual of his species, generally called among them the Cleikum Nabob. Their intercourse sometimes consisted in long walks, which they took in company, traversing, however, as limited a space of ground, as if it had been actually roped in for their pedestrian exercise. Their parade was according to circumstances, a low haugh at the nether end of the ruinous hamlet, or the esplanade in the front of the old castle ; and, in either case, the direct longitude of the promenade never exceeded a hundred yards. Sometimes, too, though rarely, the divine took share of Mr Touchwood's meal, though less splendidly set forth than when he was first invited to partake of it ; for, like the ostentatious owner of the gold cup in Parnell's Hermit,

————— ' Still he welcomed, but with less of cost.'

On these occasions, the conversation was not of the regu-

lar and compacted nature, which passes betwixt men, as they are ordinarily termed, of this world. On the contrary, the one party was often thinking of Saladin and Cœur de Lion, when the other was haranguing on Hyder Ali and Sir Eyre Coote. Still, however, the one spoke, and the other seemed to listen; and, perhaps, the lighter intercourse of society, when amusement is the sole object, can scarcely rest on a safer basis.

GOLDSMITH.

MR TIBBS.

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights; as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk; I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that, at last, we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Charles,'

cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply; in which he complimented Mr Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. 'Psha, psha, Charles,' cried the figure, 'no more of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Dutchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there—Ned, says he to me, Ned, says he, I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night. Poaching, my lord, says I; faith you have missed already; for I staid at home and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,' cried my companion with looks of infinite pity, 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?' 'Improved,' replied the other; 'you shall know,—but let it go no farther,—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—My lord's word of honour for it—His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tete-a-tete dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forgot, Sir,' cried I, 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!' 'Did I say so?'—replied he coolly. 'To be sure if I said so—Dined in town: egad, now, I do remember I did dine

in town: but I dined in the country too: for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther; a secret: Well, says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But hark'e, ask me for it next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.'

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cries my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery: with those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interest of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and, while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but, when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all. Condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt; to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bug-bear to fright children into duty.'

There are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of temple spectacles, with his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics of a general conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon

began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as he by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, 'Blast me,' cries he, with an air of vivacity, 'I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen.' 'No company!' interrupted I, peevishly; 'no company, where there is such a crowd! Why, man, there is too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company!' 'Lord, my dear,' returned he, with the utmost good-humour, 'you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous. But I see you are grave; so if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch. A charming body of voice! But no more of that, she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.'

Thus saying, without waiting for reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways. From some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; but, at last, we got to the door of a dismal looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open; and began to ascend an old and creaking

stair-case ; when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects ; to which answering in the affirmative, ' Then,' says he, ' I shall show you one of the most charming out of my windows, for I live at the top of the house ; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one ; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener.'

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney ; and knocking at the door, a voice, with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded, ' Wha's there ?' My conductor answered, that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand ; to which he answered louder than before ; and now the door was opened by an old maid-servant, with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where her lady was. ' Good troth,' replied she in the northern dialect, ' she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.' ' My two shirts !' cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, ' what does the idiot mean ?' ' I ken what I mean well enough,' replied the other ; ' she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because'—' Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations,' cried he.—' Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag,' continued he, turning to me, ' to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high-life ; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament-man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world ; but that's a secret.'

We waited some time for Mrs Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture ; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery ; a square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other ; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without, a

head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all of his own drawing: 'What do you think, Sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face; and, though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow; I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical you know.'

The wife, at last, made her appearance; at once a slattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. 'And indeed, my dear,' added she, turning to her husband, 'his lordship drank your health in a bumper.' 'Poor Jack,' cries he, 'a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and a little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a —.' 'Or what do you think, my dear,' interrupts the wife, 'of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?'—'The very thing,' replies he; 'it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high-life.'

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having shown my respect to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave—Mr Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

HOFFMANN.

THE following humorous sketch is from 'The Devil's Elixer,' a German novel, by E. T. A. Hoffmann, lately translated into English by Mr Gillies, we believe—all whose translations are distinguished for their spirit, taste, and fidelity.

THE IRISHMAN.

ON my way home, about a year ago, I came to a large handsome village, about four German miles from Berlin ; and being much fatigued, resolved to rest there, instead of going to the capital. The landlord directly showed me to a good room, where, after supper, I threw myself into bed, and directly fell asleep. About one in the morning, however, I was suddenly awoke by a noise, which, assimilating with a fearful dream with which I had just then been haunted, I imagined to be either the shrieking of an owl at the window, or the cries of a person in distress, for I had dreamed of both.

It was, however, the sound of a German flute which proceeded from a room very near me ; but in my whole life, before or since, I have never heard such an abominable attempt at music. The man must have had monstrous and gigantic powers of lungs ; for, in one loud, shrill, cutting key, he went on without mercy, so that the character of the instrument was perfectly annihilated. What added, if possible, to this enormity, was, that he blew everlastingly the same identical passage over and over, not granting me the slightest relief, by an endeavour at a tune, so that nothing could be conceived more abominable. I raved at, cursed, and abused this infernal musician, who so cruelly deprived me of needful rest, and by whom my ears were so barbarously outraged ; but, like the wound-up piece of clock-work, the diabolical flute continued to utter the same notes over and

over, until I thought the devil himself must be the player, for no one else could have had physical strength to hold out so long. At last, I heard something thrown with great violence, and a loud crack against the wainscot; after which there was a dead silence, and I could for the rest of the night sleep in peace.

In the morning I heard a great noise of quarrelling and scolding in the lower floor of the house. In the *row* I could now and then distinguish the voice of my host, who was scarcely allowed, however, to throw in a word, by a man who roared without ceasing, in broken German—‘May your house be damned! Would that I had never been so unlucky as to cross the threshold! The devil himself must have brought me hither, where one can neither drink, eat, nor enjoy himself—where every thing is infamously bad, and dog-dear. There, Sir, you have your money; and as for your rascally gin-shop, you shall never more see me again within its walls.’ Having just then finished my toilet, I was in time to behold the author of all this disturbance. He was a little, withered man, in a coffee-brown coat, and a round *fox-red* wig, on which, with a martial air of defiance, he stuck a little grey hat; then ran out of the house towards the stable, from which I soon afterwards saw him re-appear, with a horse fully as odd-looking as himself, on which he mounted, and, at a heavy awkward gallop, rode off the field.

Of course, I supposed he was like myself, an entire stranger, who had quarrelled with the landlord, and had now taken his final departure. I dismissed him, therefore, from my thoughts; but, at dinner-time, (having been induced to remain another day at the village,) how was I surprised, on taking my place at the table d’Hôte, to perceive the same absurd coffee-brown figure, with the fox-red wig, who, without ceremony, drew in his chair opposite to mine! He had one of the ugliest, and most laughable visages that I had ever beheld. In his whole demeanour, there was a kind of grave and solemn absurdity that was irresistible. During dinner, I kept up a monosyllabic dialogue with mine host, while the stranger continued to eat voraciously, and took no notice whatever of any one.

At last, the innkeeper, with a sly wink at me, led the discourse to national peculiarities, and asked me whether I had ever been acquainted with an Irishman, or knew what was meant by Irish bulls, for which that country was cele-

brated. 'Unquestionably,' said I; 'I have heard many such;' and a whole string of these blunders came at once into my head. I then told the story of the Irishman, who, when asked why he wore stockings with the wrong side out, answered, 'because there was a hole in the other side;'—of the still better anecdote of another disciple of St Patrick, who was sleeping in the same bed with a choleric Scotch highlander. An English wag, who was lodged in the same room, by way of a practical joke, took one of the Irishman's spurs, and, perceiving that he was fast asleep, buckled it on his heel. Soon after, the Irishman happening to turn round, tore the Scotchman's leg with the spur; whereupon the latter, in great wrath, gave his companion a violent box on the ear, and the Englishman had the satisfaction of hearing betwixt them the following ingenious discourse:—'What devil,' said the Irishman, 'has got possession of you? and why are you beating me?'—'Because,' said the other, 'you have torn me with your spurs.'—'How is that possible? I took off my clothes.'—'And yet it is so—see only here.'—'Damnation!—you are in the right. The rascally waiter has pulled off my boots, but left on the spurs!'

The story, however old, was new to the innkeeper, who broke out into immoderate laughter; but the stranger, who had now wound up his dinner with a great draught of beer from a glass as high as a church tower, looked at me gravely, and said—'You have spoken well, Sir. The Irishmen certainly do make these bulls; but this by no means depends upon the character of the people, who are ingenious and witty, but on the cursed air of that damp country, which infects one with them, as with coughs and catarrhs. I myself, Sir, am an Englishman, though born and bred in Ireland, and therefore am, on that account, subjected to the vile propensity of making bulls.'

Hereupon the innkeeper laughed more and more, and I was obliged to join him heartily, for it was delightful that the Irishman, gravely lecturing on bulls, should *unconsciously* give us one of the very best as a specimen. The stranger seemed not in the least offended by our laughing. 'In England,' said he with his finger on his nose, and dilating his eyes—'in England, the Irishmen are like strong spices added to society to render it tasteful. I am myself, in one respect, like Falstaff; I am not only witty in myself, but the cause of wit in others, which, in these times, is no slight

accomplishment. Could you suppose it possible, that in the empty leathern brain of this innkeeper, wit, generated by me, is now and then roused? But mine host is, in this respect, a prudent man. He takes care not to draw on the small capital that he possesses of his own, but lends out a thought now and then at interest, when he finds himself in the society of the rich! With these words, the little original rose and left us. I immediately begged the innkeeper to give me something of his history.

‘This Irishman,’ said mine host, ‘whose name is Ewson, and who, on that account, will have himself to be an Englishman, has now been here for the short period of twenty-two years! As a young man, I had just set up in the world, purchased a lease of this inn, and it happened to be on my wedding day when Mr Ewson first arrived among us. He was then a youth, but wore his fox-red wig, his grey hat, and coffee-brown coat, exactly as you saw him to-day. He then seemed to be travelling in great haste, and said that he was on his return to his own country; however, hearing the band of music which played at my wedding feast, he was so much delighted with it that he came into the house and insisted on making one of the party. Hereupon, though he approved our music, he swore that it was only on board an English war-ship that people knew how to dance; and to prove his assertion, gave us a hornpipe, whistling to it all the while most horribly through his teeth, fell down, dislocated his ankle, and was, of course, obliged to remain with us till it was cured.

‘Since that time he has never left my house, though I have had enough to do with his peculiarities. Every day through these twenty-two years, he has quarrelled with me. He despises my mode of life, complains that my bills are overcharged; that he cannot live any longer without roast-beef and porter; packs up his portmanteau, with his three red wigs one above the other, mounts an old broken-winded horse, and rides away. This, however, turns out nothing more than a ride for exercise; for at dinner-time he comes in at the other end of the town, and in due time makes his appearance at my table, eating as much of the despised dishes as might serve for any three men!

‘Once every year he receives from his own country a valuable bank-bill. Then, with an air of the deepest melancholy, he bids me farewell, calls me his best friend, and sheds tears, which I do also; but with me they are tears of laugh-

ter. After having, by his own account, made his will, and provided a fortune for my eldest daughter, he rides away slowly and pensively, so that the first time I certainly believed he was gone for good and all. His journey, however, is only four German miles, viz. into the *residenz*, from whence he never fails to return on the third or fourth day, bringing with him two new coffee-brown coats, six new shirts, three wigs, all of the same frightful and staring red, a new grey hat, and other requisites for his wardrobe; finally, to my eldest daughter, though she is now eighteen, a paper of sugar-plums. He then thinks no more of residing in the capital, nor of his homeward journey. His afternoon expenses are paid every night, and his money for breakfast is thrown angrily at my head every morning. At other times, however, he is the best-tempered man in the world. He gives presents every holiday to all of my children, and in the village has done much real good among the poor; only he cannot bear the priest, because he learned from the schoolmaster that the former had changed a gold piece that Mr Ewson had put into the box, and given it out in copper pennies. Since that time, he avoids him on all occasions, and never goes to church, and the priest calls him an atheist.

As before said, however, I have often trouble enough with his temper. On coming home, just yesterday, I heard a great noise in the house, and a voice in furious wrath, which I knew to be Ewson's. Accordingly I found him in vehement altercation with the housemaid. He had, as usual with him, thrown away his wig, and was standing bald-pated in his shirt-sleeves before her, and holding a great book under her nose, wherein he obstinately pointed at something with his finger. The maid stuck her hands in her sides, told him he might get somebody else to play his tricks upon, that he was a bad wicked man, who believed in nothing, &c. &c. With considerable difficulty I succeeded in parting the disputants, and bringing the matter under arbitration. Mr Ewson had desired the maid to bring him a wafer to seal a letter. The girl never having written or sealed a letter in her life, at first did not in the least understand him. At last it occurred to her that the wafers he spoke of were those used at mass, and thought Mr Ewson wanted to mock at religion, because the priest had said he was an atheist. She therefore refused to obey him. Hereupon he had recourse to the dictionary, and at last got into such a rage,

that he spoke nothing but English, which she imagined was gibberish of the devil's own inspiration. Only my coming in prevented a personal encounter, in which, probably, Mr Ewson would have come off with the worst.'

I here interrupted mine host with the question, 'Whether it was Mr Ewson also who tormented me so much in the night with his flute-playing?' 'Alas! Sir,' said he, 'that is another of his eccentricities, by which he frightens away all my night-lodgers. Three years ago one of my sons came on a visit here from the *residenz*. He plays well on the flute, and practises a good deal. Then, by evil chance, it occurred to Mr Ewson that he had also in former days learned to blow the flute, and never gave over till he prevailed on my son to sell him his instrument for a good round sum, and also a difficult concerto which he had brought with him from town. Hereafter Mr Ewson, who has not the slightest pretensions to a musical ear, began with furious zeal to blow at this concerto. He came, however, only to the second solo of the first allegro. There he met with a passage which he could by no possible means bring out, and this one passage he has now blown at through these three years, about a hundred times per day, till at last, in the utmost rage, he throws his flute and wig together against the wall.

'As few instruments can long hold out against such treatment, he therefore frequently gets a new one, and has indeed three or four in use at the same time. If any of them exhibit the smallest flaw in one of the keys or joinings, then with a 'God damn me, it is only in England that musical instruments can be made!' he throws it out of the window. What is worst of all, however, is that this passion for blowing the flute of his, seizes him in the night, and he then never fails to diddle all my guests out of their first sleep.

'Could you believe it, however, that there is in our town another foreigner, an Englishman, by name Doctor Green, who has been in the house of the *Antkamm* about as long as Mr Ewson has lived with me, and that the one is just as absurd an original as the other? These two are constantly quarrelling, and yet without each other could not live. It has just now occurred to me, that Mr Ewson has for this evening ordered a bowl of punch at my house, to which he has invited Dr Green. If, Sir, you choose to stay here till

to-morrow, you will see the most absurd trio that this world could afford.

I was very willing on this account to delay my journey; as I had thereby an opportunity of seeing Mr Ewson in his glory. As soon as the morning drew on, he came into my room, and was so good as to invite me to his bowl of punch, although he regretted that he could only give me that contemptible drink which, in this country, bore the honoured name of a far different liquor. It was only in England where good punch could be drunk, and if ever I came to see him in his own country, he would convince me that he knew how to prepare, in its best fashion, that divine panacea.

Not long afterwards, the two other guests whom he had invited, made their appearance. The Amtmann was, like Ewson, a little figure, but round as a ball, happy and contented, with a red snub nose, and large sparkling eyes. Dr Green, on the contrary, was a tall, powerful, and middle-aged man, with a countenance strikingly national, carelessly, yet fashionably dressed; spectacles on his nose, and a round white hat on his head.

‘Give me sack that mine eyes may be red,’ cried this hero, (marching up to the innkeeper, whom he seized by the breast, shaking him heartily.) ‘Speak, thou rascally Cambyses, where are the princesses? There is here a base odour of coffee and Bremen cigars, but no fumigation yet floats on the air from the ambrosial drink of the gods.’ ‘Have mercy, O champion! Away with thy hands—relax thy potent grasp,’ answered the host, coughing, ‘otherwise, in thine ire, thou might’st crush my ribs like an egg-shell.’ ‘Not till thy duties are fulfilled,’ replied Dr Green; ‘not before the sweet vapour of punch, ambrosial punch, delights our nostrils. Why are thy functions thus delayed? Not till then shall I let thee go, thou most unrighteous host!’

Now, however, Ewson darted out ferociously against the Doctor, crying, ‘Green, thou brute, thou rascal!—Green shalt thou be beneath the eyes,—nay, thou shalt be green and yellow with grief, if thou dost not immediately desist from thy shameful deeds.’

Accordingly, I expected a violent quarrel, and prepared myself for departure; but I was for once mistaken. ‘In contempt, then, of his cowardly impotence, I shall desist,’ said the Doctor, ‘and wait patiently for the divine drink which thou, Ewson, shalt prepare for us.’ With these words he let go the innkeeper, (who instantly ran out of the room,)

seated himself, with the demeanour of a Cato, at the table, lighted his pipe, which was ready filled, and blew out great volumes of smoke.

'Is not all this as if one were at the play?' said the good-humoured Amtmann, addressing himself to me. 'The Doctor, who generally never reads a German book, borrowed from us a volume of Schlegel's Shakespeare, and since that time he has, according to his own expression, never ceased playing old well-known tunes upon a strange instrument. You must have observed, that even the innkeeper speaks in measured verse, the Doctor having drilled him for that purpose.' He was interrupted by the appearance of the landlord with his punch-bowl, ready filled with liquor, stroking hot; and although Green and Ewson both swore that it was scarcely drinkable, yet they did not fail to swallow glass after glass with the greatest expedition.

We kept up a tolerable conversation. Green, however, remained very silent, only now and then falling in with most comical contradictions of what other people had said. Thus, for example, the Amtmann spoke of the theatre at Berlin, and I assured him that the tragedy hero played admirably. 'That I cannot admit,' said Dr Green. 'Do you not think if the actor had performed six times better, that he might have been tolerable?' Of necessity I could not but answer in the affirmative, but was of opinion, that to play six times better would cost him a deal of unnecessary trouble, as he had already played the part of Lear (in which I had already seen him) most movingly. 'This,' said Green, 'quite passes the bounds of my perceptions. The man, indeed, gives us all that he has to give. Can he help it if he is by nature and destiny inclined to be stupid? However, in his own way, he has brought the art to tolerable perfection; therefore one must bear with him.'

The Amtmann sat between the two originals, exerting his own particular talent, which was, like that of a demon, to excite them to all sorts of folly; and thus the night wore on, till the powerful ambrosia began to operate.

At last Ewson became extravagantly merry. With a hoarse, croaking voice, he sung divers national songs, of which I did not understand a word; but if the words were like the music, they must have been every way detestable. Moreover, he threw his periwig and coat through the window into the court, and began to dance a hornpipe, with

such unutterable grimaces, and in a style so supernaturally grotesque, that I had almost split my sides with laughing. The Doctor, meanwhile, remained obstinately solemn, but it was obvious, that the strangest visions were passing through his brain. He looked upon the punch-bowl as a bass-fiddle, and would not give over playing upon it with the spoon, to accompany Ewson's songs, though the innkeeper earnestly entreated of him to desist.

As for the Amtmann he had always become more and more quiet; at last he tottered away into a corner of the room, where he took a chair, and began to weep bitterly. I understood a signal of the innkeeper, and inquired of this dignitary the cause of his deep sorrow? 'Alas! alas!' said he, 'the prince Eugene was a great, very great general, and yet even he, that heroic prince, was under the necessity to die!' Thereupon he wept more vehemently, so that the tears ran down his cheeks. I endeavoured as well as I could to console him for the loss of this brave hero of the last century, but in vain.

Dr Green, meanwhile, had seized a great pair of snuffers, and with all his might drove and laboured with them towards the open window. He had nothing less in view than to clip the moon, which he had mistaken for a candle. Ewson, meanwhile, danced and yelled as if he were possessed by a thousand devils, till at last the underwaiter came, with a great lantern, notwithstanding the clear moonlight shone into the apartment, and cried out, 'Here I am, gentlemen. Now you can march.'

The Doctor arose, lighted his pipe, (which he had laid aside while the enjoyments of the punch-bowl lasted,) and now placed himself right opposite to the waiter, blowing great clouds into his face. 'Welcome, friend,' cried he, 'Art thou Peter Quince, who bearest about moonshine, and dog, and thorn-bush? 'Tis I that have trimmed your light for you, you lubber, and therefore you shine so brightly! Good night then! Much have I quaffed of the contemptible juice here denominated ambrosial punch. Good night, mine honest host—Good night, mine Py-lades!'

Ewson swore that he would instantly break the head of any one who should offer to go home, but no one heeded him. On the contrary, the waiter took the Doctor under one arm, and the Amtmann, still weeping for Prince

Eugene, under the other ; and thus they reeled along through the streets, towards the *Amthaus*.

With considerable difficulty, we carried the delirious Ewson to his own room, where he raged and blew for half the night on his flute, so that I could not possibly obtain any rest ; nor did I recover from the influences of the mad evening, until I found myself once more in my travelling carriage.

GODWIN.*

• Throw aside your books of Chemistry, and study Godwin on 'Necessity,' the advice of Mr Wordsworth to a student in the temple some thirty years ago, applied to an author then enjoying a popularity arising from circumstances which have since contributed to depress his reputation. Fame, whose duration depended on the success of that tragic experiment, might naturally be expected to subside as we approach an era when the French Revolution can be re-

* The following is extracted from the Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors.

William Godwin, son of Mr J. G. Minister of a congregation of Dissenters at Guestwick, Norfolk, was educated at the Dissenters' College, at Hoxton, and in 1776 began to officiate as minister at Stowmarket, Suffolk, where he continued till 1782, when he laid aside the clerical character, removed to London, and determined to pursue literature as a profession. In 1797 he was united to the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft, who died the same year. His second marriage took place in 1801. Some years since Mr G. opened a bookseller's shop in Skinner-street where he has ushered into the world many very useful works tending to facilitate the instruction of youth. Mr G. is said to be the author of various publications to which he has not affixed his name; his avowed productions are :

Sketches of History, in six Sermons, 12mo, 1782.—Enquiry concerning Political Justice and its Influence on general Virtue and Happiness, 4to, 1793. 3d edit. 2 vols. 8vo, 1797.—Things as they Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams. 3 vols. 1794.—Cursory Sketches on the Charge delivered by Lord Chief Justice Eyre to the Grand Jury, Oct. 2, 1794, 8vo.—The Enquirer; Reflections on Education, Manners, and Literature, in a series of Essays, 8vo, 1796.—Memoirs of (Mary Wollstonecraft,) the Author of a Vindication of the Rights of Woman, 8vo, 1796.—St Leon, a tale of the 16th century, 4 vols. 1799.—Antonio, a tragedy, 1801.—Thoughts occasioned by the perusal of Dr Parr's Spital Sermon, being a reply to the attacks of Dr P., M. Mackintosh, and others, 8vo, 1801.—The Hist. of the Life and Age of Geoffrey Chaucer, 2 vols. 4to, 1803. 2d edit. 4 vols. 8vo, 1804.—Fleetwood, or New Man of Feeling, 3 vols. 1805.—Faulkner, a tragedy, 8vo, 1807.—Essay on Sepulchres, 8vo, 1809.—A History of the Commonwealth of England has lately appeared.

garded without the sanguine hopes of the visionary, or the delusive transport with which its dawning was hailed by the philanthropist. Other causes may have assisted in throwing premature obscurity over his name as a fearless speculator ; but it is not with MR GODWIN as author of the far famed *Enquiry concerning Political Justice* that we have at present to deal. The soundness or fallacy of opinions there promulgated can furnish matter of censure or of praise only to the moralist and politician : his merits as a Novelist interest a far more comprehensive class. As the author of *Caleb Williams* his name is familiar in every quarter of civilized Europe, and will continue to be mentioned with respect while man takes an interest in the delineation of human character modified by events so strange as to border on improbability, yet narrated with an air of such seeming reality as to silence every doubt—to make the reader, as it were, an eyewitness of all he is perusing, and to hurry him on without power to resist the fascination. It is seldom that a writer, taking part in disputes only of transient interest, produces a work, as in the present instance, to be universally relished after the circumstances from which it originated have passed into oblivion. *Caleb Williams* was at first intended as a satire on local usages ; but its author has gone beyond his immediate object, and addressed himself to feelings which are permanent as human nature. It has evidently been composed with a view to demonstrate the probability of being brought to the gallows for a theft or a murder of which we may be innocent as the child unborn. Yet, though such a proposition be all but consolatory to the reader, and although a fiction intended to support even an instructive maxim must ever be of questionable merit, it were difficult to name a work which excites so strong an interest. The author may often reason fallaciously on the motives of his actors—his facts may be improbable, and his characters inconsistent,—but the reader, lost in sus-

pense, perceives not these defects till all mystery has been cleared away. The character of Falkland is one of the finest ever drawn by a novelist, and so original that few have succeeded in copying his inventor. Actuated as he had ever been by the most chivalrous motives, it may be difficult to conceive how he could so suddenly have become a midnight assassin; but, to the reader, this improbability is fully compensated by the fearful and engrossing conflict which it produces in his bosom.—In *St Leon* there is a ‘falling off’ so glaring that, but for the character of Bethlehem Gabor, one not previously informed would have some difficulty in tracing it to the author of *Caleb Williams*. The peculiarities of the Radcliffe school are here carried to their utmost extent. Terror predominates to such a degree, that, before concluding, the reader determines to wonder no longer at that which is intended to be marvellous. In the earlier part, however, we meet with some redeeming traits. The description of St Leon’s visits to the grave of his noble-minded parent, of his feelings on commencing his career in arms at the siege of Pavia—of his domestic bliss when united to the saint-like Marquesite—and his despair when ruined at the gambling table, will long be impressed on the most careless readers. The whole of a passage describing the terrific thunder-storm which threatened desolation and ruin to his little property, is scarcely excelled by the most sublime descriptions in any of our poets; and the landscape as it appeared on the approach of day, with that which greets him on escaping from a Spanish prison, will as frequently recur to the reader’s imagination as any scene to be met with in fiction.—*Fleetwood* might have been more favourably received were it not designated by the most inapplicable *alias* ever introduced into a title-page. In it we become acquainted with one who is indeed a *new* Man of Feeling; for he who has been accustomed to associate with his ideas of such a character, the amiable virtues and

disinterested benevolence of a Harley, will soon be convinced that Fleetwood is in every thing his opposite. Harley, while not insensible of his own distresses, feels acutely for those of others; but his intended prototype lives only to gratify his own wants, reckless of the misery he may occasion to those whose happiness should be dear to him. Bent on self-gratification, he does not once endeavour to advance the general welfare of mankind, or to promote the enjoyment of individuals with whom he is more intimately connected. Dissatisfied under misfortunes which a man of principle would overlook, and fretful under trivial disappointments, the reader, instead of sympathizing in his mighty grievances, views them rather as fit objects for ridicule or contempt; while the laboured extravagance of language and sentiment soon becomes monotonous, and furnishes but an indifferent substitute for that delicacy of description which, in other writers, brings before us the most minute and evanescent shades of feeling.—When we characterize *Mandeville* as portraying, with admirable fidelity, the feelings and crimes, the injuries and vanities, of one who is neither altogether rational nor decidedly insane, and add that we prize it more than any other of Mr Godwin's fictitious writings, it may be necessary to give some reason for holding an opinion so different from that entertained by high authorities. In elegance and purity of style it far excels every similar work, and may, indeed, be regarded as one of the finest specimens of 'English undefiled' that has lately appeared. It abounds with reflections which would not be misplaced in the gravest philosophical treatise; expressed, too, in language so comprehensive and harmonious that they are retained long after we may be unable to trace them to their original. The minute account of an Irish massacre and the detail of certain religious opinions, perhaps the most tiresome parts of the book, throw much light on the malady of the unhappy being who relates them, and are amply

redeemed by the interesting episode of Audley Mandeville, an estimate of the personal and literary character of the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, and an eloquent eulogium on Poetry put into the mouth of a school-boy. Though strictly of a private nature, the tale is so closely interwoven with the history of Cromwell's time as to give to the whole an air of reality. Its express purpose is to show how the concurrence of a variety of causes operates in forming a character; and though Mandeville, depraved in understanding and wayward in temper, would form no enviable companion in real life, whoever can submit to such a course of morbid anatomy will find his thoughts, his hopes, and his fears, portrayed with a skill which supersedes the necessity of searching for his representative in society. The author is so familiar with the darkest passions of the human heart, that he seems to take a pleasure in sporting with the being of his own creating, as if to astonish us by the depth of self-caused wretchedness to which he can reduce him. Although the gloomy style, characteristic of the works already mentioned, is here employed to an extent which must make it a sealed book to many, yet we meet with occasional descriptions of scenery so beautiful that we pause on them for a time, and glimpses of beings so attractive that we cannot but deplore an aberration of intellect which disqualified Mandeville for enjoying the society of such a sister as Harriet and of such friends as the Montagues. But wealth, influence, high-birth—all, in short, that the world regards as ensuring happiness—are, by some unhappy alchemy, perverted into the very sources of his discomfort. His fate appears so intimately allied to that of the accomplished and winning Clifford, that he conceives felicity to await him only when he shall have removed the involuntary cause of his misery. By a strange fatality, appearances sometimes favour an erroneous impression that Clifford is actuated by a desire of thwarting the projects and humbling the pretensions of

his self-constituted rival. Thus, after Mandeville had laboured to obtain that envied appointment, Clifford is nominated Secretary to Sir Joseph Wagstaff; and, while thus employed, acts a part in the following adventure related in his own words.

ESCAPE OF A ROYALIST GENERAL.

THE unfortunate issue of the gallant undertaking of Sir Joseph Wagstaff and Colonel Penruddock is sufficiently known. It began under the happiest auspices; but unfortunate differences that arose between the leaders speedily led to the most disastrous reverse.

After our retreat from Salisbury, we halted for a short time at Blandford, and there caused king Charles to be proclaimed in the market-place. This was, however, the last show of prosperity that attended us. We had the good wishes of many; but insurgents that appear to be on the retreat, are not likely to be recruited in their numbers. The characters of Penruddock and Sir Joseph were strongly contrasted with each other: the former had every quality that could do honour to a gentleman, but he was not thoroughly penetrated, as Sir Joseph was, who had learned the rudiments of his art in the wars of Germany, with the principles of the military profession. At Salisbury our principal commander had conceived a plan of proceeding of the most decisive sort, the only one that could have led to a successful termination; and in this he had been counteracted by the humane scruples of Penruddock. As Sir Joseph knew how to take advantage of the tide, when it was at the highest, so the same perspicacity of judgment led him instantly to perceive when the chance of benefit was gone. On our leaving Blandford, and even before, he was thoroughly aware that our case was desperate. He called together the officers, and told them this, earnestly pressing them not to throw themselves away upon a vain point of honour, but to do, as became men engaged in the service of their king, to save their lives from the vengeance of the tyrant, and reserve their zeal and their talents for some occasion, where they might be of substantial advantage. Penruddock, on the contrary, being once engaged, could not endure to throw up the undertaking, and urged that, by going farther westward, we should try

what yet could be done with the gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall. Here then the leaders of the expedition divided; Sir Joseph, and the most distinguished military characters, withdrew, and sought their safety in dispersion. The country-gentlemen and their followers kept together, reached South Molton to the number of about two hundred, and met the reward of their perseverance on the scaffold.

I continued with Sir Joseph, to whose person I was by virtue of my appointment attached. I will not trouble you with any of our adventures, till we came to the house of a Mr Laudseer, near the coast of Devonshire, whose wife was a distant relation of my mother. Laudseer was himself an adherent of the existing government; his wife was strongly attached to the exiled family. It happened that Laudseer had been absent for some years, on a commission which the republicans had given him to one of the northern courts, but was expected on his return in a few weeks. The fugitives from Salisbury were now chased almost from house to house; they were disappointed of a vessel, which they had expected to have found at Lymouth, ready to carry them off; Captain Unton-Croke in particular, a man wholly destitute of honour and humanity, was most assiduous in hunting them out from their hiding-places. It happened in one instance, that Sir Joseph, having already nearly exhausted the protection of the loyal houses in the neighbourhood, seemed to be driven in a manner to the last extremity. In this conjuncture it occurred to me to think of Mrs Laudseer, whose house would be less exposed to the jealousy of the military, on account of her husband's being in the employment of the present rulers. On my representation I was commissioned to repair to this lady, and, confident in her loyalty, to propose, without any disguise, that she should receive Sir Joseph Wagstaff into her house, till one of the vessels should be discovered, which were known to be hovering on the coast for the purpose of carrying off the fugitives to France. Mrs Laudseer readily entered into my proposal, and observed, that the most effectual way in which she could serve this gentleman, was to receive him as if he had been her husband. She added, that none of the servants in her house knew Laudseer's person, he having taken with him in his embassy two or three of those that had been longest established in the family. Her house was too small to afford her any means of concealment; but if she received Sir Joseph in this open manner, it would be impossible for any

one to conceive that he was a malignant in disguise. With this proposal, then, I hastened back to my principal, by whom it was accepted without an instant's hesitation. It was further concerted that Sir Joseph should sleep in the house of a neighbouring tenant, on the pretext that the political differences which had arisen between Mrs Laudseer and her spouse, indisposed her, at least for the present, from receiving him with the unreserve and cordiality of a wife.

This was a busy day with us. Sir Joseph was no sooner installed in his new character, than Captain Croke arrived in pursuit of him, satisfied that he was somewhere in this very neighbourhood. Sir Joseph had just had time to put off his travelling disguise, and to equip himself in the habiliments of the person he represented, which were in the highest style of puritanical formality. Among the many convivial qualities of my patron, one was that he was an admirable mimic; and he assumed the drawl and canting language of a thorough Brownist in such perfection, as upon a less critical occasion would have risked that Mrs Laudseer and myself should have died with laughter. Captain Croke was completely the dupe of the scene. He warmly congratulated the supposed Laudseer on his unexpected arrival; asked him many questions respecting the court he had visited, to all which Sir Joseph, who had seen the world, answered with consummate address; and in fine, earnestly inquired how soon he would set out for London, to give an account to his employers of the success of his embassy. My principal, who thoroughly enjoyed this scene, and would hardly have been prevented from enjoying it, if he had seen a scaffold prepared for him the moment he quitted it, went on to overact his part. He pressed Captain Croke so earnestly to dine with him, that at last the republican yielded. He said he would first make a circuit of some of the neighbouring mansions, in search of that villain, the rebel commander, and would then return; leaving in the mean time one of his sergeants with us, as security for the performance of his promise.

Croke had no sooner turned his back upon us, than a courier arrived, with the unwelcome intelligence, that the true Laudseer had taken land at Ilfracombe, and might be expected to reach his own dwelling in the course of an hour. The sergeant was luckily in the stables at the receipt of this message, and was therefore unacquainted with its import. Sir Joseph and I, now thoroughly alarmed, prepared for im-

mediate departure. The conjuncture was portentous. Croke would be back in less than three hours, and would then detect the cheat that had been imposed upon him. The sergeant, if he were a fellow of any adroitness, would discover the trick sooner; and he and the true Laudseer would set on foot a pursuit after us, before we had almost commenced our flight. We cursed the hour when we entered this dangerous abode, and still more the ill-timed and ill-indulged humour of Sir Joseph, that had fixed upon us the return of that notorious rebel-hunter, Croke.

Laudseer, however, instead of following his *avant-courier* in an hour, arrived in a few minutes after him, and to our utter confusion entered the parlour, just as we were taking our sad and hurried leave of his wife. The sergeant had now caught up the intelligence, that another person, claiming to be the owner of the house, had arrived; and, as in duty bound, he entered the parlour at the same time with the stranger, that he might see every thing with his own eyes, and draw his own conclusions. An extraordinary scene ensued. Here were two Mr Laudseers, both dressed in the same habiliments, and each asserting his rights as master of the house. The newly arrived demanded, with a haughty and a furious tone, what was the meaning of all he saw? Sir Joseph, with admirable composure, and with the most edifying and saint-like tone and gesture, requested the intruder to moderate his anger, and to quit a dwelling where he had not the smallest right to be found. Mrs Laudseer was appealed to, and decided for Sir Joseph as her true husband. After much wrangling and violence, I proposed that the sergeant should retire to the outside of the door for a few minutes, till the dispute was settled. I then desired Sir Joseph to withdraw into the inner room, and leave me and my cousin alone with the new-comer.

This arrangement was no sooner effected than I lost no time, in laying before Laudseer the true state of the case, and imploring his compassion. I told him, that his unexpected guest was no other than the gallant Sir Joseph Wagstaff, who had been totally defeated in his insurrection, was flying before a merciless enemy, and desired no more than to escape with life to his master in France, whose cause was now totally desperate and hopeless. I put it to him as pathetically as I could, whether he could reconcile it to the honourable disposition I had ever known in him, with his own hands to deliver up to the scaffold a gentleman, who

claimed the sacred hospitality of his roof. I flattered him for dispositions for which he was not remarkable, that I might wake the embers of humanity in his breast. My cousin joined her entreaties to mine; but he was steeled against all she could say from anger that, at first meeting after an absence of years, she should have denied that he was her husband. I interposed here. I observed that, Croke's sergeant being present, this was a cruel necessity imposed on the lady, and that, if she had faltered in the least, it would have cost a gentleman his life, who had thrown himself upon her generosity. It fortunately happened, that I had more than once spent some weeks, while quite a boy, under the roof of this Laudseer; and had always been his special favourite. He ended therefore with confessing, that he could deny nothing to his old play-fellow, who had made him merry a thousand times, when his heart was most a prey to constitutional melancholy.

The next question was, how my commanding officer could be most effectually screened from his blood-thirsty pursuers. And here I boldly suggested, that no method could adequately answer the purpose, unless that of supporting and carrying through the deception that had already been practised: Sir Joseph must still be affirmed to be the true Laudseer. 'And what then am I?' rejoined the republican. 'Consider, my dear Sir,' said I, entreatingly; 'it is but for a day; and it is for the life of a gentleman in distress; what good will it do you to take away his life?' 'And what then am I?' repeated my kinsman with impatience. 'Why you, Sir, must personate Sir Joseph.'

Laudseer started back three paces at the proposition. 'And shall I, one of the known champions of the liberties of England, for an instant assume the name, and act the person of one of its destroyers? of a cavalier? of a malignant? of a reprobate? No, Lionel; no consideration on earth shall induce me to submit to such a degradation. Let your general be gone; I will do him no harm; I will use no means for pursuing him.'

'Do not deceive yourself, sweet kinsman,' rejoined I. 'If you do not protect him, if you do not lend yourself for a few hours to his preservation, you are his destroyer. The infernal Croke is within a short distance; his sergeant is on the other side the door. No earthly power can save us from the tyrant.'

While I was yet speaking, Sir Joseph opened the door, and came out of the inner room. 'Thank you, Clifford,' said he; 'a thousand thanks to this good lady; I thank you too, Mr Laudseer, for as much kindness and forbearance as you have professed towards me. But life is not worth accepting on these terms; I will never disgrace the master whose livery I wear; whether I live or die, it shall be with the gallantry which, I trust, has hitherto marked all my actions. Clifford, call in the sergeant!'

'No,' replied I. 'For this once I must take upon me to disobey you, Sir Joseph. If this gentleman,' pointing to Laudseer, 'is inexorable, at least the deed of surrendering you, a stranger, under his own roof, shall be his.' And, as I spoke, I advanced towards the bell, that I might order the sergeant to be called in. 'This is the gentleman,' added I, turning to Laudseer for the last time, 'whose head you are by your own act to cause to roll on the scaffold.'

There is something in the sight of a human creature, upon whom you are yourself called on to pronounce a sentence of death, that produces the most terrible recoil in every human bosom. A man ought to be a judge by his office, that can do this, and then sit down gaily, and with a good appetite to his dinner. But Laudseer had never been a judge. Sir Joseph Wagstaff stood before him. I thought I had never seen so perfect a gentleman, with so frank and prepossessing a countenance, and an air so unassuming and yet so assured, as was presented before me at that moment. The self-command, by no means resembling a stoical apathy and indifference, but inspired by an unexaggerated view of all the circumstances, combined with what he felt due to his own honour, that displayed itself in his visage and attitude, was deeply impressive. There was but a moment, a slight articulation of the human voice, that remained between him and death.

'He shall not die,' said Laudseer. 'Do with me as you please. He shall be Laudseer; I will be Wagstaff. I have only this morning set my foot on English ground after an absence of years, and my first home-act shall be one, that it may please me at other times, and in the hour of my agony to recollect.'

This capital point being settled, the rest was easy. We called in the sergeant, but for a different purpose than had been spoken of an instant before. Laudseer stated to him, that he was in reality Sir Joseph Wagstaff; that, hearing

that the master of the house was absent on the continent, and being in the greatest distress for a hiding-place, he had thought this a good opportunity, for prevailing on a lonely female to afford him a brief protection. But all his hopes had been blasted, by finding the master of the house arrived a few hours before him, who was too much devoted to the protectoral government to consent to give him the smallest harbour. He was therefore reduced to make a virtue of necessity; and delivering his sword into the hands of the officer, he added, 'I am your prisoner, use me well.' The sergeant repeated to him the deceitful cant that had been employed to the other prisoners, and told him that he had nothing to fear, for he would find himself included with Penruddock, in the capitulation that had been made at Southmolton.

The arrangement of the affair was now in our hands. Laudseer was constituted a prisoner, as Sir Joseph Wagstaff; and we, of course, took care to secure for him as good treatment as we could. The place of his confinement was a summer-house in the garden, with one sentinel, Captain Croke's sergeant, at the door, and another, who was really one of his own servants, beneath the single window of his apartment. This was one of his new household—the old servants had remained with his baggage, when he pressed forward on the spur, and had come home alone. Captain Croke speedily arrived from his cruise without any success; but he was transported to find the commanding officer in custody at his return. We sent the prisoner his dinner from his own table; and in the course of the afternoon Captain Croke and Sir Joseph, who, as I before said, was delighted with his talents for mimicry, and who had caught some fresh hints from the brief intercourse he had had with his original, became the best friends in the world. The next day we learned that the vessel we had been in search of was ready; and we embraced the opportunity to depart, while Croke was out for his morning's ride. We took a brief and constrained leave of Laudseer, whom Sir Joseph emphatically thanked for his generous self-denial and clemency. I had the pleasure to see my commanding officer safe on board: here my commission ended: I returned straight to my mother, and am therefore unable to tell you how Croke and the ambassador settled their accounts, when the necessity for deception existed no longer.

SMOLLETT.*

In speaking of SMOLLETT, we cannot do better than make the following extract from an admirable article in the *Edinburgh Review*, evidently written by the Editor.

“ Smollett's first novel, *Roderick Random*, which is also his best, appeared about the same time as Fielding's *Tom Jones*; and yet it has a much more modern air with it: but this

* Smollett was born in Dumbartonshire, in 1721,—educated as surgeon at Glasgow,—and spent the greater part of his life in London,—supporting himself more by his pen than his profession. He died in the neighbourhood of Loughborough in 1771. His works were:—*Advice*, a Satire, 1746.—*Reproof*, a Satire, 1747.—*Roderick Random*, 1748.—*The Regicide*, a Tragedy, 1749.—*Peregrine Pickle*, 1751.—*An Essay on the External Use of Water*, 1752.—*Ferdinand Count Fathom*, 1753.—*Don Quixote*, translated, 1755.—*Compendium of Voyages*, 1757, 7 vols.—*The Rapiers*, a Comedy, 1757.—*A Complete History of England*, 1757-8, 4 vols. 4to.—*Sir Launcelot Greaves*, 1762.—*The Present State of all Nations*, 1764, 8 vols.—*Travels through France and Italy*, 1766.—*The Adventures of an Atom*, 1769.—*Humphry Clinker*, 1771.—Besides these, he was engaged in many speculations of the hacksters, and wrote various articles in the periodicals of the day. He was also the founder of ‘*The Critical Review*,’ which he conducted for several years with a spirit then new in the annals of criticism.

The person of Smollett, as described by Dr Anderson, was stout and well-proportioned; his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers. He was of a disposition humane and generous, and was apt, like Goldsmith, to assist the unfortunate beyond what his circumstances could justify. Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more given to overlook misconduct when attended with misfortune. As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature than pertness or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception. Free from vanity, he had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility; his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression. Though he possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity, nor humour caprice. He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve than of those who could serve him.

may be accounted for, from the circumstance that Smollett was quite a young man at the time, whereas Fielding's manner must have been formed long before. The style of Roderick Random, though more scholastic and elaborate, is stronger and more pointed than that of Tom Jones; the incidents follow one another more rapidly (though it must be confessed they never come in such a throng, or are brought out with the same dramatic facility); the humour is broader, and as effectual; and there is very nearly, if not quite, an equal interest excited by the story. What then is it that gives the superiority to Fielding? It is the superior insight into the springs of human character, and the constant development of that character through every change of circumstance. Smollett's humour often arises from the situation of the persons, or the peculiarity of their external appearance, as, from Roderick Random's carrotty locks, which hang down over his shoulders like a pound of candles, or Strap's ignorance of London, and the blunders that follow from it. There is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions. The incidents frequently resemble detached anecdotes taken from a newspaper or magazine; and, like those in *Gil Blas*, might happen to a hundred other characters. He exhibits only the external accidents and reverses to which human life is liable—not 'the stuff' of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick, or penetrates beyond the surface of his characters: and therefore he leaves no stings in the minds of his readers, and in this respect is far less interesting than Fielding. His novels always enliven, and never tire us: we take them up with pleasure, and lay them down without any strong feeling of regret. We look on and laugh, as spectators of an amusing though inelegant scene, without closing in with the combatants, or being made parties in the event. We read Roderick Random as an entertaining story; for the particular accidents and modes of life which it describes, have ceased to exist: but we regard Tom

Jones as a real history ; because the author never stops short of those essential principles which lie at the bottom of all our actions, and in which we feel an immediate interest ; —*intus et in cute*.—Smollett excels most as the lively caricaturist : Fielding as the exact painter and profound metaphysician. We are far from maintaining, that this account applies uniformly to the productions of these two writers ; but we think that, as far as they essentially differ, what we have stated is the general distinction between them. Roderick Random is the purest of Smollett's novels ; we mean in point of style and description. Most of the incidents and characters are supposed to have been taken from the events of his own life ; and are therefore truer to nature. There is a rude conception of generosity in some of his characters, of which Fielding seems to have been incapable ; his amiable persons being merely good-natured. It is owing to this, we think, that Strap is superior to Partridge ; and there is a heartiness and warmth of feeling in some of the scenes between Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew, which is beyond Fielding's power of impassioned writing. The whole of the scene on shipboard is a most admirable and striking picture, and, we imagine, very little, if at all exaggerated, though the interest it excites is of a very unpleasant kind. The picture of the little profligate French Friar, who was Roderick's travelling companion, and of whom he always kept to the windward, is one of Smollett's most masterly sketches. Peregrine Pickle is no great favourite of ours, and Launcelot Greaves was not worthy of the genius of the author.

“ Humphry Clinker and Count Fathom are both equally admirable in their way. Perhaps the former is the most pleasant gossiping novel that ever was written—that which gives the most pleasure with the least effort to the reader. It is quite as amusing as going the journey could have been, and we have just as good an idea of what happened

on the road, as if we had been of the party. Humphry Clinker himself is most exquisite; and his sweetheart, Winifred Jenkins, nearly as good. Matthew Bramble, though not altogether original, is excellently supported, and seems to have been the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in the Rivals. But Lismahago is the flower of the flock. His tenaciousness in argument is not so delightful as the relaxation of his logical severity, when he finds his fortune mellowing with the wintry smiles of Mrs Tabitha Bramble. This is the best preserved, and most original of all Smollett's characters. The resemblance of Don Quixote is only just enough to make it interesting to the critical reader, without giving offence to any body else. The indecency and filth in this novel, are what must be allowed to all Smollett's writings. The subject and characters in Count Fathom are, in general, exceedingly disgusting: the story is also spun out to a degree of tediousness in the serious and sentimental parts; but there is more power of writing occasionally shown in it than in any of his works. We need only refer to the fine and bitter irony of the Count's address to the country of his ancestors on landing in England; to the robber scene in the forest, which has never been surpassed; to the Parisian swindler, who personates a raw English Country Squire (Western is tame in the comparison); and to the story of the seduction in the west of England. We should have some difficulty to point out, in any author, passages written with more force and nature than these."

LISMAHAGO.

A tall, meagre figure, answering, with his horse, the description of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn door, while my aunt and Liddy stood at a window in the dining room. He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been scarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and he had hol-

ster-caps and housing of the same stuff and same antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to dismount with the most graceful air he could assume ; but the ostler neglecting to hold the stirrup when he wheeled off his right foot, and stood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the saddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and perwig falling off displayed a head-piece of various colours, patched and plastered in a woeful condition.—The ladies at the window above shrieked with affright, on the supposition that the stranger had received some notable damage in his fall ; but the greatest injury he had sustained arose from the dishonour of his descent, aggravated by the disgrace of exposing the condition of his cranium ; for certain plebeians, that were about the door, laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a scald head, or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and snatching one of his pistols, threatened to put the ostler to death, when another squall from the women checked his resentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kissed the butt-end of his pistol, which he replaced ; adjusted his wig in great confusion, and led his horse into the stable. By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the strange figure that presented itself to my view. He would have measured above six feet in height, had he stood upright ; but he stooped very much ; was very narrow in the shoulders, and very thick in the calves of his legs, which were cased in black spatterdashes.—As for his thighs they were long and slender, like those of a grasshopper ; his face was, at least, half a yard in length, brown and shrivelled, with projecting cheek-bones, little grey eyes on the greenish hue, a large hook nose, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furnished with teeth, and a high narrow forehead, well furrowed with wrinkles. His horse was exactly in the style of its rider—a resurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly, as the only present he had ever received in his life.

Having seen this favourite steed properly accommodated in the stable, he sent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permission to thank them in person for the marks of concern they had shown at his disaster in the court-yard. As the squire said they could not decently decline his visit, he was shown up stairs, and paid his respects in the

Scotch dialect, with much formality. 'Ladies,' said he, 'perhaps ye may be scandalized at the appearance my heed made, when it was uncovered by accident; but I can assure you, the condition you saw it in, is neither the effects of disease, nor of drunkenness; but an honest scar received in the service of my country.' He then gave us to understand, that having been wounded at Ticonderoga, in America, a party of Indians rifled him, scalped him, broke his skull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead on the field of battle; but that, being afterwards found with signs of life, he had been cured in the French hospital, though the loss of substance could not be repaired; so that the skull was left naked in several places, and these he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion. We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran—even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed by indignation, when we learned, that in the course of two sanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant. My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed,—'I vow to God, Sir, your case is a reproach to the service. The injustice you have met with is so flagrant——' 'I must crave your pardon, Sir,' cried the other interrupting him, 'I complain of no injustice.—I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seniority——' 'But in such a length of time,' resumed the squire, 'you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head——' 'Nevertheless,' said he, 'I have no cause to murmur.—They bought their preferment with their money.—I had no money to carry to market—that was my misfortune; but no body was to blame——' 'What! no friend to advance a sum of money?' said Mr Bramble. 'Perhaps I might have borrowed money for the purchase of a company,' answered the other; 'but that loan must have been refunded; and I did not choose to encumber myself with a debt of a thousand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten shillings a-day.' 'So you have spent the best part of your life,' cried Mr Bramble, 'your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amidst the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors and hardships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a-day,——a consideration——' 'Sir,' replied the

Scot, with great warmth, 'you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have been actuated by any such paltry consideration.—I am a gentleman; and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honourable ambition inspires. If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate. I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean shirt, a mutton chop, and a truss of straw; and when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expense of my burial.'

My uncle assured him, he had no intention to give him the least offence, by the observations he had made; but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest. The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility, which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for, whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted dissatisfaction.

Mrs Tabitha chancing to accost her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt,—'Pray, Sir,' said the lieutenant, 'is your name Matthias?' You must know, it is one of our uncle's foibles to be ashamed of his name Matthew, because it is puritanical; and this question chagrined him so much, that he answered, 'No, by God!' in a very abrupt tone of displeasure.—The Scot took umbrage at the manner of his reply, and bristling up, 'If I had known,' said he, 'that you did not care to tell your name, I should not have asked the question.—The ledly called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias:—perhaps, it may be Methuselah, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurinus, or Malthinrus, or Matamorus, or——' 'No,' cried my uncle laughing, 'it is neither of those, captain:—my name is Matthew Bramble, at your service.—The truth is, I have a foolish pique at the name of Matthew, because it savours of those canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell's time, christened all their children by names taken from the scripture.'—'A foolish pique indeed,' cried Mrs Tabby, 'and even sinful, to fall out with your name because it is taken from holy writ.—I would have you to know, you was called after great-uncle Matthew ap Madoc ap Meredith, esquire, of Llanwysthin, in Montgomeryshire, justice of the *quorum*, and crusty rattleorian, a gentleman of great worth and pro-

perty, descended in a straight line, by the female side, from Llewellyn, prince of Wales.'

This genealogical anecdote seemed to make some impression upon the North-Briton, who bowed very low to the descendants of Llewellyn, and observed that he himself had the honour of a scriptural nomination. The lady expressing a desire of knowing his address, he said; he designed himself Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago; and, in order to assist her memory, he presented her with a slip of paper inscribed with these three words, which she repeated with great emphasis, declaring, it was one of the most noble and sonorous names she had ever heard. He observed that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation, derived from his great grandfather, who had been one of the original covenanters; but Lismahago was the family surname, taken from a place in Scotland so called. He likewise dropped some hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a smile of self-denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*, which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modesty in waving the merit of his ancestry, adding, that it was less necessary to him, as he had such a considerable fund of his own. She now began to glue herself to his favour with the grossest adulation.—She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottish nation, upon their valour, probity, learning, and politeness.—She even descended to encomiums on his own personal address, his gallantry, good sense, and erudition.—She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our cousin governor Griffith.—She discovered a surprising eagerness to know the particulars of his life, and asked a thousand questions concerning his achievements in war; all which Mr Lismahago answered with a sort of jesuitical reserve, affecting a reluctance to satisfy her curiosity on a subject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned, that he and ensign Murphy had made their escape from the French hospital at Montreal, and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching some English settlement; but mistaking their route; they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of these Indians was to give one of them as an adopted son to a venerable sachem, who had lost his own in the course of the war, and to sacrifice the other according to the custom of the country.

Murphy, as being the younger and handsomer of the two, was designed to fill the place of the deceased, not only as the son of the sachem, but as the spouse of a beautiful squaw, to whom his predecessor had been betrothed; but in passing through the different whigwhams or villages of the Miamis, poor Murphy was so mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all prisoners in their passage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the sachem's residence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purposes of marriage: it was determined, therefore, in the assembly of the warriors, that ensign Murphy should be brought to the stake, and that the lady should be given to lieutenant Lismahago, who had likewise received his share of torments, though they had not produced emasculation.—A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather sawed off with a rusty knife; one of his great toes was crushed into a mash betwixt two stones: some of his teeth were drawn or dug out with a crooked nail; splintered reeds had been thrust up his nostrils and other tender parts; and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder dug in the flesh with the sharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themselves allowed that Murphy died with great heroism, singing as his death song, the *Drimmendoo*, in concert with Mr Lismahago, who was present at the solemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muscular flesh which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a sharp knife, scooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the socket. The pain of this operation was so exquisite that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raised a shout of exultation, and one of the warriors stealing behind him, gave him the *coup de grace* with a hatchet.

Lismahago's bride, the squaw Squinkinacoosta, distinguished herself on this occasion.—She showed a great superiority of genius in the tortures which she contrived and executed with her own hands.—She vied with the stoutest warrior in eating the flesh of the sacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking, she was not so intoxicated but that she was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring sachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening. The captain had lived

very happily with this accomplished squaw for two years, during which she bore him a son, who is now the representative of his mother's tribe; but at length, to his unspeakable grief, she had died of a fever, occasioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excursion.

By this time, Mr Lismahago was elected sachem, acknowledged first warrior of the badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Ocoacanastaogarara, which signifies *simble as a weasel*; but all these advantages and honours he was obliged to resign in consequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the English. At the peace, he had sold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to pass the rest of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find some retreat where his slender finances would afford him a decent subsistence. Such are the out-lines of Mr Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha *did seriously incline her ear*;—indeed she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor *for the dangers he had passed*.

The description of poor Murphy's sufferings, which threw my sister Liddy into a swoon, extracted some sighs from the breast of Mrs Tabby; when she understood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, she began to spit, and ejaculated, 'Jesus, what cruel barbarians!' and she made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repast; but she was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage-dress; whether she wore high-breasted stays or boddices, a robe of silk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or minionette—she supposed, as they were connected with the French, she used *rouge*, and had her hair dressed in the Parisian fashion. The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all these particulars, observing, in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own customs to adopt the modes of any nation whatsoever: he said, moreover, that neither the simplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of those articles of luxury which are deemed magnificent in Europe; and that they were too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

These observations served only to inflame her desire of

knowing the particulars about which she had inquired; and, with all his evasion, he could not help discovering the following circumstances—that his princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen—that her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket; fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer; but of ornaments she had great plenty.—Her hair was curiously plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone—one eye-lid was painted green, and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead as far as the tip of the nose;—a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils—there was a blue stone set in the chin—her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickory, of the size and shape of drumsticks—her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum—her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads—she wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven grass, elegantly painted with various colours—about her neck was hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle;—and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odour.

One would imagine that these paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady; but Mrs Tabitha was resolved to approve of all the captain's connections.—She wished, indeed, the squaw had been better provided with linen; but she owned there was much taste and fancy in her ornaments; she made no doubt, therefore, that Madam Squinkinacosta was a young lady of good sense and rare accomplishments, and a good christian at bottom. Then she asked whether his consort had been high-church or low-church, presbyterian or anabaptist, or had been favoured with any glimmering of the new light of the gospel? When he confessed that she and her whole nation were utter strangers to the christian faith, she gazed at him with signs of astonishment, and Humphry Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After some pause, 'In the name of God, captain Lisamahago,' cried she, 'what religion do they profess?' 'As to religion, Madam,' answered the lieutenant, 'it is among those Indians a matter of great simplicity—they never heard of any *Alliance between Church and State*.—They, in general, worship two contending principles; one the Feun-

tain of all Good, the other the source of Evil.—The common people there, as in other countries, run into the absurdities of superstition ; but sensible men pay adoration to a Supreme Being, who created and sustains the universe.' 'O ! what pity,' exclaimed the pious Tabby, 'that some holy man has not been inspired to go and convert these poor heathens !'

The lieutenant told her that while he resided among them, two French missionaries arrived in order to convert them to the catholic religion ; but when they talked of mysteries and revelations, which they could neither explain nor authenticate, and called in the evidence of miracles which they believed upon hearsay ; when they taught, that the Supreme Creator of heaven and earth had allowed his only Son, his own equal in power and glory, to enter the bowels of a woman, to be born as a human creature, to be insulted, flagellated, and even executed as a malefactor ; when they pretended to create God himself, to swallow, digest, revive, and multiply him *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were shocked at the impiety of their presumption.—They were examined by the assembly of the sachems, who desired them to prove the divinity of their mission by some miracle.—They answered, that it was not in their power.—'If you were really sent by Heaven for our conversion, (said one of the sachems,) you would certainly have some supernatural endowments, at least you would have the gift of tongues, in order to explain your doctrine to the different nations among which you are employed ; but you are so ignorant of our language, that you cannot express yourselves even on the most trifling subjects.'

In a word, the assembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even suspected them of being spies.—They ordered them a bag of Indian corn a-piece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers ; but the missionaries having more zeal than discretion, refused to quit the vineyard.—They persisted in saying mass, in preaching, baptizing, and squabbling with the conjurers, or priests of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confusion.—Then the assembly proceeded to try them as impious impostors, who represented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being, and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleasure : they were, therefore, convicted of blasphemy and sedition, and condemned to the stake, where

they died singing *Salve regina*, in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom which they had thus obtained.

In the course of this conversation, lieutenant Lisamahago dropt some hints by which it appeared he himself was a freethinker. Our aunt seemed to be startled at certain sarcasms he threw out against the creed of saint Athanasius. —He dwelt much upon the words, *reason, philosophy, and contradiction in terms*—he bid defiance to the eternity of hell-fire; and even threw such squibs at the immortality of the soul, as singed a little the whiskers of Mrs Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, she began to look upon Lisamahago as a prodigy of learning and sagacity.—In short, he could be no longer insensible to the advances she made towards his affection; and although there was something repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities.—Perhaps he thought it would be no bad scheme, in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable in the sag-end of his days.—An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals.—He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourses with the treacle of compliment and commendation.—He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk grass, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinecosta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting expeditions.

From Doncaster northwards, all the windows of all the inns are scrawled with doggrel rhymes, in abuse of the Scotch nation; and what surprised me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination.—Curious to hear what Lisamahago would say on this subject, I pointed out to him a very scurrilous epigram against his countrymen which was engraved on one of the windows of the parlour where we sat.—He read it with the most starched composure; and when I asked his opinion of the poetry, 'It is *vara terse* and *vara poignant*,' said he; 'but with the help of a wat dish-clout, it might be rendered more clear and parspicous.—I marvel much that some modern wit has not published a collection of these essays under the title of *The Glazier's Triumph over Sawney the Scot*.—I'm persuaded it would be a *vara agreeable* offering to the patriots of London and Westminster.' When I expressed

some surprise that the natives of Scotland, who travel this way, had not broke all the windows upon the road, 'With submission,' replied the lieutenant, 'that were but shallow policy—it would only serve to make the satire more cutting and severe; and, I think it is much better to let it stand in the window, than have it presented in the reckoning.'

My uncle's jaws began to quiver with indignation.—He said, the scribblers of such infamous stuff deserved to be scourged at the cart's tail for disgracing their country with such monuments of malice and stupidity.—'These vermin,' said he, 'do not consider that they are affording their fellow-subjects, whom they abuse, continual matter of self-gratulation, as well as the means of executing the most manly vengeance that can be taken for such low, illiberal attacks. For my part, I admire the philosophic forbearance of the Scots, as much as I despise the insolence of those wretched libellers, which is akin to the arrogance of the village cock, who never crows but upon his own dunghill.' The captain, with an affectation of candour, observed, that men of illiberal minds were produced in every soil; that in supposing those were the sentiments of the English in general, he should pay too great a compliment to his own country, which was not of consequence enough to attract the envy of such a flourishing and powerful people.

Mrs Tabby broke forth again in praise of his moderation, and declared that Scotland was the soil which produced every virtue under heaven.—When Lismahago took his leave for the night, she asked her brother if the captain was not the prettiest gentleman he had ever seen, and whether there was not something wonderfully engaging in his aspect?—Mr Bramble having eyed her some time in silence, 'Sister,' said he, 'the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honest man, and a good officer—he has a considerable share of understanding, and a title to more encouragement than he seems to have met with in life; but I cannot, with a safe conscience, affirm, that he is the prettiest gentleman I ever saw; neither can I discern any engaging charm in his countenance, which, I vow to God, is, on the contrary, very hard-favoured and forbidding.'

THOMAS HOPE.

WERE he who complained that nature is monotonous because it furnishes *only* earth, air, and water, now to 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' it is to be hoped that there would be found in the Novels of the present day that which might assist in dispelling his *ennui*. Failing in this, however, from the exhaustless profusion with which they are lavished on the public, he might still draw the melancholy consolation of adding them to his catalogue of reasons for pronouncing this 'goodly frame' to be stale, flat, and unprofitable. To say that a species of composition so popular has produced no bad effects, were to say of it what can never hold true of any thing over which human beings have a controlling power; but, to prove that very different results have also followed from this popularity, we need only refer to the admirable pictures of national manners exclusively given in some of our novels both of the last and present century. What historian can, in this respect, compare with Richardson or Mackenzie? Hume, and Henry, and Turner have written learnedly and accurately on the manners of our Saxon and Norman ancestors; but who of them has written so effectively as the author of *Ivanhoe*? Without multiplying examples, we assume it as indisputable, that many of our novelists deserve no slight praise for the skill with which they have performed a duty peculiar to the historian,—a duty never more successfully discharged than by the accomplished author of *ANASTASIUS*, which, displaying a fervour of imagination and acquaintance with human character sufficient to render it valuable as a work of fiction, at the same time imparts a livelier conception of the manners

of Greece and Turkey, than could ever be derived from all the quartos of all the Sonninis and all the Classical Tourists who ever mused amid the ruins of the Acropolis. Valuable in itself, this work also furnishes a singular proof that genius, like the chameleon, may assume appearances seemingly inconsistent. Its author, THOMAS HOPE, Esq., had been known in the literary world only as a tasteful improver on the internal decoration of houses, or for similar prosaic qualifications; and it is not surprising though doubts were entertained regarding the identity of the author of a work which betrays the poet in every page, and the compiler of tomes on the costume of the ancients.* Such pursuits must have been far from congenial to talents capable of producing these *Memoirs of a Greek*, which, for depth of thought, fidelity to nature, and gracefulness of style, may at once challenge comparison with every similar work. Its portraitures, besides being original, are moulded into varieties of shade and colouring so agreeable as to ensure to the author a lasting reputation. Though most of the characters are bold and well drawn, the hero, contrary to a practice now become too prevalent, never fails to engross our attention; but, usually exhibited in disgusting colours, we contract not affection for one who, the constant sport of all the varying passions that can distract the youthful breast, gives little evidence of an aspiration after better things. That the author possesses no ordinary power over his subject, that his narrative is interesting, and his diction elegant, can appear only to those who have perused his work; but the pathetic episode which forms our extract will, of itself, bear us out in saying that he has fathomed the depths of the human heart, and drunk copiously of the well of human feeling. It takes up his adventures on the morning after

* The titles of his other works are: *Household Furniture and Interior Decorations*, fol.; *The Costume of the Ancients*, roy. 8vo.; *Designs of Modern Costume*, fol.

Anastasius, instigated by an engagement rashly entered into with his dissolute companions more than by any passion for her whom he despoils, has, through the connivance of Sophia her unprincipled attendant, forcibly accomplished the ruin of Euphrosyne, a Greek maiden of unsullied purity on the eve of being united to Argyropoli, a wealthy Smyrniote.

EUPHROSYNE.

I HAD scarcely given the last twist to my turban, when a distant clamour in the street drew me to the window, and made me espy a veiled female, whose uncertain gait and faltering steps had attracted the notice of a troop of foolish boys, and made them follow her with loud hootings. It was impossible not to set down in my mind one so carefully wrapped up and so fearful of being recognised, as the partner of my guilt, coming to demand the wages of her iniquity; and all that baffled my utmost power of conjecture was the change from Sophia's wonted boldness of demeanour, to the apparent timidity and helplessness palpably manifested by my approaching visitor. I could only attribute the phenomenon to Sophia's dismissal from Chrysopulo's family, branded with the marks of public disgrace; on which account I immediately sallied forth to offer her a safe conduct to my abode. My surprise still increased, when, tendering my ally the protection of my arm, I first saw her hesitate, then shuddering withdraw her hand already clasped in mine, and at last only suffered herself to be dragged into my habitation, after the terror produced by the insults of the gathering mob had as it were entirely deprived her of consciousness; but my astonishment only rose to its highest pitch, when, tearing off the cumbrous veils, in order to give the fainting maiden some air, I beheld, instead of the daring Sophia, the gentle, the reserved Euphrosyne herself, who scarcely on recovering her senses had time to cast her eyes around her, ere, again sinking down to the ground, she struck her face against the floor, and began wringing her hands with every symptom of the bitterest anguish.

The cause of her having quitted her home I was at a loss

to conjecture, but the effect it had of bringing her to mine I hailed at first as a highly fortunate circumstance. Thus would my triumph be blazoned forth without my word being broken. When, however, I witnessed the excess of my fair one's grief, contrasted as it was with my own joy, I too felt moved, tried to assuage her sorrow by every expression of pity and concern, and, as soon as she seemed able to speak, ventured to inquire what had caused her coming forth thus unattended and forlorn, at the very time when I supposed all Smyrna collected to witness her brilliant nuptials?

'My nuptials,' echoed she with a smile of bitterness,—now first suffering her voice to strike my ear,—'when my dishonour is the universal theme!' 'The universal theme!' repeated I,—truly dismayed in my turn. 'Then may Heaven's direst curse alight upon her who has divulged it!' 'That was myself,' replied Euphrosyne, 'and your curse has struck home!' I remained mute with surprise. 'Could I,' rejoined my mistress, 'to dishonour add deceit? Could I bring a dower of infamy to the man so noble, so generous, that even after my frightful tale he spurned me not away from him;—to the man who deigned in pity to affirm, that my avowal of my involuntary shame rendered me worthier in his eyes, and gave him a stronger assurance of my fidelity, than if I had come to his arms as spotless in body as in mind?'—'And who,' added I, 'after this sublime speech, ended by rejecting you.' 'Ah no!' cried Euphrosyne, 'it was I who rejected him: it was I who refused to carry reproach into the house of a stranger, and who for that crime was threatened by my own friends with being cast off, and thrown upon the wide world, helpless and unprotected!—But,' added she, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing more bitterly than before, 'I suffered not the threat to grow into a reality; I waited not to be turned out of doors. I resolved at once upon the only step which was left me; I asked permission to go to our church, in order that in my fervent prayers Heaven might inspire me how to act, and, when alone and in the street, tried to find out your abode, and to seek refuge where alone I had claims!' 'What then,' exclaimed I, 'from your very threshold you had determined—whatever happened—to cross mine? and it was not the shouts of the mob only . . . ? I fancied that I felt you shrinking from my touch, when, in compassion, I seized hold of your hand.' 'And could I execute

the resolve which I have owned, and not shudder at the thoughts of its baleful consequences?"

These now began to present themselves to my own mind also, in long and fearful array. At first, indeed, the surprise on beholding Euphrosyne thus unexpectedly, the consciousness of my own iniquities, the exultation at seeing its triumph sealed without the smallest violation of my promise, and the sympathy excited by my mistress's evident sufferings, together with a thousand other mixed and indescribable sensations, had induced a momentary forgetfulness of all those reports against Euphrosyne's character which had encouraged me to prosecute my plan, had made that plan receive its fulfilment, and had in their turn been confirmed by my very success. But on hearing, not only of an act so uncalled-for as Euphrosyne's spontaneous disclosure of her shame, so wanton as her refusal of her still urging suitor, and so strange as her deliberately leaving her husband for her despoiler, the truth—dimmed for a moment—seemed again to burst upon me, and with increased evidence. I now conceived that even my crime might only be the pretence, rather than the real reason of Euphrosyne's renouncing an advantageous match. Her former dishonour again rising to my mind, lent even her present conduct the colouring of artifice; and if I thought it hard upon me that an assignation proposed by my mistress herself—and that assignation too, proposed by her as not only the first, but also the last, for which I could hope—should end her inflicting upon me the burden of her permanent support, I thought it harder still to be thus heavily visited in consequence of the sins of others. That shelter, therefore, which I had gladly granted Euphrosyne, while it only seemed accidental and transient, I now began to grudge her, when it appeared purposely sought as the beginning only of a sojourn which was to have no end; and the burthen of this permanent society was what I determined to ward off to the utmost of my power.

To give my real reasons for so doing, was impossible. On reviewing every past circumstance, I felt that from the first wording of the assignation to the close of the interview the successive incidents had been so conducted as to leave me, with every presumptive evidence, not one positive proof of Euphrosyne's having given her consent to my stolen pleasures. No argument against my compliance with her wishes, founded upon her complying too readily with mine—however valid in itself—I therefore knew would be admitted:

and as to the report of her prior guilt with others,—even my own vanity shrunk from suffering an imputation so odious to lessen the merit of my victory, or the value of my prize : besides I read in the streaming eyes, piteously fixed upon mine, pangs too acute still to increase them by a reproach which must inflict equal agony whether just or unfounded. Appearing, therefore, to speak more from tenderness for her whom I addressed, than for myself, ‘Euphrosyne,’ said I, ‘it was unwise, methinks, to divulge what but for your own spontaneous avowal might have remained an inscrutable secret ; it was a thousand times more unwise still, when you found that by an unexampled privilege this deterred not your suitor, yourself to refuse him ; but it seems to me the very height of folly willingly to court every form of disgrace, where, as it appears, you still may enjoy every species of distinction. You cannot justify your conduct in casting without necessity such a stain upon your family. Hasten, then, to repair the mischief while you still are in time ; return home immediately, as if you had only offered up a hurried prayer in the church, and obviate by your ready acceptance of the worthy Argyropoli all the impending consequences of your thoughtless and precipitate step.’

Alas ! I addressed one who, wholly bewildered by her own feelings, heeded not, perhaps heard not my words. Euphrosyne, fixing upon me an eye at once vacant and supplicating, continued to preserve an unbroken, and, as I thought, stubborn silence, until at last I deemed it necessary to use terms more decisive and peremptory. Taking two or three hasty strides across the room, as if still to increase the ferment of my already heated blood : ‘Euphrosyne,’ cried I, ‘it is impossible you can stay with me. I myself am a wanderer on the face of the globe,—to-day here,—to-morrow perhaps flying to the earth’s furthest extremity. Your remaining under my uncertain roof can only end in total ruin to us both. I must insist upon your quitting my abode, ere your own be no longer accessible to your tardy repentance.’

‘Ah no !’ now cried Euphrosyne, convulsively clasping my knees : ‘be not so barbarous ! Shut not your own door against her, against whom you have barred every once friendly door. Do not deny her whom you have dishonoured the only asylum she has left. If I cannot be your wife, let me be your slave, your drudge. No service, however mean, shall I recoil from when you command. At least before you I shall not have to blush. In your eyes I shall

not be, what I must seem in those of others : I shall not from you incur the contempt, which I must expect from my former companions ; and my diligence to execute the lowest offices you may require, will earn for me, not wholly as a bare alms at your hands, that support which, however scanty, I can elsewhere only receive as an unmerited indulgence. Since I did a few days please your eye, I may still please it a few days longer :—perhaps a few days longer, therefore, I may still wish to live ; and when that last blessing, your love, is gone by,—when my cheek, faded with grief, has lost the last attraction that could meet your favour, then speak, then tell me so, that, burdening you no longer, I may retire and die !

Spite of the tears of sincere sympathy with which I answered this speech, the conviction that all might still be by diligence hushed up, was going to make me urge more strenuously than before Euphrosyne's immediate return, when a new incident took place, which wholly changed my inclinations and my feelings.

This was no less than a sudden and forcible invasion of my lodgings by the maiden's relations. It had soon been discovered by them, that, instead of going to the church, she had come to my abode ; and her friends had thereupon walked forth in a body to claim the stray lamb, and to carry it back to the fold.

Chrysopulo himself indeed was not of the party : it only consisted of half a dozen of his first and second cousins ;—but this posse broke in upon me unceremoniously enough, just as I was urging my mistress by every motive in heaven and upon earth, not to delay her departure another minute, and immediately proceeded to effect by force, what I was only trying to obtain by persuasion.

My readers already know how little I liked the interference of strangers in my concerns, and how apt I was to act in opposition to their wishes and counsels, from no other motive but to assert my independence, or to show my daring : they will not therefore be much surprised to hear that this unlooked-for incident caused a sudden and entire revolution in my sentiments, and that, from wishing Euphrosyne to go, while she expressed a wish to stay, I now would have detained her by force, even if she had wished to go. Taking hold, therefore, of the maiden by one arm, while Chrysopulo's friends were pulling her away by the other, I swore that nothing short of death should make me give up a perse-

cuted angel, which had thought fit to seek my protection ; and as Euphrosyne herself, when appealed to, seemed to sanction my proceedings, by drawing her veil over her blushing features, her friends were at last induced by the persuasive gestures which accompanied my words, to give up all further attempts at violent measures.

In truth they rejoiced in their vile hearts at having it to say, that an insurmountable resistance had baffled all their efforts. Euphrosyne had early been left an orphan : her nearest of kin were all dead ; and, though the more distant relations, to whose lot it fell to protect her, would have upheld their fair cousin most sedulously in the world, while they had any chance of deriving an additional lustre from her establishment, they were willing enough to drop the connection, as soon 'as her situation was likely to reflect discredit on their name. However loud and boisterous, therefore, might be the wish they expressed of restoring the fugitive to her family, there lurked not the less satisfaction at the bottom when they found her resolved not to go : and while they pretended to feel exceedingly hurt at Euphrosyne's refusal, they took her at her word with the utmost alacrity, or rather suffered her mere silence to stand for a denial. Devoutly lifting up their eyes to heaven, and drawing discordant groans from their flinty bosoms, they turned away from one whom they saw so irreclaimably abandoned, and hurried out of the house, lest she should change her mind ere they were out of hearing. When, however, they found themselves safe, as they thought, in the street, they stopt to announce for the benefit of all who passed by, their determination to renounce so unworthy a namesake. Thenceforth they were to regard the nameless profligate as among the departed, and, happen what might, never more to inquire after her fate ; and to their credit be it spoken, they adhered in that instance most religiously to their humane and pious vow.

My undisturbed possession of Chrysopulo's fair cousin, therefore, was now a matter settled ; and the lofty, the admired Euphrosyne, who that very morning might still have beheld all Smyrna at her feet, saw herself before mid-day installed in the lodging of a roving adventurer, as his avowed and public mistress ! Of her maid Sophia the lovely girl could give no account. While Chrysopulo continued in hopes of seeing the affair hushed up, he abstained from rousing the anger of this fiend, by expressing his suspicions ; but the moment Euphrosyne herself had made public her

adventure, Sophia, no longer feeling safe in the family, had disappeared; nor had she since been heard of;—but her louring fate was the least of my cares. The foremost at present was the payment of the sums I had won. The addition to my establishment permitted me not to be unmindful of my interests. As soon, therefore, as I had said and performed whatever seemed most calculated to dispel Euphrosyne's settled gloom, I immediately walked to the meeting place of our Society, and found its members in council assembled. My first salutation was a demand upon each: but, to my unutterable dismay, the first answer was a loud and universal burst of laughter at my presumption. As soon as this peal of merriment had subsided a little, I was told that I might think myself well off in having nothing to pay instead of to receive; and on demanding a further explanation, I learned that the infernal Sophia had been beforehand with me, and, the instant she left the house of Chrysopulo, had gone round to all my companions, in the first place indeed to inform them of my success with Euphrosyne, but, in the next, to comfort them with the assurance that neither my vanity nor my fortune could derive any advantage from my triumph, as it had only been the consequence of my fair one's prior frailties,—of those frailties which my confidant had solemnly sworn to me never to divulge. Every person present therefore immediately called out 'a drawn wager!' and I was deemed disqualified from claiming a single para! What could I do with a bad cause, and a parcel of fellows each to the full as sturdy as myself? Only this: to renounce with a good grace what I clearly saw I should never obtain, and to join in the laugh at my own impudence; 'of which,' I observed, 'it was worth while at any rate to try the effect.' But tolerably as I had contrived to preserve my good humour with my strapping companions, the case became different when, returning to Euphrosyne, I met Sophia coming at full speed, to receive from those who had just mocked me the reward of her treachery. Great as was the disappointment experienced in my purse, it seemed nothing to the wound inflicted on my pride. The fate of a lovely female had been connected with mine by links even more indissoluble than those of matrimony, since a divorce could not restore her to her home,—and this partner of my life had been branded with infamy;—and by her in whom she had most confided!—The insulting epithets still rang in my ear, which had been

showered on my mistress, through the spite of the infernal Sophia. So conscious, indeed, was this wicked girl of her iniquity, that, far from seeming to harbour any thoughts of enforcing her still unsettled claims on her first employer, the moment I appeared in her sight she tried to make her escape,—but it was too late ! ‘ Wretch ! ’ cried I, ‘ thus then you have performed your promise. Now behold in what way I perform mine ! ’ And hereupon I seized her by the wrist, and retorting upon her, in the midst of the gaping crowd, every disgraceful epithet which her malignancy had drawn down upon Euphrosyne, I terrified the vile woman into fainting, and then left her to recover in the filth of Smyrna’s foulest kennel ! Thanks to this cool immersion she tarried not to revive ; but no sooner did the fury think herself safe from my wrath, than setting up a hellish laugh, ‘ Wipe clean your Euphrosyne,’ cried she, ‘ ere you bespatter others with the dirt which you have gained ! ’ and then walked off with threatening gesture—alternately wishing me joy of my prize, and auguring me the reward of my guilt. Heated as I was with passion, her curses made my blood run cold, and in return I would have chilled for ever the noisome tide in her own viper veins—with a home thrust of my dagger,—had I not been prevented that time, by the mob, from crushing the reptile !

But its venomous bite left a print in my heart which no power could efface ! To fail in all my schemes both of profit and of pride ; to be burdened with the whole weight of my mistress’s existence, while bereft of all esteem for her character ; to feel myself the victim of her deceit or the sport of her caprice, when her real tenderness had already been prostituted ;—and more than that, to find the shame which I had hoped to bury in the inmost recesses of my own bosom, divulged to all the world ; to be pointed at with derision by those very companions over whom I had made sure to triumph—were tortures beyond my strength to bear ; or at least, to bear alone ; and the embers of affection for my new inmate still glowing in my breast, when I last left my home, seemed all extinguished ere I again crossed my threshold. If, however, I only returned to my abode with the determination of making my guest a partaker in all the sufferings drawn down by her last insane act upon myself, it was also with the full intent to keep the cause of my behaviour locked for ever within my own swelling heart ! Why indeed dwell without necessity upon

the painful thoughts of an infamy, of which I was unable to bring the proof, and despaired of extorting the confession! Under her former playfulness of manner Euphrosyne had always concealed great decision of character. She had shrunk from going home to a husband or from staying with friends whose reproach she must fear, or whose forbearance endure. Me alone she had considered as accountable for whatever home and felicity my offence had deprived her of elsewhere; and to me she had come for refuge, as to the only person who still owed her protection: but she had come oppressed with the sense of her dishonour; she had come with such deep anguish at the heart, that, had the fruitfulness of her imagination still broke forth amid her glowing shame into the smallest bud of sprightliness or fancy, she would have thought it a duty to crush the tender blossoms, as weeds whose rank luxuriance ill became her fallen state. Nothing but the most unremitting tenderness on my part could in some degree have revived her drooping spirits.

But when after my excursion and the act of justice on Sophia in which it ended, I re-appeared before the still trembling Euphrosyne, she saw too soon that that cordial of the heart must not be expected. One look she cast upon my countenance, as I sat down in silence, sufficed to inform her of my total change of sentiments;—and the responsive look by which it was met, tore for ever from her breast the last seeds of hope and confidence. Like the wounded snail she shrunk within herself, and thenceforth cloaked in unceasing sadness, never more expanded to the sunshine of joy. With her buoyancy of spirits she seemed even to lose all her quickness of intellect, nay all her readiness of speech; so that, not only fearing to embark with her in serious conversation, but even finding no response in her mind to lighter topics, I at last began to nauseate her seeming torpor and dulness, and to roam abroad even more frequently than before a partner of my fate remained at home, to count the tedious hours of my absence; while she—poor miserable creature—dreading the sneers of an unfeeling world, passed her time under my roof in dismal and heart-breaking solitude.

Had the most patient endurance of the most intemperate sallies been able to soothe my disappointment and to soften my hardness, Euphrosyne's angelic sweetness must at last have conquered: but in my jaundiced eye her resignation only tended to strengthen the conviction of her shame:

and I saw in her forbearance nothing but the consequence of her debasement, and the consciousness of her guilt. ‘Did her heart,’ thought I, ‘bear witness to a purity on which my audacity dared first to cast a blemish, she could not remain thus tame, thus spiritless, under such an aggravation of my wrongs; and either she would be the first to quit my merciless roof, or at least she would not so fearfully avoid giving me even the most unfounded pretence for denying her its shelter,—She must merit her sufferings to bear them so meekly!’

Hence, even when moved to real pity by gentleness so enduring, I seldom relented in my apparent sternness. In order to conquer, or at least to conceal sentiments which I considered as effects only of weakness, I even forced myself on these occasions to increased severity. Unable to go the length of parting from a friendless outcast, even though—conformable to her own terms—the continuance of my love was to have given the measure of her stay, I almost banished myself entirely from my own home, and plunged more headlong than ever into extravagance and dissipation. Unto this period I had quaffed my wine, to enjoy its flavour: I now drank to drive away my senses. Unto this period I had gamed to beguile an idle hour: I now played to produce in my spirits a brief intoxication. I stayed out while I was able to renew my stake, and only returned home when utterly exhausted by my losses. Nay, when Euphrosyne, after sitting up alone all night, saw me return—pale and feverish—in the broad glare of the next morning, it was often only to be pursued by all the spleen collected during my nocturnal excesses. Yet she tarried on: for to me she had sacrificed her all, and though in me she found nothing but a thorn, yet to that thorn she clung, as to that on which alone now hung her whole existence!

Euphrosyne was wont to keep in readiness for me a hot cup of coffee, when I came in from my nightly revels. After gambling, it served as a restorative; but after drinking, it was the only thing capable of allaying the sort of temporary madness, with which wine always affected my irritable brain. One morning, when alternate losses at dice and libations to Bacchus had sent me home half frantic, instead of finding my mistress as usual all alacrity to minister the reviving draught, to chafe my throbbing temples, and to perform what other soothing offices her awe of me permitted, I found her lying on the floor in a swoon. I only

thought her asleep ; but, on attempting to lift her up, her features were bruised and her face besmeared with blood. Unnerved by excess and shaking with agitation, my arm however was wholly unable to support even her light weight, and I let her drop again. She thought I did so on purpose, for, raising her head with great effort, she fixed on my countenance her haggard tearless eyes, and clasping her hands together, for the first time vented her anguish in audible words.—‘ I had been warned,’ she cried, with half stifled emotion.

‘ How ?’ said I.

‘ That morning,’ answered she, ‘ when unexpectedly you appeared among us in the meadow, you were scarcely out of sight when the cause of your coming was discussed. We agreed—foolish girls, as we were,—that chance alone had not brought you to that place, and drew lots to find out where lurked the secret attraction. I got the prize, if prize it could be called ! A friend some years older than myself, observing my emotion, “ Euphrosyne,” she whispered, “ if you care not for that stranger, frolic with him as you like ; but if ever he should gain your affections, O ! avoid him like a pestilence. From the moment that he knows himself the master of your heart, he will treat it as wayward children do their toys ; he will not rest until he has broken it.”

‘ This was but the first warning, and only given by a human voice,’ continued my mistress : ‘ A higher admonition came straight from heaven ! You know the marble image found in our field which now adorns our garden. Once, they say, it was flesh and blood,—a hapless maiden like myself ; but, alas, less susceptible, and therefore turned into stone. On the night of your outrage, as I rose from my prayer—from the prayer which at that time I neither neglected nor felt afraid to utter—a deep hollow moan issued from its snowy bosom ! another and a louder shriek was heard when I spoke to Argyropoli ; and one still more dismal than the former rent the air, when I left my kinsman’s roof to fly to your arms !’

‘ And warned even by an insensible stone,’ I cried, ‘ you would not see the precipice ?’

‘ Ah !’ exclaimed Euphrosyne, ‘ reproach me with any thing but my love. It was that which, in spite of every circumstance, that should have opened my eyes, still kept me blind.’

‘ Your love,’ cried I, ‘ neither merits my reproach, nor

yet calls for my praise. It depends not on ourselves to withhold our affections, as it depends not on us to renovate a worn-out passion.

‘Is it then true,’ cried Euphrosyne, ‘that you love me no more?’

‘Has not that question been answered already?’ said I peevishly: ‘but you will not understand unless all is spoken!’

At these words Euphrosyne put her hands to her ears, as if fearing to hear her formal dismissal; and immediately ran to shut herself in her adjoining chamber. I left the wayward girl to the solitude she sought, and, unable to obtain any refreshment at home, immediately went out again. Exhausted with watching, sleep overcame me in the Coffee-house where I had sought my breakfast, and as soon as I felt somewhat recruited by its welcome intrusion, a detachment of our party carried me away by force, to make me woo afresh fickle fortune at the gaming table. Within the irresistible influence of its magic circle, I stayed, and played, and drank, and slept—and played, and drank, and slept again—till, reeling out in the dark, to go home, I fell from the steps, sprained my ankle, cut my face, and lay for a time senseless on the pavement. Carried in again, as soon as discovered in this plight, it became my fate to be tied by the leg in the very gambling room, where the hazardous shake of the elbow had already kept me spell bound so long.

I was so far an economist of time, as always to devote that of forced confinement to the irksome business of reflection; and I had a great deal of that sort of occupation accumulating on my hands, to employ my present leisure. The unconcern of my pretended friends on seeing me suffer, very soon made me draw unfavourable comparisons of their sentiments with those of Euphrosyne. Granting that she had been too susceptible before she knew me, how patient, how penitent, how devoted had she shown herself ever since! yet how cruel the return I had made, and how deep the last wound I had inflicted!

The thought grew so irksome, that, not daring to send for my mistress among a set of scoffers, and yet impatient to make her amends, I crept, as soon as the dawn again arose, off my couch, stole away, and limped home.

When I knocked at my door, no one answered from within. Louder I therefore knocked and louder; but with no better success. At last my heart sunk within me, and

my knees began to totter. Euphrosyne never stirred out—could she—? I dreaded to know the truth, and yet I was near going mad with the delay. She might be ill, and unable to come down, though not yet beyond the reach of succour, or the comfort of kindness. It was possible she heard me, and had not strength to answer, or to let me in. Timely assistance still perhaps might save her: even tardy tenderness, though shown too late to arrest her fleeting soul, might still at least allay the bitterness of its departure. A word, a look of sympathy might solace her last moments, and waft her spirit on lighter wings to heaven!

Frantic with impatience, I endeavoured to break open the sullen door, but could only curse its perverse steadiness in doing its duty. In despair at the delay, I was going for an axe to hew it from its hinges, when an old deaf neighbour, who began to suspect she heard a noise, came down half dressed to lend her assistance. She employed nearly as much time before she let herself out, as I had lost in trying to get in. At last, however, her feeble efforts were crowned with success. Forth she came, and put on her spectacles to scrutinize my person. A deliberate survey having satisfied her respecting my identity, she thrust her withered arm deep in her ample pocket, and drew out fifty things which neither of us wanted, before she ended by producing the key of my lodging; which she put into my hands with a low courtesy, as having been left in her care by the Lady who had taken her departure.

‘Thank God!—I have not killed her!’ was my first exclamation. ‘That weight at least is off my burdened mind!’ and as soon as I had sufficiently recovered my breath, I inquired of the old woman the time and circumstances of Euphrosyne’s disappearance:—what conveyance had taken her away; in what direction she went; and above all what message she had left?

These were useless queries, and the frequent repetition of them for the purpose of being understood, a fruitless expenditure of breath. It took me half an hour to make my neighbour hear me: and when I succeeded at last, so near was she to dotage, that I could make nothing of her answers. On my asking as the least perplexing question, how long the key had been in the old goody’s possession, she could only say ‘ever since it had been given her.’

Despairing of more explicit intelligence outside my threshold, I went in, and in three strides reached the top of

the stairs, and my own empty room. From that I ran into the next, equally empty and desolate ; looked upon every table and shelf, under every seat and cushion, in every box and drawer, and behind every chest and wardrobe. My hopes were to find some letter, some note, some scrap of paper, written, if not in kindness, at least in anger, to inform me which way my poor girl had fled : but I looked in vain ; there was nothing !

I possessed no clue whatever to a probable solution of my doubts ; I could form no opinion on the strange event ; I sat down in mute amazement, trying to think, and yet finding no point on which to fix my thoughts. At last, as my eyes continued to wander in total vacancy round the room, they fell upon some writing which assuredly had not been intended to court my sight ; for it ran along the skirting of the wainscoat, and could only have been written by Euphrosyne, with her pencil as she lay on the ground. I stooped down to read, and only found some broken sentences, probably traced by my mistress when she left me the last time to seek refuge in solitude. The sense seemed addressed to herself more than to her destroyer, and the words were mostly effaced :—thus ran the few legible lines.

‘ At last he has spoken plainly !—I shall go—no matter where !—Let him rejoice. On boasting of his triumphs of unsuspecting innocence, he may now add—“ I have ruined Euphrosyne ! ”—and be proud to think a greater fall from purity to corruption, from honour to infamy, and from happiness to misery, was never achieved by human hands ! ’ Then followed a string of half obliterated words, among which all I could make out was an invocation to the Almighty, not to withhold from me its blessings, nor to visit on Selim poor Euphrosyne’s wrongs ! A thousand daggers seemed on reading this sentence to pierce my heart at once. Every thing remained as I had left it, except Euphrosyne alone ! She had taken nothing with her ; for she had nothing to take :—the last articles of her apparel, worth any money, had been sold to supply her necessities, or rather my extravagance.

A film now all at once dropped from before my eyes, and my former behaviour presented itself to me in a totally new light. Though I might still believe,—and indeed now most anxiously wished to believe, for the relief of my goaded conscience—that Euphrosyne had not at all times been equally watchful of that perfect purity she boasted ; that in

some unguarded moment the inexperience of early youth had suffered her virtue to contract a slight speck ; that the tale so boldly told by her waiting woman was not wholly without foundation : yet on contemplating her conduct on that eventful day, when she might for ever have wrapped every former stain in the ample impenetrability of the nuptial veil, but with a magnanimous disdain of all meanness or subterfuge, resigned herself to poverty, persecution, and disgrace, for the sake of rigid righteousness, I could not doubt that already at that period, at least, the mental corruption, the taint of the soul (if ever it had existed) had been in the eye of supreme mercy washed away by repentance, and had left the whole crime of plunging a noble creature into inextricable ruin chargeable to my account alone !

And supposing that even the tale of Euphrosyne's early frailty itself—that only sheet anchor of my conscience amid a sea of distracting doubts—should after all turn out a mere fabrication, as seemed from Sophia's unprincipled conduct a thing not impossible : supposing the whole first chapter of Euphrosyne's short history should have been nothing but a scene of artless innocence ; nay, supposing that the thoughtless girl should really have been ignorant even of the assignation whence arose all her sorrows ; supposing that when she first came in agony to my abode only to avoid a public expulsion from her own, she should have had nothing with which to reproach her own heart, but some latent sparks of love for her despoiler ; supposing I thus had only plunged into everlasting perdition a being, throughout the whole of her once happy career as unexceptionable in conduct as she had been enviable in circumstances : and that, for no purpose but to end her race of undeserved sufferings, by turning her out of doors, and forcing her upon the wide world without a friend, a relation, or a home,—and at a time too when her situation demanded more than ordinary tenderness !—the thought was too dreadful even for me to bear ; it racked me to the soul ; and what rendered my remorse doubly pungent, love itself, that love which I had thought long annihilated, seemed to re-enter at the rents torn in my heart by pity. A thousand excellences in my mistress, before unheeded, now flashed upon my mind. From the embers of a more sensual flame, extinguished almost as soon as raised, now burst forth a brighter intellec-

tual blaze never before experienced; as from a body in dissolution arise flames of pure ethereal fire.

Sorrow, self-reproach, and uncertainty seemed for a while to deprive me of all power of exertion; but the moment a ray of hope roused me from motionless dismay into fresh activity, I ran frantic all over Smyrna in search of my lost mistress. I abruptly stopped in the street every person, high or low, male or female, whom I thought likely to have witnessed her escape; I forcibly invaded every house in which I fancied she might be concealed. No place capable of harbouring any thing in the human shape, and which I dared investigate, did I leave unexplored. Of the individuals assailed by my inquiries, some laughed, some took offence, some reproached me for my inconsistency, and some supposed me to be a maniac broke loose from his confinement. I minded not their surprise or their scoffing, but continued my pursuit while I had strength. Alas! I continued in vain. No Euphrosyne could I find.

Reluctantly I now again turned me to the abhorred Sophia, to assist me in my labour. The wretch had not only deceived me, betrayed my Euphrosyne, and, by divulging all she ought to have concealed, involved the one in ruin and the other in disgrace: she had even, as if on purpose daily to enjoy the shame cast on Chrysopulo's house, hired a lodging directly opposite his gate; but vast failings are overlooked in those whose aid we want. I bided me to the *ex-suivante* full of conciliatory speeches: she met them with assurances of equal contrition, and expressed so much regret for her indiscretion, so much compassion for Euphrosyne, and so much sympathy with me, that, in view of the readiness she showed to second my search, all was, or appeared to be forgiven. We shook hands, I made fresh promises, and Sophia entered upon fresh services.

My resolution this time was formed, and will be allowed to have been unexceptionable. The instant fortune crowned our united labours, Euphrosyne was to receive the meed of her long and patient sufferings, or at least, the offer of every reparation which I could make for my manifold offences. Not only I meant immediately to proclaim her my honoured, my wedded, my inseparable wife; but what to some might seem more difficult, or more problematical, I intended to become myself the best and most faithful of husbands.

Fate allowed me full time to study the requisites of that

new character. Our twofold search did not turn out more successful than it had done before my single-handed endeavours:—by no means, however, for want of activity in Sophia. Like Satan her master she seemed endowed with the gift of ubiquity. Not a day passed that she did not come to me with a long account of the places she had visited and of those she meant to visit; of the hopes she had been disappointed of in one quarter and of the expectations she entertained in another; of her glimpses here and of her surmises there. So often did she drag me after her through every street and lane of Smyrna, that my friends pretended to think that she had herself stepped into Euphrosyne's place, and when the city had been ransacked through to the last garret and cellar, we extended our search to every village and hamlet within ten or fifteen miles round.

When at last I had explored every district within the Mootsellimlik of Ismir, until I no longer could think of any place unsearched, and found nothing left to do, but to sit down in contented ignorance, or rather in calm despair, there flew in at my open window, one evening, a small silken bag, flung by an invisible hand, and conveying a gold ring. It was one which I had put on Euphrosyne's finger, immediately after the memorable farewell visit of her kind-hearted friends, and ere I called upon my companions to claim my bets. On the slip of paper twisted round the ring appeared the following words: 'Cease a pursuit, as vain as it is thankless; nor seek any longer to disturb the peace of Euphrosyne, now cured of a worthless passion; now at rest from her grief in more merciful hands. The ring you once gave her in proof of your love, reverts to you in sign that she never more can accept your tardy, your unavailing tenderness.'

These words, evidently written by the same hand which had originally pointed Euphrosyne out to me as a desirable conquest, seemed at last fully to explain her motives for leaving me, or at least her conduct since her disappearance. Nothing could be clearer in my opinion, than that the artful schemer who had first instigated me to seduce the lovely girl, had availed himself of my forced absence from home, to take her off my hands. I had been a mere tool to some more designing member of our nefarious brotherhood.

It might, however, in one sense, be called considerate, thus at last to relieve me from all further anxiety and trouble;

and nothing but the inherent perverseness of human nature could have changed as it did, the cold indifference with which I had treated my mistress while she depended wholly upon my affection, into the warmth which her image re-kindled in my heart, the moment I supposed her comforted by another: but this new ardour, conceived too late, I kept to myself; and judging that other individual now preferred to be—though unknown—frequently in my company, I took uncommon pains to evince by my mirth my gratitude for his proceedings. Lest he should have any doubt on this subject, not a day passed without my joining some festive party in excursions to Boornabad, to Sedi-keni, and other places; and by these means I recovered at last in reality the lightness of heart which I affected; and that to such a degree, as almost to grow frightened at my own unusual hilarity, and to apprehend it might forbode some new impending sorrow.

An excursion had often been projected, and as often put off, to a village a few miles from Smyrna, celebrated for the beauty of its situation. At last the party took place. We were sitting half a dozen thoughtless souls under the cool shade of a locust tree. I had taken up a lyre, laid down by one of my companions, and was just going to try my long-neglected skill in a Greek ballad which I used to sing to Helena, when a peasant brought me a note of a suspicious appearance.

Determined this time to know the author of this single-handed correspondence, I began by laying hold of its conveyer. The messenger seemed the quintessence of stupidity; my catechising could draw nothing from him, except that the billet had been committed to his care three miles off by a female hidden in her veil come from a distance, and who immediately again took herself off. All that the bearer could, or would say ending there, I turned me to the epistle.

It ran thus:

‘Did ever you hear of a Greek merchant whose name was Sozimato? Once he excelled Chrysopulo himself, in riches, in ambition, and in sway; but fortune turned fickle. Chrysopulo saw new thousands press upon his former thousands, and Sozimato ended a bankrupt: the match contracted between Chrysopulo’s son and Sozimato’s daughter now of course was cancelled; for between the rich and the poor no engagement could subsist. To sharpen the sting of

the insult, the humble daughter of the bankrupt was offered a servant's place in Chrysopulo's family : for the upstarts exulted in treading on the neck of the fallen ! The offer of arrogance was, however, accepted, and the taunts of insolence were borne without a complaint. A disease, for which there was no cure, carried off Chrysopulo's infant son ; and Euphrosyne—a distant relation—became the adopted daughter. She too was rendered the victim of just revenge. A set of lawless young men had established a society, for the purpose of ruining the peace of sober families. One member of this noble fraternity was spoken of in the town as more bold and unprincipled than the rest : he was singled out to cast dishonour on Chrysopulo's house, and to sow misery among its members ; and at least, through his instrumentality—for he was but a tool—that Euphrosyne, most unjustly aspersed in her unsullied virtue, became the keep-mistress of a needy adventurer. Foul disgrace, conjured up from all quarters, thus cast its cloud over Chrysopulo's name !

‘ Here the work of vengeance might have ended, had not the adventurer too dared to treat with indignity the daughter of Sosimato. It was for this she joined in the search after his departed mistress ; it was for this she permitted not the unfortunate girl to be found ; it was for this she prevented her from being solaced by her lover's returning tenderness, even when she lay totally destitute in a miserable garret, at the last period of her long protracted labour ; and it was for this, finally, that she prepared the infidel wretch a world of endless pangs, by plying his hapless mistress with false accounts of his unrelenting barbarity, unto the last day of her hapless existence !

‘ Great, no doubt, were the difficulties in preventing a meeting between the repentant sinner and his innocent victim. One day he penetrated into the very abode where she lay, writhing under every agony of body and mind. A ragged curtain alone kept her from his sight, and a single cry unstifled must have thrown him in her arms ! Watchfulness, however, triumphed : the adventurer turned back in ignorance ; and his Euphrosyne saw him no more. She was delivered, unaided by any one but the person who had served, had sold her, and now was labouring that she might be sainted. Yet did the angel on earth try to do what she could for her adored Selim's child. Seeing it ready to perish for want of sustenance, she resolved to save her infant's life by completing her own shame. Ere, however, the sacrifice

could be accomplished, she expired,—expired among strangers, pronouncing Selim's name! The more merciful hands in which this miserable man read that his mistress was at rest, were those of her Maker; the ring he received had been taken from her corpse already cold; and the sole worker of all this wo, I scarcely need add, was the injured and now satisfied Sophia.'

I do not know how I was able to finish the perusal of this letter, except from a sort of stupor, which for a moment kept all my faculties, save that of mere perception, suspended. The first word, however, which one of our party uttered, broke the fascination, set loose my entranced senses, and with them all the demons of hell which had been gathering all the while in my bosom. What species of violence I committed in breaking away from the convivial scene to pursue the detestable Sophia, is wholly beyond my knowledge. I neither saw, nor heard, nor thought until I reached Smyrna.

Sophia knew me too well to wait my return. Ere I received her note, she had left that place for ever: nor could I trace her flight. It was only some time after, when, hopeless of discovering her abode, I had committed to Heaven the care of her punishment, that in the least likely of places I met the embodied fury. She again tried to avoid me—again commenced the race of conscious guilt; but this time to no purpose. Her crime was one of those which, more atrocious than many which justice never spares, yet mock its shackled arm. I therefore took into my own hands a punishment too long delayed: nor was it the more lenient from that circumstance.

This unlooked-for event seemed to afford me some refreshment. For a while I felt the thirst of my soul assuaged, the raging fever of my blood somewhat allayed: but the cessation of pain was only transient. The image of Euphrosyne expiring on a bed of wretchedness, and in the belief that I was hailing the hour of her departure at the very time when I would have given my own life to have found the poor sufferer—when I only prayed to Heaven for leave to take her back, to cherish her in my now softened bosom, and to make her taste at last, ere yet too late, of happiness—soon began to haunt me incessantly; and too truly I found that the fury Sophia had insinuated into my heart a canker, which I was destined to carry to the grave.

STERNE.

STORY OF LE FEVRE.

My uncle Toby was one evening sitting at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army,' said the landlord, 'who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast;—I think, said he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me.—

'If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing,' added the landlord, 'I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend,' continued he.—'we are all of us concerned for him.'

'Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee,' cried my uncle Toby, 'and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

'Though I am persuaded,' said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, 'he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much on the affections of his host;—'And of his whole family,' added the corporal, 'for they are all concerned for him.'—'Step after him,' said my uncle Toby, 'do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name.'

'I have quite forgot it, truly,' said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; 'but I can ask his

son again.' 'Has he a son with him then?' said my uncle Toby.—'A boy,' replied the landlord, 'of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.'

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

'Stay in the room a little,' said my uncle Toby. 'Trim!' said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—'Corporal!' said my uncle Toby;—the corporal made his bow—my uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

'Trim!' said my uncle Toby, 'I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.'—'Your honour's roquelaure,' replied the corporal, 'has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate at St Nicholas; and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.' 'I fear so,' replied my uncle Toby; 'but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,' added my uncle Toby, 'or that I had known more of it:—how shall we manage it?'—'Leave it, an' please your honour, to me,' quoth the corporal; 'I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.' 'Thou shalt go, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant;'—'I shall get it all out of him,' said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the *ténaile* a straight line, as a crooked one, he might

be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account :

‘ I despaired at first,’ said the corporal, ‘ of being able to bring back to your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.’—‘ Is he in the army then ?’ said my uncle Toby.—‘ He is,’ said the corporal. ‘ And in what regiment ?’ said my uncle Toby.—‘ I’ll tell your honour,’ replied the corporal, ‘ every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.’—‘ Then, Trim, I’ll fill another pipe,’ said my uncle Toby, ‘ and not interrupt thee till thou hast done ; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again.’ The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*your honour is good* :—and having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty nearly the same words.

‘ I despaired at first,’ said the corporal, ‘ of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son ; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,’—‘ that’s a right distinction, Trim,’ said my uncle Toby,—‘ I was answered, and please your honour, that he had no servant with him ;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, on finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas ! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long ;—and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him ; for he is broken-hearted already.

‘ I was hearing this account,’ continued the corporal, ‘ when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of ;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The

youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.'—'Poor youth!' said my uncle Toby, 'he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.'

'I never, in the longest march,' said the corporal, 'had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company; what could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?'—'Nothing in the world, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, 'but that thou art a good-natured fellow.'

'When I gave him the toast,' continued the corporal, 'I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father: and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar'—('and thou mightest have added my purse too,' said my uncle Toby)—'he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour,) but no answer, for his heart was so full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong,' added the corporal.—'I think so too,' said my uncle Toby.

'When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion. I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it, replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'—'Twas well said of thee, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.—'But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,

or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day—harassing others to-morrow—detached here—countermanded there—resting this night out upon his arms—beat up in his shirt the next—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel upon—may say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe, said I,—for I was piqued,’ quoth the corporal, ‘for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an’ please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.’—‘Thou shouldest not have said that, Trim,’ said my uncle Toby,—‘for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—at the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then,) it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.’—‘I hope we shall,’ said Trim.—‘It is in the scripture,’ said my uncle Toby; ‘and I will show it thee to-morrow;—in the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort,’ said my uncle Toby, ‘that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.’—‘I hope not,’ said the corporal:—‘but go on, Trim,’ said my uncle Toby, ‘with thy story’.

‘When I went up,’ continued the corporal, ‘into the lieutenant’s room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I supposed he had been kneeling. The book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant. He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you be captain Shandy’s servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy’s thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me: if he was of Levens’s, said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but ’tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however,

that the person his good-nature has laid under obligation to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not, said he a second time, musing :—possibly he may my story, added he—Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well, Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice. Here, Billy, said he—The boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.'

'I wish,' said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, 'I wish, Trim, I was asleep.'

'Your honour,' replied the corporal, 'is too much concerned; shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?'—'Do, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.

'I remember,' said my uncle Toby, sighing again, 'the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well, that he, as well as she, on some account or other (I have forgot what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art on:—'Tis finished already,' said the corporal, 'for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas!' said the corporal, 'the lieutenant's last day's march is over.' 'Then what is to become of his poor boy?' cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves—that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner :—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp ;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the

private distresses at the inn : and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good ; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.—

‘ Thou hast left this matter short,’ said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, ‘ and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.’—‘ Your honour knows,’ said the corporal, ‘ I had no orders.’—‘ True,’ quoth my uncle Toby,—‘ thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

‘ In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse,’ continued my uncle Toby,—‘ when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother officer should have the bestquarters, Trim ; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman’s, and his boy’s, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—‘ In a fortnight or three weeks,’ added my uncle Toby, smiling,—‘ he might march.’—‘ He will never march, an’ please your honour, in this world,’ said the corporal. ‘ He *will* march,’ said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—‘ An’ please your honour,’ said the Corporal, ‘ he will never march, but to his grave.’—‘ He *shall* march,’ cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—‘ he shall march to his regiment.’—‘ He cannot stand it,’ said the corporal.—‘ He shall be supported,’ said my uncle Toby.—‘ He’ll drop at last,’ said the corporal, ‘ and what will become of his boy ?’—‘ He shall not drop,’ said my

uncle Toby, firmly.—‘A-well-a-day! do what we can for him,’ said Trim, maintaining his point,—‘the poor soul will die.’—‘He shall not die, by God!’ cried my uncle Toby.

—The accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven’s chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre’s and his afflicted son’s; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids;—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant’s room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down by the chair at the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

—‘You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,’ said my uncle Toby, ‘to my house, and we’ll send for a doctor to see what’s the matter,—and we’ll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I’ll be your servant, Le Fevre.’—

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him, so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow

within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered,—stopped,—went on,—throbbed,—stopped again,—moved,—stopped.—Shall I go on?—No.

EDWARD NARES.

THE following extract is from a clever novel, entitled, *Thinks-I-to-Myself*, written by DR NARES, Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and published in 1811. DR NARES is author of another one, entitled, *I Says, Says I*:—and we are sorry he has not followed out that line of literature, as these works evince considerable knowledge of life and manners, and may be said to constitute a class of their own.

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

ONE day, when I was sitting quite snug with my mother, and she was occupied in writing to my sister, who was absent from home, I spied, at the end of the avenue, a group of pedestrians slowly making up to Grumblethorpe Hall, apparently dressed in their best bibs and tuckers for a morning visit: *Thinks I-to-myself*, here's some agreeable company coming to my dear mamma! how kind it is of her neighbours to call upon her thus, and not leave her to mope away her time by herself, as though she were buried alive! Not being willing, however, to run any risk of disappointing her, I waited patiently to see whether they were really coming to the Hall, for part of the avenue was the high-way to the village; I kept watching them, therefore, with no small anxiety, for fear they should turn away abruptly, and deceive my expectations; but when I saw them happily advanced beyond the turning to the village, and was therefore certain that they were really coming to see my dear mother, I hastily turned round to her, exclaiming, 'Here's ever so fine people coming, mamma!' thinking to delight her very heart:—'People coming,' says she; 'I hope *not*!' 'Yes, indeed, there are,' says I:—'one, two, three, four ladies, a little boy, and two pug dogs, I declare!'

'Bless my soul!' says my mother, 'how *provoking*! It is certainly Mrs Fidget and her daughters, and that troublesome child, and now I can't finish my letter to your sister before the post goes! I wish to goodness they would learn to stay at home, and let one have one's time to one's self!' Thinks-I-to-myself, my poor mother seems not much to like their coming; I am afraid that Mrs and Miss Fidgets will meet with rather an unkindly reception! However, I plainly saw that there was no stopping of them;—they got nearer and nearer; the walking was not over clean, and my mother was the neatest woman in the world. Thinks-I-to-myself, the pug-dogs will dirty the room. At last they arrived;—the servant ushered them in;—sure enough it was Mrs and Miss Fidgets, and the troublesome child and all! Mrs Fidget ran up to my mother as though she would have kissed her, so glad did she seem to see her. My mother, (bless her honest soul!) rose from her seat, and greeted them most civilly:—'This is very *kind*, indeed, Mrs Fidget,' says she, 'and I esteem it a great favour!—I had no idea you could have walked so far; I am *delighted* to see you!'—Thinks-I-to-myself, she wishes you all at Old Nick!—Mrs Fidget assured her she might take it as a particular favour, for she had not done such a thing, she believed, for the last six months; and she could never have attempted it now to visit any body else! Thinks-I-to-myself, then Mrs Fidget, you have lost your labour!—'And now,' says she, 'how I am to get home again, I am sure I cannot tell, for I really am thoroughly knocked up.'—Thinks-I-to-myself, my dear mother won't like to hear that;—but I was mistaken; for, turning to Mrs Fidget, she said, with the greatest marks of complacency, 'that's good hearing for us; then we shall have the pleasure of your company to dinner; Mr Dermont will be delighted, when he comes home, to find you all here.'—'O, you are very good,' says Mrs Fidget, 'but I must return whether I can walk or not, only I fear I must trouble you with a longer visit than may be agreeable.' 'The longer the better,' says my dear mother. Thinks-I-to-myself,—that's a ———!

While my mother and Mrs Fidget were engaged in this friendly and complimentary conversation, the Miss Fidgets were lifting up the little boy to a cage in which my mother's favourite canary bird hung, and the boy was sedulously poking his fingers through the wires of the cage, to the great alarm and annoyance of the poor little animal. Thinks-I-to-myself,

my mother will wish you behind the fire presently, young gentleman!—but no such thing!—for just at that moment, she turned round, and seeing how he was occupied, asked, if the cage should be taken down to amuse him: ‘He is a sweet boy, Mrs Fidget,’ says she; ‘How old is he?’ ‘Just turned of four,’ says Mrs Fidget.—‘Only four,’ says my mother, ‘he is a remarkably fine strong boy for that age!’—‘He is indeed a fine child,’ says Mrs Fidget, ‘but don’t, my dear, do that,’ says she, ‘you frighten the poor bird.’—As the Miss Fidgets were about to put him down, my mother ventured to assure them, that he would do no harm; ‘Pretty little fellow,’ says she, ‘pray let him amuse himself!’

All this while the two pug-dogs were reconnoitring the drawing-room and furniture, jumping upon the sofa continually with their dirty feet, and repeatedly trying to discern (by the application of their pug-noses to our feet and knees) who my mother and myself could be, barking besides in concert at every movement and every strange noise they heard in the passage and hall:—Mrs Fidget sometimes pretending to chide them, and my mother as carefully pretending to excuse them with her whole heart:—often did I catch her casting, as I thought, a wishful eye on the letter to my sister, which lay unfinished on the table; nay, once even when her attention had been particularly solicited to some extraordinary attitudes into which the little dogs had been severally bidden to put themselves for her express amusement.

But these canine exhibitions were nothing to the one with which we were afterwards threatened; for my mother’s high commendations of the little gentleman of four years old, induced his sisters to propose to their mother that he should ‘let Mrs Dermont hear how well he could *spout*!’—Thinks I to myself, in some confusion, ‘*spout* what? where? how?’ I soon found, however, that it only meant, that he should entertain us with a specimen of his premature memory and oratorical talents, by *speaking a speech*. Strong solicitations were accordingly made to little Master, to begin the required display of his rhetorical abilities, but whether it were on account of shyness, or indolence, or sulkiness, or caprice, or, in short, merely that little Master was not in a spouting cue, he betrayed such an obstinate repugnance to the task imposed upon him, that it required all the solicitations of the rest of the party to induce him to make the smallest advances towards the exhibition proposed. Each of his sisters

went down on her knees to coax him, while Mrs Fidget huffed and coaxed, and coaxed and huffed by turns, till she was almost tired of it—now promising such a load of sweet-meats as soon as he got home if he would but begin, and in the same breath threatening the severest application of the rod if he did not instantly comply—at one time kissing him and hugging him, with a ‘Now, do, my dearest love, be a man and speak your speech;’ at another almost shaking his head off his shoulders, with a ‘stupid boy! how can you be so naughty before company?’ At last, however, upon my mother’s tapping the pretty child under the chin, and taking him kindly by the hand, and expressing (Heaven bless her!) the most ardent wish and desire to be indulged, he did condescend to advance into the middle of the room, and was upon the point of beginning, when Mrs Fidget most considerately interposed; to procure him to put his right foot a little forwarder, with the toe more out, and to direct him about the proper motion, that is, the up-lifting and down-dropping of his right arm during the performance—one of his sisters, in the mean time, seating herself near to him, for fear of any accidental slip or failure in the young gentleman’s miraculous memory.

His first attempt was upon Pope’s Universal Prayer, but unfortunately, of the fourth line, he managed constantly to make but one word, and that so odd a one, that the sound but ill atoned for the manifest ignorance of the sense.

Father of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jovajovalord!

Jovajovalord! This was the word, and the only word that could be got out of his mouth, and *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it would be well if no greater blunders had ever been committed with regard to that insidious line; however, in consequence of this invincible misnomer, the Universal Prayer was laid by, and other pieces successively proposed, till it was at length unanimously determined, that what he shone most in, was King Lear’s Address to the Tempest, and this was accordingly fixed upon as his *chef-d’œuvre* in the art of oratory. Some preliminaries, however, in this instance, appeared to be necessary. It was not reasonable to suppose young Master could address a storm without some sort of symptoms at least of a real storm. It was agreed upon

therefore, that he should not commence his speech till he heard a rumbling noise proceed from the company present, and we were all desired to bear our part in this fictitious thunder; how we all thundered, I cannot pretend to say, but so it was, that, in due time, by the aid of such noises as we could severally and jointly contribute, the storm began most nobly, when the young orator stepping forward, his eyes and right hand raised, and his right foot protruded, *secundum artem*, he thus began :

‘ Blow winds and cack your cheeks.’

‘ Crack your cheeks, my love,’ says his sister in great haste and agitation; ‘ What can you mean by *cack your cheeks*? What’s that, pray?’ ‘ Ay, what is that?’ says Mrs Fidget; — ‘ but I believe, Ma’am,’ adds she, turning to my mother, ‘ I must make his excuses for him; you must know he cannot be brought yet to pronounce an R, do all we can, so that he always leaves it quite out, as in the case of *cack* for *crack*, or he pronounces it exactly like a W.’ Thinks-I-to-myself, many do the like. ‘ We choose speeches for him, therefore,’ continues Mrs Fidget, ‘ in which there are many R’s, on purpose to conquer the difficulty, if we can; begin again, my dear,’ says she, ‘ and pray remember not to leave out your R R’s.’—So he began afresh :

‘ Blow winds and cwack your cheeks!’

‘ *Cwack*,’ says Mrs Fidget, ‘ why that is almost as bad; try again.’

This stop and impediment, however, was fatal to the young orator’s progress, and therefore at last, Mrs Fidget being rested, they all proposed to go. Thinks-I-to-myself, now my poor mother will be happy again! but she, good soul, seemed to have got quite fond of them, in consequence of the extraordinary length of their stay—she could not now so easily part with them:—she was sure Mrs Fidget could not be thoroughly rested—the clock had but just struck two: if they would but stay a little longer, my father would be come home from his ride, and he would be greatly mortified to miss seeing them; but nothing would do:—go they must.—Thinks-I-to-myself, now a fig for your friend-

ship, Mrs Fidget:—what! not stay when my mother so earnestly presses it! not stay, when she declares your going will mortify my worthy father! No, nothing would stop them;—away they went;—not, however, indeed, without sundry promises on their part soon to call again, and divers most earnest entreaties on my mother's, on no account to forget it.

They were scarce got out of the front door before my father entered:—‘Are they really all gone at last?’ says he, ‘I thought they would have staid till doomsday:—Who, in the world, were they all?’—‘O dear,’ says my mother, ‘why Mrs Fidget and all her tribe; girls and boy, and two pug-dogs.’—‘Thank my stars, I escaped them,’ says my father. *Thinks-I-to-myself, great symptoms of mortification my dear father shows at having had the misfortune to miss seeing them!*—‘I declare,’ says my mother, ‘it is abominable to break in upon one in this manner:—it was impossible to entertain such a group; so while Mrs Fidget and I were in conversation, her young people and the dogs had nothing to do but to tease the bird, and dirty the furniture; that little monkey of a boy is always in mischief;—I could freely have boxed his ears;—I thought he would have killed my poor bird;—I was in the midst of a letter to Caroline, and now it's too late for the post;—how Mrs Fidget can spend all her time in visiting and walking about in the manner she does, I cannot conceive:—I am to take it as a great and singular favour, she tells me, as she always does every time she comes, thinking, I suppose, that I don't know she is never at home,—I think she'll lose that boy;—I never saw such a puffy sickly child in my life!’—*Thinks-I-to-myself,—O poor Mrs Fidget:—fine stout boy of it, age!*

My father, with a great deal of good breeding in general, was a plain blunt man in the mode of expressing his sentiments; so that my mother had scarcely finished what she had to say, but my father burst out—‘Tiresome woman,’ says he, ‘she ought to be confined;—she's always wandering about with a tribe of children and dogs at her heels:—there's poor Mrs Creepmouse is quite ill from her visits; you know what a nervous creature she is.’ My father would have gone on ever so long, probably in this strain, had not the servant entered with a note; which my mother immediately opened, and read aloud; the contents being to the following effect:—‘Mr and Mrs Meekin present their compliments to Mr and Mrs Dermont, and shall be extremely

happy to have the honour of their company to dinner on Saturday next at five o'clock.' Thinks-I-to-myself, how civil, how polite, and obliging!—The servant was ordered to withdraw, and tell the messenger to wait.—As soon as he was gone, 'Good God!' says my father, 'these people will never let us alone;—surely we dined there last:—my mother thought not;—my father thought they were for ever dining there;—my mother convinced him by a reference to her pocket-book, that Mr and Mrs Meekin were quite right as to the balance of debtor and creditor;—'Well, only take care,' says my father, 'that we do not get into a habit of dining there above once or twice a year at the utmost;—it is really too great a sacrifice.'—'What, do you mean to go, then?' says my mother. 'Go,' says my father, 'why I suppose we must.'—'I wish they were further,' says my dear mother;—'I wish they were at Jericho,' says my dear father:—'I had rather do any thing than go on Saturday,' says my mother:—'I had rather be hanged than ever go,' says my father, 'it is such an intolerable bore:—'Well,' says my mother, 'but the servant's waiting.'—So she took the pen, and away she wrote two or three lines in a moment:—'There,' says she to my father, 'will that do?'—Thinks-I-to-myself, *short and sharp* probably!—My father, happily for me, read it aloud:—'Mr and Mrs Dermont return their compliments to Mr and Mrs Meekin, and will wait upon them with the greatest pleasure on Saturday to dinner.'—Thinks-I-to-myself, well done my sweet-tempered mamma! how mild and how forgiving! but my father surprised me most; instead of throwing it into the fire as I expected, he declared it would not only do, but do vastly well:—he therefore sealed it himself, rang the bell, gave it to the servant, and desired that they would give their best compliments:—'And mind,' says he, 'you ask the servant how they all do; be sure you make him understand.'—Thinks-I-to-myself, what heavenly mindedness! what christian charity!

I expected the servant every moment to return with an account of our friends' health; but no such thing; my father and mother seemed to have quite forgot they had made the inquiry. I ventured to remind them of the servant's neglect. 'Ah!' says my father, 'my boy, *you don't know the world.*'

RICHARDSON.*

SAMUEL RICHARDSON is an extraordinary male writer. Had he belonged to the other sex, there would have been little puzzle about his character—we could have set him down as a clever gossip; but as it stands, he is quite an anomaly in literature, and must for ever excite our wonder how a gentleman with a wife and family—a gentleman in a brown coat and top-boots—could possibly write such interesting womanish works as *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Pamela*.

PAMELA was his first work, and it was the first novel we ever read. We remember we were mere schoolboys when our grandmother was persuaded by us intolerable bore to take it out in numbers. She (good woman) was no novel-reader—she would not have read one for the world,—but how could she ever imagine that a book was one which bore such a title as—“*Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded* : In a series of familiar Letters from a beautiful young Damsel to her Parents : Published in order to cultivate the principles of Virtue and Religion in the minds of the Youth of both sexes : A narrative which has its foundation in truth; and, at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a variety of curious and affecting incidents, is entirely divested of all those images which, in too many pieces calculated for amusement

* Richardson was born in Derbyshire, in 1689, and was for many years a respectable printer in London, to which business he served an apprenticeship. He died in 1761, leaving a considerable fortune, and the character of a plain, industrious, good man. His *Pamela* was published in 1740-2;—*Clarissa Harlowe* in 1749;—and *Charles Grandison* in 1754.

only, tend to inflame the minds they should instruct: By Mr Samuel Richardson."—She believed every word of it, as she did her Bible: and in the winter evenings, after tea, when the household was assembled, she would read aloud to the listening family, page after page, with the most supreme satisfaction—snuffing and commenting at every paragraph—and never stopping short, except when she lighted upon some thrilling passage of the bewitching author, where her voice would fail her, and her lip would quiver, and she could not go on for very fulness of heart. On these evenings, seated on our little stool, at her feet, how we drank every word that fell from her lips!—And then, in the mornings, we would be up long before the family, gorging the overnight's fragments, until we became lost to every thing else—our sports as well as our lessons—and went dreaming about all day long of Mrs Jervis; and Mrs Jewkes, and Lady Davers, and Sir Jacob Swynford, and Miss Darnford, and Lord H., and Polly, and old Jonathan, and Colbrand, and the whole family down to the scullion.

It will not be expected, therefore, that we speak otherwise than favourably of our 'first love'—of the book which has given a bent to all our future studies,—and indeed we still recur to its pages with delight, heightened by the recollections of memory,—yet, in reasonable moments, we see its imperfections as others do, and are, in particular, not insensible to the prominent fault of holding *her* up as a pattern of virtue, who was ready to unite herself to a notorious rake, that had made a series of mean attempts upon her honour, *provided the union was in a legal way*. Richardson lost himself by attempting too much. In his endeavours to heighten the character of Pamela, he makes her unnatural; and the same may be said of his Sir Charles Grandison, 'that prince of coxcombs.' He thought it was best to make his amiable characters superlatively good, as those who might follow them were more likely to go farther in their imitation than if the cha-

racters were merely amiable—just as a marksman, by aiming at the stars, would be more likely to shoot higher than if his aim were less ambitious ; but he should have considered that, by placing the mark beyond our reach, the attempt to gain it would never be made—that, as an archer would never think of making a star his popinjay, neither would we think of making Sir Charles our pattern. Sir Charles cannot be imitated, because he goes beyond any thing in human nature, and he cannot be loved for the same reason. The praises, indeed, which the author unceasingly lavishes upon him become loathsome : we can scarcely read a page without being teased with the never-ending strain of laudation. In looking over a single volume out of a seven-volume copy, we find such exclamations as these :—‘ Wonderful man’—‘ Noble-minded man’—‘ The best of men’—‘ What a man is this ?’—‘ The best of men’ (again)—‘ Excellent man’—‘ A good man’—‘ The dear man’—‘ The loveliest and the most undaunted, yet noblest looking of youths’—‘ Excellent Sir Charles Grandison’—‘ The tender husband’—‘ The domestic man, the cheerful friend, the kind master, the enlivening companion, the polite neighbour’—‘ The most delicate-minded of men’—‘ The most just, the most generous of men’—‘ The dearest, best of men’—‘ Dearest of men’—‘ The good man’—‘ The best of men and of husbands’—‘ Such a man’—‘ The generous man’—‘ The life of every company and of every individual’—‘ The dear man’—‘ The next to divine man’—‘ Tenderest of husbands, kindest and most considerate of men’—‘ The penetrating man’—‘ The politest of men’—‘ The best of husbands’—‘ The soul of us all’—‘ The most dutiful of sons, the most affectionate of brothers, the most faithful of friends.’—But these are not quite so distasteful as other expressions which we find in the same volume, some of which border upon blasphemy :—‘ Charming behaviour’—‘ All condescension’—‘ Cheerful goodness’—‘ How did he shine’—‘ Every person in raptures’—‘ Unaffected dignity’—

‘So pious, so good’—‘Oh, how he charmed them all’—‘His beneficence’—‘Excellent heart’—‘Never was there a more expanded heart’—‘Blessings on his benevolence’—‘All the graces of gentle persuasion are his’—‘*He imitates God*’—‘*Divine philanthropy*’—‘*Godlike instances of goodness*,’ &c., &c.

We must not, however, dwell on the faults of a writer whose excellences are so many and so great. The Lady Clementina is a character that would redeem a novel infinitely more objectionable than Sir Charles Grandison. The two volumes that relate to her are, perhaps, the best of Richardson’s works. Then there is CLARISSA HARLOWE, which, as a whole, is certainly the greatest of the author’s efforts; and it may be questioned, if, in the whole range of fictitious writing, two characters claim more interest, or take deeper hold on the sympathy of the reader, than the hero and heroine of that work. Still in this, as in all his writings, the author overdoes his scenes, and dwells so minutely on trifles, that, if he has not been read in early life, he has little likelihood of being read when one has entered upon the business and cares of mature years.

TRIAL SCENE IN PAMELA.

I AM commanded, my dear lady, now to write particularly my trial.—The reason will appear in its place.—And, Oh! congratulate me, my dear, dear lady! for I am happy, and shall be happier than I ever was; and that I thought, so did every body, was impossible.—But I will not anticipate the account of my trial, and the effects, the blessed effects, it has produced. Thus, then, it was:

Mr B. came up, with great impatience in his looks. I met him at my chamber-door, with as sedate a countenance as I possibly could put on, and my heart was high with my purpose, and supported me better than I could have expected.—Yet, on recollection, now I impute to myself something of that kind of magnanimity, that was wont to inspire the innocent sufferers of old, for a still worthier cause than mine;

though their motives could hardly be more pure, in that one hope I had, to be an humble means of saving the man I love and honour, from errors that might be fatal to his soul.

I took his hand with boldness:—‘Dear Sir,’ leading him to my closet, ‘here is the bar, at which I am to take my trial,’ pointing to the back of three chairs, which I had placed in a joined row, leaving just room to go by on each side. ‘You must give me, Sir, all my own way; this is the first, and perhaps the last time, that I shall desire it.—Nay, dear Sir,’ turning my face from him, ‘look not upon me with an eye of tenderness: if you do, I may lose my purposes, important to me as they are; and however fantastic my behaviour may seem to you, I want not to move your passions (for the good impressions made upon them, may be too easily dissipated, by the winds of *sense*)—but *your reason*, and if that can be done, I am safe, and shall fear no relapse.’ ‘What means all this parade, my dear? Let me perish,’ that was his word, ‘if I know how to account for you, or your *humour*.’ ‘You *will* presently, Sir. But give me all my way—I pray you do, this once—this one time only!’ ‘Well, so, this is your bar, is it? There’s an elbow-chair, I see; take your place in it, Pamela, and here I’ll stand to answer all your questions.’ ‘No, Sir, that must not be.’ So I boldly led *him* to the elbow-chair. ‘You are the judge, Sir; it is I that am to be tried. Yet I will not say I am a criminal. I know I am not. But that must be proved, Sir, you know.’ ‘Well, take your way; but I fear for your head, my dear, in all this.’ ‘I fear only my heart, Sir, that’s all! but there you must sit—So here,’ (retiring to the three chairs, and leaning on the backs,) ‘here I stand. And now, my dearest Mr B., you must begin first: when you showed me the House of Peers, their bar, at which causes are heard, and sometimes peers are tried, looked awful to me; and the present occasion requires that this should. Now, dear Sir, you must be my accuser, as well as my judge.’ ‘I have nothing to accuse you of, my dear, if I *must* give into your moving whimsy. You are every thing I wish you to be. But for the last month you have seemed to be uneasy, and have not done me the justice to acquaint me with your reasons for it.’

‘I was in hopes my reasons might have proved to be no reasons; and I would not trouble you with my ungrounded apprehensions. But now, Sir, we are come directly to the point; and methinks I stand here as Paul before Felix;

and, like that poor prisoner, if I, Sir, reason of *righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come*, even to make you, as the great Felix did, tremble, don't put me off to *another day*, to a *more convenient season*, as that governor did Paul ; for you must bear patiently with all I have to say.' 'Strange, uncommon girl ! how unaccountable is all this !—Pr'ythee, my dear,' and he pulled a chair by him, 'come and sit down by me, and without these romantic airs let me hear all you have to say ; and tease me not with this parade.' 'No, Sir, let me stand, if you please, while I *can* stand ; when I am weary, I will sit down at my bar. Now, Sir, since you are so good as to say, you have nothing but change of temper to accuse me of, I am to answer to that, and assign a cause ; and I will do it without evasion or reserve : but I beseech you say not one word, but Yes or No, to my questions, till I have said all I have to say, and then you shall find me all silence and resignation.' 'Well, my strange dear !—But sure your head is a little turned !—What is your question ?' 'Whether, Sir, the Nun—I speak boldly ; the case requires it—who followed you at the Masquerade every where, is not the Countess of —— ?' 'What then, my dear ?'—(speaking with quickness)—'I *thought* the occasion of your sullenness and reserve was this !—But, Pamela——' 'Nay, Sir,' interrupted I, 'only Yes or No if you please ; I will be all silence by-and-by.' 'Yes, then.' 'Well, Sir, then let me *tell* you, for I *ask* you not, (it may be too bold in me to multiply questions) that she *loves* you ; that you correspond by letters with her—Yes, Sir, *before* that letter from her ladyship came, which you received from my hand in so short and angry a manner, for fear I should have had a curiosity to see its contents, which would have been inexcusable in me, I own, if I had. You have talked over to her all your polygamy notions, and her ladyship seems so well convinced of them, that she has declared to her noble uncle, (who expostulated with her on the occasions she gave for talk) that she had rather be a certain gentleman's second wife, than the first to the greatest man in England : and you are but just returned from a journey to Tunbridge, in which that lady was a party ; and the motive for it, I am acquainted with, by a letter here in my hand.'

He was displeased and frowned : I looked down, being resolved not to be terrified if I could help it. 'I have cautioned you, Pamela——' 'I know you have, Sir,' interrupted I ; 'but be pleased to answer me. Has not the Countess

taken a house or lodgings at Tunbridge?' 'She has:—and what then?' 'And is her ladyship there or in town?' 'There—and what then?' 'Are you to go to Tunbridge, Sir, soon, or not?—Be pleased to answer me but that one question.' 'I *will* know,' rising up in anger; 'your informants, Pamela.' 'Dear Sir, so you shall, in proper time: you shall know all, as soon as I am convinced, that your wrath will not be attended with bad consequences to yourself and others. That is wholly the cause of my reserve in this point; for I have not a thought, and never had, since I have been yours, that I wish to be concealed from you.—But, dear Sir, your knowledge of the informants make nothing at all as to the truth of the information—Nor will I press you too home. I doubt not, you are soon to go down to Tunbridge again.' 'I am, and what then?—Must the consequence be crime enough to warrant your jealousy?'

'Dear Sir, don't be so very angry,' still looking down; for I durst not trust myself to look up. 'I don't do this as you charged me in your letter, in a spirit of matrimonial recrimination: if you don't *tell* me, that you see the Countess with pleasure, I *ask* it not of you; nor have I any thing to say by way of upbraiding. 'Tis my misfortune, that she is too lovely, and too attractive: and it is the less wonder that a fine young gentleman as you are, and a fine young lady as she is, should engage one another's affections. I knew every thing, except what this letter, which you shall read presently, communicates, when you brought the two noble sisters to visit me: hence proceeded my grief; and should I, Sir, have deserved to be what I am, if I was *not* grieved? Religion has helped me, and God has answered my supplications, and enabled me to act this new and uncommon part before you at this imaginary bar. You shall see, Sir, that as, on one hand, I want not, as I said before, to move your passions in my favour; so, on the other, I shall not be terrified by your displeasure, dreaded by me as it used to be, and as it will be again, the moment that my raised spirits sink down to their usual level, or are diverted from this my long meditated purpose, to tell you all my mind. I repeat then, Sir, that I knew all this, when the two noble sisters came to visit your poor girl, and to see your Billy. Yet, *grave* as the Countess called me, (dear Sir! might I not well be grave, knowing what I knew?) did I betray any impatience of speech or action, or any discomposure? No Sir,' patting my hand on my breast, '*here*' all my discomposure lay, struggling, ve-

hemently struggling, now-and-then, and wanting that vent of my eyes, which it seems (overcome by my joy, to hear myself favourably spoken of by you and the lady) it *too soon* made itself. But I could not help it—You might have seen, Sir, I could not. But I want neither to recriminate or expostulate; nor yet, Sir, to form excuses for my general conduct; for that you accuse not in the main—but be pleased, Sir, to read this letter. It was brought by the penny-post, as you'll see by the mark. Who the writer is, I know not. And did *you*, Sir, that knowledge, and your resentment upon it, will not alter the fact, or give it a more favourable appearance.'

I stepped to him, and giving him the letter, came back to my bar, and sat down on one of the chairs while he read it, drying my eyes; for they would overflow as I talked, do what I could. He was much moved at the contents of this letter: called it damned malice, and hoped he might find out the author of it, saying he would advertise 500 guineas reward for the discoverer. He put the letter in his pocket. 'Well, Pamela, you believe all that you have said, no doubt; and this matter has a black appearance, indeed, if you do. But who was your *first* informant?—Was that by letter or personally? That damned Turner, I doubt not, is at the bottom of all this. The vain coxcomb has had the insolence to imagine the Countess would favour an address of his; and is enraged to meet with a repulse; and has taken liberties upon it, that have given birth to all the scandals which have been scattered about on this occasion. Nor do I doubt but he has been the Serpent at the ear of my Eve.' I stood up at my bar, and said—'Don't be too hasty, Sir, in your judgment—You *may* be mistaken.' 'But *am* I mistaken, Pamela?—You never yet told me an untruth in cases the most important to you to conceal. *Am* I mistaken?' 'Dear Sir, if I should tell you it is *not* Mr Turner, you'll guess at somebody else: and what avails all this to the matter in hand? You are your own master, and must stand or fall by your own conscience. God grant that *that* may acquit you!—But my intention is not either to accuse or upbraid you.' 'But, my dear, to the fact, then:—This is a malicious and a villanous piece of intelligence, given you, perhaps, for the sake of designs and views, that may not yet be proper to be avowed.' 'By God's grace, Sir, I defy all designs and views of any one upon my honour!' 'But, my dear, the charge is basely false; we have not agreed upon

any such way of life.' 'Well, Sir, all this only proves, that the intelligence may be a little premature. But now let me, Sir, sit down one minute or two, to recover my failing spirits, and then I'll tell you all I propose to do, and all I have to say, and that with as much brevity as I can, for fear neither my head nor my heart should perform the parts I have been so long endeavouring to prevail upon them to perform.'

I sat down then, he taking the letter out of his pocket, and looking upon it again, with much vexation and anger in his countenance, and after a few tears and sobs, that would needs be so officious as to offer their services unbidden and undesired, to introduce what I had to say; I rose up, my feet trembling, as well as my knees; which, however, leaning against the seats of the chairs, which made my bar, as my hand held by the back, tolerably supported me, I cleared my voice, wiped my eyes, and said—

'You have all the excuses, dear Mr B., that a gentleman can have in the object of your present passion.' 'Present passion, Pamela!' 'Dear Sir, hear me out without interruption.—The Countess is a charming lady. She excels your poor girl in all those outward graces of form, which your kind fancy (more valued by me than the opinion of all the world besides) had made you attribute to me. And she has all those additional advantages, as nobleness of birth, of alliance, and deportment, which I want, (happy for you, Sir, that you had known her ladyship some months ago, before you disgraced yourself by the honours you have done me!) This therefore frees you from the aggravated crime of those, who prefer to their own ladies less amiable and less deserving persons; and I have not the sting which those must have, who are contemned and ill treated for the sake of their inferiors. Yet cannot the Countess love you better than your girl loves you, not even for your person, which must, I doubt, be *her* principal attachment; when I can truly say, all noble and attracting to the outward eye as it is, that is the least consideration by far with me; no, Sir, it is your mind, your generous and beneficent mind, that is the principal object of my affection; and the pride I took in hoping that I might be an humble means, in the hands of Providence, to bless you *hereafter* as well as *here*, gave me more pleasure than all the blessings I reaped from your name or your fortune. Judge then, my dearest Mr B., what my grief and my disappointment must be! But I will not expostulate, I *will not*, because it *must* be to no purpose; for

could my fondness for you, and my watchful duty to you, have kept you steady, I should not now have appeared before you in this solemn manner ; and I know the charms of my rival are too powerful for me to contend with. Nothing but divine grace can touch your heart ; and that I expect not, from the nature of the case, should be instantaneous. I will, therefore, Sir, dear as you are to me (—Don't look with such tender surprise upon me !) give up your person to my happier, to my *worthier* rival. For, since such is your will, and such seem to be your engagements, what avails it to me to oppose them ? I have only to beg, therefore, that you will be so good as to permit me to go down to Kent, to my dear parents, who, with many more, are daily rejoicing in your favour and bounty. I will there, ' (holding up my folded hands) ' pray for you every hour of my life ; and for every one who shall be dear to you, not excepting your charming Countess. I will never take your name into my lips, nor suffer any other in my hearing, but with reverence and gratitude, for the good I and mine *have* reaped at your hands ; nor will I wish to be freed from my obligations to you, except you shall choose to be divorced from me ; and if you should, I will give your wishes all the forwardness that I honourably can, with regard to my own character and yours, and that of your beloved baby. But you must give me something worth living for along with me ; your Billy and mine ;—unless it is your desire to kill me quite ! and then, 'tis done, and nothing will stand in your happy Countess's way, if you tear from my arms my *second* earthly good after I am deprived of you my *first*. I will there, Sir, dedicate all my time to my first duties ; happier far, than once I could have hoped to be ! And if, by any accident, and misunderstanding between you, you should part by consent, and you will have it so, my heart shall be ever yours, and my hopes shall be resumed of being an instrument still for your future good, and I will receive your returning ever-valued heart, as if nothing had happened, the moment I can be sure it will be wholly mine. For, think not, dear Sir, whatever be your notions of polygamy, that I will, were my life to depend upon it, consent to live with a gentleman, dear as, God is my witness, ' (lifting up my tearful eyes) ' you are to me, who lives in what I cannot but think open sin with another ! You *know*, Sir, and I appeal to you for the purity, and I will aver piety, of my motives, when I say this, that I *would not* ; and as you do know this,

I cannot doubt, but my proposal will be agreeable to you both. And I beg of you, dear Sir, to take me at my word ; and don't let me be tortured, as I have been so many weeks, with such anguish of mind, that nothing but religious considerations can make supportable to me.'

'And are you in earnest, Pamela?' coming to me, and folding me in his arms over the chair's back, the seat of which supported my trembling knees—' Can you so easily part with me?'

' I can, Sir, and I will !—rather than divide my interest in you, knowingly, with any lady upon earth. But say not, however, can I part with you, Sir ; it is you that part with me ; and tell me, Sir, tell me but what you had intended should become of me?'

' You talk to me, my dearest life, as if all you had heard against me was true ; and you would have me answer you, (would you ?) as if it was.'

' I want nothing to convince me, Sir, that the Countess loves you ; you know the rest of my information ; judge for me, what I can, what I ought to believe !—You know the rumours of the world concerning you : even I, who stay so much at home, and have not taken the least pains to find out my wretchedness, nor to confirm it, since I knew it, have come to the hearing of it ; and if you know the license taken with both your characters, and yet correspond so openly, must it not look to me, that you value not your honour in the world's eye, nor my lady hers? I told you, Sir, the answer she made to her uncle.'

' You told me, my dear, as you were told. Be tender of a lady's reputation—for your own sake. No one is exempted from calumny ; and even words said, and the occasion of saying them not known, may bear a very different construction from what they would have done, had the occasion been told.'

' This may be all true, Sir : I wish the lady would be as tender of her reputation as I would be, let her injure me in your affections as she will. But can you say, Sir, that there is nothing between you, that should *not* be according to *my* notions of virtue and honour, and according to your *own*, which I took pride in, before that fatal masquerade?'

' You answer me not,' continued I ; ' and may I not fairly presume you are not able to answer me as I wish to be answered? But come, dearest Sir,' (and I put my arms round his neck) ' let me not urge you too boldly. I will

never forget your benefits and your past kindnesses to me. I have been a happy creature: no one, till within these few weeks, was ever so happy as I. I will love you still with a passion as ardent as ever I loved you. Absence cannot lessen such a love as mine: I am sure it cannot. I see your difficulties. You have gone too far to recede. If you can make it easy to your conscience, I will wait with patience my happier destiny; and I will wish to live, (if I can be convinced you wish me not to die) in order to pray for you, and to be a directress to the first education of my dearest baby. You sigh, dear Sir; repose your beloved face next to my fond heart. 'Tis all your own: and ever shall be, let it, or let it not, be worthy of the honour in your estimation. But yet, my dear Mr B., if one could as easily, in the prime of sensual youth, look twenty years forward, as one can twenty years backward, what an empty vanity, what a mere nothing, will be all those grosser satisfactions, that now give wings of desire to our debased appetites! Motives of religion will have their due force upon *your* mind one day, I hope; as, blessed be God, they have enabled *me* to talk to you on such a touching point (after infinite struggles, I own) with so much temper and resignation; and then, my dearest Mr B., when we come to that last bed, from which the piety of our friends shall lift us, but from which we shall never be able to raise ourselves; for, dear Sir, your Countess, and you, and your poor Pamela, must all come to this!—we shall find what it is will give us the true joy, and enable us to support the pangs of the dying hour.—Think you, my dearest Sir,' (and I pressed my lips to his forehead, as his head was reclined on my throbbing bosom,) 'that *then*, in that important moment, what now gives us the greatest pleasure, will have any part in our consideration, but as it may give us wo or comfort in the reflection? But I will not, I will not, O best beloved of my soul, afflict you farther.—Why should I thus sadden all your gaudy prospects? I have said enough to such a heart as yours, if divine grace touches it. And if not, all I can say will be of no avail!—I will leave you therefore to that, and to your own reflections. And after giving you ten thousand thanks for your kind, your indulgent patience with me, I will only beg, that I may set out in a week for Kent, with my dear Billy; that you will receive one letter at least, from me, of gratitude and blessings; it shall not be of upbraidings and exclamations. But my child you must not deny me; for I shall haunt, like

his shadow, every place wherein you shall put my Billy, if you should be so unkind to deny him to me!—And, if, moreover, you will permit me to have the dear Miss Goodwin with me, as you had almost given me room to hope, I will read over all the books of education, and digest them, as well as I am able, in order to send you my scheme, and to show you how fit I hope your *indulgence*, at least, will make you think me, of having two such precious trusts reposed in me!’

I was silent, waiting in tears his answer. But his generous heart was touched, and seemed to labour within him for expression. He came round to me at last, and took me in his arms. ‘Exalted creature!’ said he; ‘noble minded Pamela! Let no bar be put between us henceforth! No wonder, when one looks back to your first promising dawn of excellence, that your fuller day should thus irresistibly dazzle such weak eyes as mine. Whatever it costs me, and I have been inconsiderately led on by blind passion for an object too charming, but which I never thought equal to my Pamela, I will (for it is yet, I bless God, in my power) restore to your virtue a husband all your own.’

‘O Sir, Sir!’ (and I should have sunk down with joy, had not his kind arms supported me) ‘what have you said?—Can I be so happy as to behold you innocent as to deed! God, of his infinite goodness, continue you both so!—And Oh! that the dear lady would make me as truly love her, for the graces of her mind, as I admire her for the advantages of her person!’

‘You are virtue itself, my dearest life; and from this moment I will reverence you as my tutelary angel. I shall behold you with awe, and implicitly give up myself to all your dictates: for what you *say*, and what you *do*, must be ever right.—But I will not, my dearest life, too lavishly promise, lest you should think it the sudden effects of passions thus movingly touched, and which may subside again, when the soul, as you observed in your own case, sinks to its former level; but this I promise you, (and I hope you believe me, and will pardon the pain I have given you, which made me fear, more than once, that your head was affected, so *uncommon*, yet so *like yourself*, has been the manner of your acting) that I will break off a correspondence that has given you so much uneasiness: and my Pamela may believe, that if I can be as good as my word in this point, she will never more be in danger of any rival whatever.

‘ But say, my dear love,’ (added he) ‘ say you forgive me ; and resume but your former cheerfulness, and affectionate regards to me ; else I shall suspect the sincerity of your forgiveness : and you shall indeed go to Kent ; but not without me nor your boy either ; and if you insist upon it, the poor child you have wished so often and so generously to have, shall be given up absolutely to your disposal.’

Do you think, Madam, I could speak any one distinct sentence ? No indeed I could not—‘ Pardon, pardon *you*, dear Sir !’—and I sunk down on my knees, from his arms—‘ All I beg—All I hope—*Your* pardon—*my* thankfulness.—O spare me—spare me but words’—And indeed I was just choked with my joy ; I never was so in my whole life before. And my eyes were in a manner fixed, as the dear man told me afterwards ; and that he was a little startled, seeing nothing but the whites ; for the sight was out of its orbits, in a manner lifted up to heaven—in ecstasy for a turn so sudden, and so unexpected !

THOMAS SKINNER SURR.

ABOUT twenty years ago, SURR was a fashionable and popular novelist; and it is but proper to give a specimen of him. His novels had the merit of being readable at a time when scarcely any thing but trash filled that department of literature. The titles of them are: 'Consequences,' 2 vols.—'George Barnwell,' 3 vols.—'Splendid Misery' (his most popular one) 3 vols.—'Magic of Wealth,' 3 vols.—and 'Winter in London,' 3 vols. These are still to be found in every circulating library. Our extract is from the last work, which was published in 1806, and although it is not quite characteristic of the author, we prefer it as a very clever piece of biography—resembling some of the spirited sketches of Miss Edgeworth.

THE FOUNDER OF A FAMILY.

MR Sawyer Dickens was universally known as one of the wealthiest commoners in England. There was not wanting, however, some persons with strong memories who recollected that the origin of the wealthy banker was far from splendid. In truth, the first property acquired by the father of Mr Dickens was obtained by the application of his talents and industry to the useful employments of cleaning boots and shoes, and knives and forks at a public house in the neighbourhood of Newgate Market. Ned Dickens was indebted to Yorkshire for his birth, parentage, and education, and was a firm and sincere professor of that celebrated creed, 'that pence get shillings, and shillings get pounds.' This faith enabled him to endure with patience and humility, many a cuff and kick, and cheered him under many a cloud

of brick-dust. Thus, a few years' devotion to these pursuits enabled Ned Dickens to become a creditor of the nation, to the amount of fifty pounds five per cent. stock, and promoted him to the rank of waiter. The same saving faith still urged him onward in the rich man's progress, and shielded him from all temptation to turn aside. 'A penny saved 's a penny got,' often rang in his ears, as he cast his little eyes upon the spruce garments of a brother waiter at a neighbouring coffee-house, and then surveyed his own old suit of corderoy. To all this personal merit, Fortune added her blind boon, by rendering the existing circumstances precisely such as best agreed with his peculiar genius and disposition. His master died, and bequeathed all his right and title to the house and the good-will of the trade, to his beloved widow, and his hopeful heir Tommy Jones.

Tommy was what at that period was termed a natty spark of eighteen, and the widow Jones was one of the numerous class of foolishly good-natured mothers. Ned was three years older than Tommy, and was at the death of his master, worth nearly two hundred pounds. Vauxhall, Saddler's Wells, and the Dog-and-Duck, became the exchequers into which Tommy Jones, assisted by certain fair friends, regularly paid the receipts of his mother's bar. These, however, were soon found inadequate to support the frolics of this spirited youth; and Ned Dickens's coffers became the budget from which his young master, with due humility and at ample discount, drew his supplies. The thrifty Dickens kept a good account. Thus the idleness and folly of the master enriched the servant; and by the time that Tommy was two and twenty he had broken his mother's heart and spent his last shilling. He then enlisted himself as an East-India soldier, and Mr Edward Dickens succeeded him as landlord of that house, which, a few years before, he had entered a penniless and almost naked boy.

With the attainment of such an eminence as this above the level of his ancestors, many a plodder would have been content. Not so Edward Dickens:—He was destined to be *the founder of a family*; and this little elevation served only to open to him the brighter paths that still towered above him. He did not halt. At five and twenty he considered that matrimony would have been an expensive clog in his progress, and he consequently resisted, with a Joseph's virtue, all the bewitching lures of widows and maids who

were daily surrounding him. To discover poor butchers, poor bakers, poor distillers, and poor excisemen, was Ned's constant study, from a persuasion that his own ready cash would produce more profit in proportion to the greater need of those with whom he bargained.

The scene of action now grew confined, in comparison with his stimulus to exertion. Fortune again befriending him, soon opened a wider field to his talents. Adjoining to his own house was that of Mr Barton, an eminent man in his trade, which was that of importing rum and brandy in puncheons and pieces, and retailing the same commodities, with a little British addition, in quarters of gills, to the gardeners, butchers, fish-mongers, and their fair assistants, who resorted to Newgate Market. In this traffic Mr Barton was rapidly acquiring wealth; he was already a common-councilman of the ward, and would, in all probability, have been lord-mayor of London; but for the carelessness of his housekeeper, who one night forgetting to take off his cravat after his return from a turtle feast, the poor man paid his life a forfeit for an inordinate indulgence of his appetite.

Next morning, no sooner was Edward Dickens informed why the shop of his neighbour was not opened, than he flew to the nephew, who was his heir at law; and who, being a thoughtless young man, then an ensign in the guards, very good naturedly promised that, if he had the power, Mr Dickens should have the lease and goodwill of his uncle's house at a fair valuation. This lucky hit, as some called it, but this quick foresight, as he himself justly thought it, proved a considerable advancement in the fortune of Mr Dickens; for, as young Barton lived chiefly at an hotel in St James's Street, he knew nothing of the value of his uncle's concern, and very confidently left the regulation of the whole transaction to a fashionable auctioneer, who in his turn being engaged to sell some pictures and porcelain at the west end of the town, sent a young disciple of seventeen to value the concern, against a deep old practitioner in the city, whom Dickens had engaged. It is an axiom in mercantile morality, to buy as cheap and sell as dear as possible. Therefore, though the stock and business of Mr Barton was certainly worth three thousand pounds, it is not right to infer that any thing like a bribe was the cause of their being assigned over to Mr Dickens for one. Such was the fact; and from that moment the thrifty Yorkshire-

man acquired hundreds with more facility than he had before gained pounds.

On his fortieth birth-day Edward Dickens arose worth forty thousand pounds. His residence was then a small house on Garlick Hill; where, with an establishment consisting of a housekeeper, one man-servant, and a clerk whom he had taken from a charity-school as an apprentice, he transacted more business, and gained more thousands, than many of his fraternity who kept their country house and carriages, and left the cares of their business to sixteen careless clerks, and an idle fagging partner.

It was at that epoch of his life that business introduced Mr Dickens to the acquaintance of Hannah Sawyer, a well-looking woman, about his own age, the widow of the chief partner in a bank at Bristol. He soon discovered that her husband had died worth at least twice as much as he himself possessed, and he instantly persuaded himself that he had never seen so desirable a woman as this widow. Expensive as it was, he insisted upon lodging the fair prize in his own house during her stay in London, and, for more reasons than he confessed, persisted in accompanying her and one of the surviving partners to Doctors' Commons, with poor Mr Sawyer's will. His visage lengthened as he heard the clauses read, which condemned fifty thousand pounds of the widow's property to the strong boxes of the bank at Bristol, during the continuation of the present partnership, (which could only be dissolved by unanimous consent), and for which she was only to receive a proportionate rate of the profit arising from the bank. Still, however, there remained thirty thousand pounds unappropriated, and the whole was at her own disposal, with only the above restriction. In vain the gentleman who accompanied the widow from Bristol crossed in between the object of his own hopes and the brandy merchant;—the latter was the favoured admirer.

Mrs Sawyer had been advanced to the honours of a bride to the Bristol banker from the capacity of a menial servant. In one of those deliriums, which sometimes seize old bachelors, who have scoffed all the days of their youth at matrimony, old Sawyer, at the age of three score and ten, took Hannah his house-maid to wife. She had tenderly nursed the old man in his fits of the gout, for the space of twelve years, and was rewarded for her attention by a bequest of eighty thousand pounds. This fortune, and her own fair

hand, Hannah, in less than a month, was prevailed upon to bestow on the 'discreet,' the 'sober,' the 'jolly-looking' Dickens, in preference to the 'conceited,' 'boyish,' 'pragmatical' Mr Willis, the junior partner in the house of Sawyer and Co.

Thus invested with the privileges of a master, the bridegroom repaired to the bank at Bristol, and was in all due form introduced to the partners. Though the education of Mr Dickens had not extended beyond reading the catechism, he had taught himself to write the word 'Received,' and could sign his own name. For a slight knowledge of figures he was indebted to his love of money, which rendered it indispensable to know how to keep or check his accounts. His interest in the banking concern now caused him to regret the want of a more liberal education, as it puzzled him exceedingly at first to comprehend the arcana of the innermost counting-house. So powerful, however, was his love of gain that his naturally keen penetration, and quickness of apprehension, soon enabled him to form a just estimate of the value of the opportunity which fortune had thus again bestowed on him. The first use he made of his knowledge was to cajole the two junior partners of the house into an abandonment of their shares in his favour, for what appeared to them a splendid remuneration. The two others, he calculated, were old; and though they both had children, he strenuously objected to the admission of any of their progeny into the Bristol bank.

In the meantime his bride, who was a woman of plain good sense, without any thing remarkably vicious or virtuous in her composition, brought this man of wealth a son and heir, who was baptized, in honour of his mother's first husband, by the name of Sawyer. In paying this compliment to his spouse, Dickens, however, had a latent motive; for, as the firm of the bank was still Sawyer & Co. he looked forward the fifth part of a century, when it might still be Sawyer Dickens and Co. with his son at the head of the house. The same cunning made him appear to yield to his wife, in consenting to retain the coach and black geldings, which old Sawyer had sported before him. For though the provender of coachman and horses often cost him a sigh, yet he understood enough of banking, to know that it would ensure his credit to put down an equipage, and he was therefore compelled to go to church in his coach. Similar motives induced him to retain the same household establish-

ment, and to cultivate the same expensive connections which his predecessor had courted.

The experience of every day now brought fresh joy to Mr Dickens. Seated in his counting-house, with all the consequence of wealth, this Bristol Plutus, who, a few years back, had followed, almost barefoot, the York waggon to London, now received the bows and the cringing applications of merchants, peers, and even statesmen, for the loan of small parts of that wealth which he had accumulated and acquired. With what rapture did his keen eyes regale themselves upon the bonds, deeds, mortgages, and other securities, which the folly, the extravagance, or the misfortunes of others, poured into his coffers! Every sigh which the embarrassed man breathed in his hearing was a plaudit to his prudence, and the tears which repentant prodigality shed in his sight, proved nutriment to the selfishness which had inspired him with the love of hoarding.

The climax of his prosperity, however, was yet to come. One of the oldest and wealthiest banking houses in the metropolis was reduced to the most imminent danger of bankruptcy, by the imprudent speculations of one of the partners, who had employed immense sums in a foreign concern, which sums accident prevented from recurring to the bank at the expected period. The same cause which occasioned this disastrous disappointment operated upon the mercantile interest in general, and money was not to be obtained at any premium or on any security. The expedient of the government becoming pawnbrokers had not at that time been thought of: no influence, however powerful, at that period, would have availed the unprincipled or unfortunate speculator, by procuring from the country at large a loan of commercial exchequer bills, to prop an individual's credit. The general dismay and distress of that period were, to men like Mr Dickens, subjects of self-gratulation, and sources of still further gain. He, among the few whose hoards enabled them to avail themselves of such an opportunity, and who had knowledge enough of money affairs to perceive it, aware that the gloom was temporary, purchased the national funds, then beyond all precedent depressed, at such prices as almost doubled his immense property. To crown the whole, the chief partner in the banking-house alluded to, as a last resource to save his tottering credit, applied to Mr Dickens. Estates in Cumberland, of far greater value than the amount of all their wants, were pledged as a secu-

rity that the borrowers should replace, at a stated time, in the funds, as much stock, at whatever price it might be purchased, as was now disposed of to supply their need, and for the use of which a premium was given so infamously usurious that it was never named. By this transaction the credit of the banking-house was saved ; and, while many of lesser note were shattered to irremediable ruin by the pressure of the times, the house of Darlington and Co. stood firm, or rose, if possible, more proudly eminent than it was before the general shock.

Mr Darlington was a man of worth and honour. He was descended from the younger branch of a noble family, and was in every respect worthy of his nobility. He had a son a partner in the bank, whose sanguine temper had been the cause of their embarrassment, and he had a young and lovely daughter. Time, in his ceaseless flight, soon stole away the months between the day of borrowing and the day of payment. The younger Darlington, whose indiscretion had so nearly proved fatal to the house, with a zeal honourable to his memory, determined to repair as much as possible the injury he had occasioned, by visiting, in person, the plantations he had purchased in the West Indies; and inspecting, with his own eyes, the accounts of his agents, which his hopes prompted him to believe exaggerated, if not false. These shadowy hopes, however, vanished before the fatal truth. He found his affairs even worse than they had been represented ; still greater losses threatened him—his ardent spirit could not submit to the blow of stern adversity—remorse was followed by despair—he sickened and died upon the plantation. This calamity in a moment dissolved for ever all the fond hopes of the unfortunate father. The bonds to Mr Dickens thus were forfeited ; the mortgaged lands, the mansion of his forefathers, and, in fact, the key to all the property which Darlington possessed, was thus in the custody of Dickens, for on his mercy the credit of the bank now poised. The Bristol banker was soon apprised of the state of Darlington's affairs. He felt no surprise : in fact, excepting the death of young Darlington, he had looked to just such a termination of the transaction. Without loss of time he repaired to London, taking with him his son Sawyer Dickens. Knowing by experience the importance of a good education, Dickens had determined to bestow upon this his only child as much learning as he had capacity to receive. For this purpose he had provided him, at home,

with the best tutors in all the branches of education, fearing that at a school he might imbibe habits of expense, and idle notions of generosity,—a danger from which he well knew he was secure at home.

Thus, at the age of eighteen, Sawyer Dickens was as well stored with acquirements as most boys of the same age educated even at the best public schools. His disposition was marked by nothing remarkably vicious, nor did it display itself in any acts of generosity or kindness. If any trait of his mind was at that early period more conspicuous than another, it was that sort of feeling which has frequently been denominated *purse-pride*, and which, perhaps, cannot be more significantly expressed. From his father and his mother he received lessons upon the importance of wealth ; and indeed, from all that he saw and heard around him under their roof, he could not fail to imbibe a conviction of the omnipotence of riches. Such was the youth whom Mr Dickens conveyed with him to town. Their chaise stopped at Mr Darlington's house, in Cavendish Square, just as the unfortunate man was endeavouring to console his daughter for the death of her brother, and the probable consequences of his debt to Mr Dickens. He heard the carriage draw up, and saw from the window his unwelcome visitors. ' Good God ! ' exclaimed the agonized father, drawing his trembling girl to his bosom, ' he is here : the wolf is already here, my child ; he is come to devour your father ! ' Ere he had recovered from the shock, the servant announced Mr Dickens. Politeness and delicacy were *caviare* to the Bristol banker : he followed the servant, and in a moment he and his son were in the room. Amelia clung round her father, and looked with terror on the intruders. Darlington held his hand to his forehead, and was dumb. Dickens, without ceremony, walked up to him, and taking the other hand, shook it in a friendly manner ; while Sawyer, riveted to the spot where he entered, was struck with awe at the sight of distress and beauty. Repulsing this freedom, Mr Darlington, with an effort concealing his tenderer feelings, said, with dignity, ' You are here, Mr Dickens, rather unexpectedly.' ' Mr Darlington, I am not a man of words,' replied Dickens ; ' I know your situation, and I am come here on purpose to save the credit of your house.' ' Sir,' said Mr Darlington, with an emphasis full of meaning, and an expressive glance of the eye. ' You doubt,' said Dickens. ' Yes, Sir,' said Darlington, ' both your will and your power. Could the

credit of a banker be sustained in London while his family domains are in the hands of his creditors?' 'Certainly not,' replied the other; 'but these are not subjects for children;' looking on Amelia. 'My daughter's distress, Sir, is for a loss that can never be retrieved: my poor boy's zeal has cost him dear.' He was compelled to cover his face with his handkerchief for a moment, then continued:—'Mr Dickens, you are a father, and—' 'I have my feelings as well as others, as my actions shall prove; but, in this world, Sir, we all know feelings must submit to circumstances.' 'Sir,' said Mr Darlington, with mingled sorrow and contempt. 'I would be plainer with you,' replied Dickens; 'but ——' and again he cast his eyes on Amelia.

'Retire, my love, a few minutes,' said Mr Darlington, handing his daughter to the door. 'Go into another room, Sawyer,' said Mr Dickens to his son; and the two fathers were alone. 'Mr Darlington,' said Dickens, smoothing his chin with his right hand, while he placed the other in his breeches pocket—'Mr Darlington, as I said before, I am not a man of words: I know precisely your situation, Mr Darlington, and every twist and turn of your affairs, Mr Darlington. I grieve for the loss of your son, who was certainly a very promising young man, but for this unlucky business.—But to the point, Mr Darlington, you have still a daughter left, Mr Darlington, and a very fine young creature to be sure she is. Now, Mr Darlington, two hundred thousand pounds is not to be picked up in the streets; and if it not be forthcoming, why, you know, I may foreclose in a few days, and the thing would soon get wind; and then, I leave you to judge, Mr Darlington, what would be the consequence: bad news flies apace, and a run on the bank would be the upshot, as you must be aware, Mr Darlington. Now I have been calculating and reckoning these points, and what's the end on't? Why, this, to be sure: that if it was not necessary to raise this sum of two hundred thousand pounds directly, why, in time, things might come round: next year's crop in the West Indies might not be so bad as the last, and the year after that may be better still: so that, if appearances could keep as they are,—why people need be no wiser than they are, you know, Mr Darlington; and they will bring their money to your counter the same as if it was as safe as ever, Mr Darlington.' The various emotions which this harangue created in the breast of Mr Darlington are indescribable. Frequently was he upon the point

of stopping it short; but desirous of hearing the conclusion, he suffered him to proceed thus far, when the insinuation contained in the last sentence, put him off his guard, and he exclaimed—'Oh, Harry! Oh, my son! now, now I feel the wounds you have inflicted: I am compelled to listen to an insinuation against my honour and my honesty. Your wealth, Sir, and my misfortunes, have given you the power of ruining me, but not of insulting me with impunity.' 'Insult you, Mr Darlington! Why, your misfortunes have turned your brain. Insulted you!—I came a hundred and twenty miles to hush up matters, and put things straight—and this is called insulting! This may be fine logic, for aught I know, Mr Darlington; but I'm sure it's not according to my notions of business.' 'What is it but insult, Sir, to suppose that the house of Darlington would receive the money of its customers, when I know that its bankruptcy may take place at any hour you please? No, Sir—no; if such is your intended clemency, I refuse it. Foreclose, instantly, Sir: take possession of Darlington-Hall as soon as you please: advertise it for sale by auction, if you will. It may occasion me to shut up my doors in Lombard-street; but it shall not make me a villain!'

Mr Dickens stared with astonishment at the warmth of Mr Darlington; for, in truth, he never meant to convey that meaning by his speech, which the quick sense of honour in Darlington attached to it. 'One word, one word, Mr Darlington, and I have done,' said Dickens. 'You have run your head against a post, as the saying is; that's no fault of mine; I had no meaning to offend you. To come to the point, for I have always found plain dealing the best road, my meaning was this—You are under bond to pay me two hundred thousand pounds next month, or the estates in Cumberland are mine. Now, I know you can't pay me without shutting your doors in Lombard-street, as you say; and if it comes to be known that I have foreclosed the mortgage, because you can't redeem it, why, it comes to the same thing; for your credit is gone, and then where's your bank? Now, Mr Darlington, don't be offended again, Mr Darlington; though I am what I am, through hard working and close-saving,—and though your family, as I have heard, be come of lords and earls,—yet, Mr Darlington, my two hundred thousands are as good as a Duke's; and all I say is, Why there it is, and more to that if it is wanted; there's the use of the Bristol bank besides. And for what? you will say.

Why for a fair share of the profits; a fair honest share, Mr Darlington; Edward Dickens is not the man to want more than his own.' Mr Darlington was staggered. 'If, Sir,' said he, 'I have misconstrued your meaning, I beg your pardon. Now, if I understand you rightly, you are willing to let the money advanced remain in the bank, upon being admitted to a proportional share of the profits; that is, you propose yourself as a partner.' 'Not quite so: I am in years, Mr Darlington; my son is coming on apace—eighteen years old last March the fourth. He is a sharp lad, has the best of learning, the very best, Mr Darlington, that money could buy. You have a daughter ——' 'Sir, forgive the interruption,' said Mr Darlington, 'you do not mean, perhaps, to wound me; but a proposal so abrupt, to place the son of another in the situation which the death of my own has so recently made vacant, is not of a nature to be attended to immediately. I thank you, however, for the confidence your proposal evinces. Nay, I will not absolutely refuse it; but I see so many obstacles to it, that in requesting a little time for consideration, I would by no means have you withhold such proceedings as your judgment directs, from any notion of my consent which such a request might imply. You shall hear from me, Sir, as soon as possible; but for the present you must excuse me.' These sentences were uttered with the interruption of sobs; and then ringing the bell for a servant, he left the room without waiting an instant for Mr Dickens's reply. The anguish of the worthy man was extreme, and the appearance of his daughter, who sought to alleviate his sorrow, increased his distress.

In the meantime Dickens and his son quitted the house; the former with no slight degree of astonishment at the conduct of Mr Darlington. 'The thing, however, must take that course,' said he to his son; 'I am sure it must, Sawyer. —There's no loop hole. Pride's in the way: he thinks we are not grand enough in family connections:—But we are in possession of that that will buy titles, boy.—He is a good-meaning man that Darlington, but a little weak in the noddle: crying and pouting about what can't be helped; all idle nonsense. Well, let him alone a bit;—must come to, Sawyer. We have him in a bag; of two evils he'll choose the least, I warrant. Won't relish bankruptcy. See if any of his grand cousins will raise two hundred thousand—not amongst them all together. Let him try the city—many a one willing to catch at such an opening; but where's their

hundred thousands? Yes, yes, I foresaw this; must come to us at last, and then, Sawyer, you are made for ever. The best accounts in all the city—receivership of the county—government accounts; I know what I am about, my boy; and I am sure Sawyer Dickens is not the undutiful son, or the snivelling fool, that would balk the plans of his father.

As this votary of wealth now prophesied, precisely so it came to pass. After a variety of struggles between pride and shame—between the instant disgrace and ruin of bankruptcy, and the more remote humiliation of adding Sawyer Dickens to the firm, the heart-broken Darlington acceded at length to the latter. Sawyer Dickens was immediately admitted upon the most liberal terms, as an inmate in the house of Mr Darlington, and attended the banking house in the capacity of a pupil, who was hereafter to become a principal in the concern. It was the substance of one clause in the articles of this agreement, that if, on or before a certain day, Sawyer Dickens married Amelia Darlington, then and in that case the said sum of two hundred thousand pounds, now belonging to Edward Dickens, with all other share, interest, and concern whatever, which he now possessed in the house of Darlington and Dickens, should be and become the joint property of the said Sawyer Dickens and Augustus Darlington, and the survivors of them for ever. The intent of this clause was obvious, and that intent was answered. The credit, the fortunes of Darlington, now rested entirely on the connection with Dickens, and the filial anxiety of Amelia soon discovered that important secret.

At the same time, Sawyer Dickens, with his father, perceived the numerous advantages that must accrue from a relationship with the family of Darlington, in the event of his death, and urged with importunity his pretensions to the gentle Amelia.—They were married. Mr Darlington lived to bless their nuptials, and then sunk to that grave, which the indiscretions of a beloved son had prematurely prepared.

The heart of old Dickens was now without a wish: he beheld the work of his hand, and rejoiced. From penury itself, he had risen to a level, in point of fortune, with the richest men of his age, and he saw his son firmly established in a concern that added every year immense accumulation to his already overgrown fortune. He lived to see that son the father of a son, and then his career of avarice was closed for ever. Through life he had suffered no pain, he had enjoyed

no pleasure from the intellectual part of his being: for in him the accumulation of wealth was not a passion, but merely an instinct, which afforded him only a similar enjoyment to that which the indulgence of gluttony yields to its grovelling votaries. In death he experienced neither mental terror nor hope; his corporeal sufferings engrossed his whole essence of being, except that in short intervals of ease, he would exhort his son to preserve and to increase that wealth, which it had been the chief end of his existence to create. The widow Dickens survived her husband only a few months; and these three deaths left Mr Sawyer Dickens, as before stated, one of the wealthiest commoners in England.

MATURIN.

It does not generally hold that an author is characteristic of his country ; but in the case of *Ireland*, with one or two exceptions—Swift and Sir Richard Steele, for instance,* who were pure English writers and *thinkers*—almost all her authors are strongly marked with the peculiar qualities that distinguish her as a nation. At this time, we have Moore among our poets—Philips among our orators—and (till lately) Maturin among our romance writers—three authors thoroughly and unequivocally *Irish*—with all the faults and excellences that are supposed to characterize their countrymen—ardent and imaginative to the last degree—full of pointed sentiment and brilliant imagery—bold and rapid in their conceptions—fervent and exaggerated in their diction—always straining at effect, and at times reaching the height of powerful writing, though as often, by their extravagance, falling into the ludicrous—generally bearing the reader impetuously on in a state of dazzled and feverish enthusiasm, but leaving him at last oppressed and fatigued, by a glare to which there is no relief, and an excitement to which there is no cessation. The latter of these writers did not, in his life time, attain that celebrity which his works entitled him to ; and it is grievous that this reading age should have to add *one* of unquestionable genius to the list of unfortunate and ill-rewarded authors. He was a clergyman of the Irish Episcopal Church, and held the cure of St Peter's, Dublin. With the frankness of his countrymen, he tells us in one of his prefaces that none of his prose works had been success-

* Goldsmith, too. But though Goldsmith was a pure English writer, his character as a man was Irish.

ful, and in another of his prefaces hints that necessity made him take to romance-writing. It is certain, his strength lay in that branch of literature, and in all probability his inclination also; yet he would not have pled necessity for betaking himself to it, without cause. What we have to regret is, that his merit was tardily appreciated, and that he was cut off just as he was gaining that notoriety and distinction which was so deservedly his due.

Montorio, or The Fatal Revenge, was his first attempt in romance-writing, and, though composed at an early age, evinces great strength of fancy and feeling, and shows how decidedly his mind was at this time bent to the course which it afterwards followed. Not only are the incidents and situations striking and romantic, but they are supported and executed with a force and talent equal to their conception. *The Milesian Chief* and *The Wild Irish Boy* succeeded *Montorio*—the former a romance, laid in Ireland, of powerful interest, and from which, we conjecture, the hint of *The Bride of Lammermoor* has been taken—the latter rather a novel than romance, displaying considerable knowledge of fashionable life both in Dublin and London. Then followed his tragedy of *Bertram*; and in 1818, his *Women, or Pour et Contre*, a novel with many faults of style and story, but with numberless beauties to overbalance them. Next succeeded his *Melmoth*, by far the best, in our opinion, of all his romances,—that can yield to no similar work in the interest and sensations it creates:—and last of all came his *Albigenses*, his only attempt at historical romance, and by no means a failure.

Our specimen of Maturin must be from *Melmoth*. The extract which follows is a story which a wretched parricide tells a noble Spaniard, as they lie in a subterraneous passage, waiting the fall of evening, on purpose to make their escape from a monastery. The parricide, after the commission of his dreadful crime, had found shelter in this monas-

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tery, and by the most depraved cruelty endeavoured to numb the stings of conscience, and to glut his fiendish passions by making others as miserable as himself. This is a relation from his own mouth of *one* of his deeds, while a servant in the monastery.

STORY OF A PARRICIDE.

‘ I WAS desired to attach myself to a young monk of distinguished family, who had lately taken the vows, and who performed his duties with that heartless punctuality that intimated to the community that his heart was elsewhere. I was soon put in possession of the business; from their ordering me to *attach* myself to him, I instantly conceived I was bound to the most deadly hostility against him. The friendship of convents is always a treacherous league—we watch, suspect, and torment each other, for the love of God. This young monk’s only crime was, that he was suspected of cherishing an earthly passion. He was, in fact, the son of a distinguished family, who (from the fear of his contracting what is called a degrading marriage, *i. e.* of marrying a woman of inferior rank whom he loved, and who would have made him happy, as fools, that is, half mankind, estimate happiness) forced him to take the vows. He appeared at times broken-hearted, but at times there was a light of hope in his eye, that looked somewhat ominous in the eyes of the community. It is certain, that hope not being an indigenous plant in the parterre of a convent, must excite suspicion with regard both to its origin and its growth.

‘ Some time after, a young novice entered the convent. From the moment he did so, a change the most striking took place in the young monk. He and the novice became inseparable companions—there was something suspicious in that. My eyes were on the watch in a moment. Eyes are particularly sharpened in discovering misery when they can hope to aggravate it. The attachment between the young monk and the novice went on. They were for ever in the garden together—they inhaled the odours of the flowers—they cultivated the same cluster of carnations—they entwined themselves as they walked together—when

they were in the choir, their voices were like mixed incense. Friendship is often carried to excess in conventual life, but this friendship was too like love. For instance, the psalms sung in the choir sometimes breathe a certain language; at these words, the young monk and the novice would direct their voices to each other in sounds that could not be misunderstood. If the least correction was inflicted, one would intreat to undergo it for the other. If a day of relaxation was allowed, whatever presents were sent to the cell of one, were sure to be found in the cell of the other. This was enough for me. I saw that secret of mysterious happiness, which is the greatest misery to those who never can share it. My vigilance was redoubled, and it was rewarded by the discovery of a secret—a secret that I had to communicate and raise my consequence by. You cannot guess the importance attached to the discovery of a secret in a convent, (particularly when the remission of our own offences depends on the discovery of those of others).

‘ One evening as the young monk and his darling novice were in the garden, the former plucked a peach which he immediately offered to his favourite; the latter accepted it with a movement I thought rather awkward—it seemed like what I imagined would be the reverence of a female. The young monk divided the peach with a knife; in doing so, the knife grazed the finger of the novice, and the monk, in agitation inexpressible, tore his habit to bind up the wound. I saw it all—my mind was made up on the business—I went to the Superior that very night. The result may be conceived. They were watched, but cautiously at first. They were probably on their guard; for, for some time, it defied even my vigilance to make the slightest discovery. It is a situation incomparably tantalizing, when suspicion is satisfied of her own suggestions, as of the truth of the gospel, but still wants the *little fact* to make them credible to others. One night that I had, by direction of the Superior, taken my station in the gallery, (where I was contented to remain hour after hour, and night after night, amid solitude, darkness, and cold, for the chance of the power of retaliating on others the misery inflicted on myself)—One night I thought I heard a step in the gallery—I have told you that I was in the dark—a light step passed me. I could hear the broken and palpitating respiration of the person. A few moments after, I heard a door open, and knew it to be the

door of the young monk. I knew it; for by long watching in the dark, and accustoming myself to number the cells, by the groan from one, the prayer from another, the faint shriek of restless dreams from a third, my ear had become so finely graduated, that I could instantly distinguish the opening of *that door* from which (to my sorrow) no sound had ever before issued. I was provided with a small chain, by which I fastened the handle of the door to a contiguous one, in such a manner, that it was impossible to open either of them from the inside. I then hastened to the Superior, with a pride of which none but the successful tracer of a guilty secret in convents can have any conception. I believe the Superior was himself agitated by the luxury of the same feelings, for he was awake and up in his apartment, attended by four monks. I communicated my intelligence with a voluble eagerness, not only unsuited to the respect I owed these persons, but which must have rendered me almost unintelligible, yet they were good enough not only to overlook this violation of decorum, which would in any other case have been severely punished, but even to supply certain pauses in my narrative, with a condescension and facility truly miraculous. I felt what it was to acquire importance in the eyes of a Superior, and gloried in all the dignified depravity of an informer. We set out without losing a moment,—we arrived at the door of the cell, and I pointed out with triumph the chain unremoved, though a slight vibration, perceptible at our approach, showed the wretches within were already apprized of their danger. I unfastened the door,—how they must have shuddered! The Superior and his satellites burst into the cell, and I held the light. You tremble,—why? I was guilty, and I wished to witness guilt that palliated mine, at least in the opinion of the convent. I had only violated the laws of nature, but they had outraged the decorum of a convent, and, of course, in the creed of a convent, there was no proportion between our offences. Besides, I was anxious to witness misery that might perhaps equal or exceed my own, and this is a curiosity not easily satisfied. It is actually possible to become *amateurs in suffering*. I have heard of men who have travelled into countries where horrible executions were to be daily witnessed, for the sake of that excitement which the sight of suffering never fails to give; from the spectacle of a tragedy, or an *auto da fe*, down to the writhings of the meanest reptile on whom you can inflict torture, and feel

that torture is the result of your own power. It is a species of feeling of which we never can divest ourselves,—a triumph over those whose sufferings have placed them below us—and no wonder: suffering is always an indication of weakness,—we glory in our impenetrability. I did, as we burst into the cell. The wretched husband and wife were locked in each others arms. You may imagine the scene that followed. Here I must do the Superior reluctant justice. He was a man (of course from his conventual feelings) who had no more idea of the intercourse between the sexes, than between two beings of a different species. The scene that he beheld could not have revolted him more, than if he had seen the horrible loves of the baboons and the Hottentot women, at the Cape of Good Hope; or those still more loathsome unions between the serpents of South America and their human victims; when they can catch them, and twine round them in folds of unnatural and ineffable union. He really stood as much astonished and appalled, to see two human beings of different sexes, who dared to love each other in spite of monastic ties, as if he had witnessed the horrible conjunctions I have alluded to. Had he seen vipers engendering in that frightful knot which seems the pledge of mortal hostility, instead of love, he could not have testified more horror,—and I do him the justice to believe he felt all he testified. Whatever affectation he might employ on points of conventual austerity, there was none here. Love was a thing he always believed connected with sin, even though consecrated by the name of a sacrament, and called marriage, as it is in our church. But, love in a convent!—Oh, there is no conceiving his rage; still less is it possible to conceive the majestic and overwhelming extent of that rage, when strengthened by principle, and sanctified by religion. I enjoyed the scene beyond all power of description. I saw those wretches, who had triumphed over me, reduced to my level in a moment,—their passions all displayed, and the display placing me a hero triumphant above all. I had crawled to the shelter of their walls, a wretched degraded outcast, and what was my crime? Well,—you shudder: I have done with that. I can only say want drove me to it. And here were beings whom, a few months before, I would have knelt to as to the images round the shrine,—to whom, in the moments of my desperate penitence, I would have clung as to the 'horns of the altar,' all brought as low, and lower than myself.

‘Sons of the morning,’ as I deemed them in the agonies of my humiliation, ‘how were they fallen!’ I feasted on the degradation of the apostate monk and novice,—I enjoyed, to the core of my ulcerated heart, the passion of the Superior,—I felt that they were all men like myself. Angels, as I had thought them, they had all proved themselves mortal; and, by watching their motions, and flattering their passions, and promoting their interest, or setting up my own in opposition to them all, while I made them believe it was only theirs I was intent on, I might make shift to contrive as much misery to others, and to carve out as much occupation to myself, as if I were actually living in the world. Cutting my father’s throat was a noble feat certainly, (I ask your pardon, I did not mean to extort that groan from you,) but here were hearts to be cut,—and to the core, every day, and all day long, so I never could want employment.

‘I do not quite like to go through the details by which this wretched pair were deluded into the hope of effecting their escape from the convent. It is enough that I was the principal agent,—that the Superior connived at it,—that I led them through the very passages you have traversed to-night, they trembling and blessing me at every step.

‘They were conducted *here*. I had suggested the plan, and the Superior consented to it. He would not be present, but his dumb nod was enough. I was the conductor of their (intended) escape; they believed they were departing with the connivance of the Superior. I led them through those very passages that you and I have trod. I had a map of this subterranean region, but my blood ran cold as I traversed it; and it was not at all inclined to resume its usual temperament, as I felt what was to be the destination of my attendants. Once I turned the lamp, on pretence of trimming it, to catch a glimpse of the devoted wretches. They were embracing each other,—the light of joy trembled in their eyes. They were whispering to each other hopes of liberation and happiness, and blending my name in the interval they could spare from their prayers for each other. That sight extinguished the last remains of compunction with which my horrible task had inspired me. They dared to be happy in the sight of one who must be for ever miserable,—could there be a greater insult? I resolved to punish it on the spot. This very apartment was near,—I knew it, and the map of their wanderings no longer trem-

bled in my hand. I urged them to enter this recess, (the door was then entire,) while I went to examine the passage. They entered it, thanking me for my precaution,—they knew not they were never to quit it alive. But what were their lives for the agony their happiness cost me? The moment they were inclosed, and clasping each other, (a sight that made me grind my teeth,) I closed and locked the door. This movement gave them no immediate uneasiness,—they thought it a friendly precaution. The moment they were secured, I hastened to the Superior, who was on fire at the insult offered to the sanctity of his convent, and still more to the purity of his penetration, on which the worthy Superior piqued himself as much as if it had ever been possible for him to acquire the smallest share of it. He descended with me to the passage,—the monks followed with eyes on fire. In the agitation of their rage, it was with difficulty they could discover the door after I had repeatedly pointed it out to them. The Superior, with his own hands, drove several nails, which the monks eagerly supplied, into the door, that effectually joined it to the staple, *never to be disjoined*; and every blow he gave, doubtless he felt as if it was a reminiscence to the accusing angel, to strike out a sin from the catalogue of his accusations. The work was soon done,—the work never to be undone. At the first sound of steps in the passage, and blows on the door, the victims uttered a shriek of terror. They imagined they were detected, and that an incensed party of monks were breaking open the door. These terrors were soon exchanged for others,—and worse,—as they heard the door nailed up, and listened to our departing steps. They uttered another shriek, but O how different was the accent of its despair!—they knew their doom.

‘It was my penance (no,—my delight) to watch at the door, under the pretence of precluding the possibility of their escape, (of which they knew there was no possibility); but, in reality, not only to inflict on me the indignity of being the convent jailer, but of teaching me that callosity of heart, and induration of nerve, and stubbornness of eye, and apathy of ear, that were best suited to my office. But they might have saved themselves the trouble,—I had them all before ever I entered the convent. Had I been the Superior of the community, I should have undertaken the office of watching the door. You will call this cruelty, I call it curiosity,—that curiosity that brings thousands to

witness a tragedy, and makes the most delicate female feast on groans and agonies. I had an advantage over them,—the groan, the agony I feasted on, were real. I took my station at *the door*—that door which, like that of Dante's hell, might have borne the inscription, 'Here is no hope,'—with a face of mock penitence, and genuine, cordial delectation. I could hear every word that transpired. For the first hours they tried to comfort each other,—they suggested to each other hopes of liberation,—and as my shadow, crossing the threshold, darkened or restored the light, they said, 'That is he;'—then, when this occurred repeatedly, without any effect, they said, 'No,—no, it is not he,' and swallowed down the sick sob of despair, to hide it from each other. Towards night a monk came to take my place, and to offer me food. I would not have quitted my place for worlds; but I talked to the monk in his own language, and told him I would make a merit with God of my sacrifices, and was resolved to remain there all night, with the permission of the Superior. The monk was glad of having a substitute on such easy terms, and I was glad of the food he left me, for I was hungry now, but I reserved the appetite of my soul for richer luxuries. I heard them talking within. While I was eating, I actually lived on the famine that was devouring them, but of which they did not dare to say a word to each other. They debated, deliberated, and, as misery grows ingenious in its own defence, they at last assured each other that it was impossible the Superior had locked them in there to perish by hunger. At these words I could not help laughing. This laugh reached their ears, and they became silent in a moment. All that night, however, I heard their groans,—those groans of physical suffering, that laugh to scorn all the sentimental sighs that are exhaled from the hearts of the most intoxicated lovers that ever breathed. I heard them all that night. I had read French romances, and all their unimaginable nonsense. Madame Sevigné herself says she would have been tired of her daughter in a long *tete-a-tete* journey, but clap me two lovers into a dungeon, without food, light, or hope, and I will be damned (that I am already, by the bye) if they do not grow sick of each other within the first twelve hours. The second day hunger and darkness had their usual influence. They shrieked for liberation, and knocked loud and long at their dungeon door. They exclaimed they were ready to submit to any punishment; and the approach of the

monks, which they would have dreaded so much the preceding night, they now solicited on their knees. What a jest, after all, are the most awful vicissitudes of human life!—they supplicated now for what they would have sacrificed their souls to avert four-and-twenty hours before. Then the agony of hunger increased, they shrunk from the door, and grovelled apart from each other. *Apart!*—how I watched that. They were rapidly becoming objects of hostility to each other,—Oh, what a feast to me! They could not disguise from each other the revolting circumstances of their mutual sufferings. It is one thing for lovers to sit down to a feast magnificently spread, and another for lovers to couch in darkness and famine,—to exchange that appetite which cannot be supported without dainties and flattery, for that which would barter a descended Venus for a morsel of food. The second night they raved and groaned, (as occurred); and, amid their agonies, (I must do justice to women, whom I hate as well as men,) the man often accused the female as the cause of all his sufferings, but the woman never,—never reproached him. Her groans might indeed have reproached him bitterly, but she never uttered a word that could have caused him pain. There was a change which I well could mark, however, in their physical feelings. The first day they clung together, and every movement I felt was like that of one person. The next the man alone struggled, and the woman moaned in helplessness. The third night,—how shall I tell it?—but you have bid me go on. All the horrible and loathsome exertions of famine had been undergone; the disunion of every tie of the heart, of passion, of nature, had commenced. In the agonies of their famished sickness they loathed each other,—they could have cursed each other, if they had had breath to curse. It was on the fourth night that I heard the shriek of the wretched female,—her lover, in the agony of hunger, had fastened his teeth in her shoulder;—that bosom on which he had so often luxuriated, became a meal to him now.——‘Monster!’ and you laugh?——‘Yes, I laugh at all mankind, and the imposition they dare to practise when they talk of hearts. I laugh at human passions and human cares,—vice and virtue, religion and impiety; they are all the result of petty localities, and artificial situation. One physical want, one severe and abrupt lesson from the tintless and shrivelled lip of necessity, is worth all the logic of the empty wretches who have

presumed to prate it, from Zeno down to Burgersdicius. Oh! it silences in a second all the feeble sophistry of *conventional* life, and asceticious passion. Here were a pair who would not have believed all the world on their knees, even though angels had descended to join in the attestation, that it was possible for them to exist without each other. They had risked every thing, trampled on every thing human and divine, to be in each other's sight and arms. One hour of hunger undeceived them. A trivial and ordinary want, whose claims at another time they would have regarded as a vulgar interruption of their spiritualized intercourse, not only, by its natural operation, sundered it for ever, but, before it ceased, converted that intercourse into a source of torment and hostility inconceivable, except among cannibals. The bitterest enemies on earth could not have regarded each other with more abhorrence than *these lovers*. Deluded wretches! you boasted of having hearts, I boast I have none, and which of us gained most by the vaunt, let life decide. My story is nearly finished. When I was last here I had something to excite me;—talking of those things is poor employment to one who has been a witness to them. On the *sixth* day all was still. The door was unnailed; we entered,—they were no more. They lay far from each other, farther than on that voluptuous couch into which their passion had converted the mat of a convent bed. She lay contracted in a heap, a lock of her long hair in her mouth. There was a slight scar on her shoulder,—the rabid despair of famine had produced no farther outrage. He lay extended at his length,—his hand was between his lips; it seemed as if he had not strength to execute the purpose for which he had brought it there. The bodies were brought out for interment. As we removed them into the light, the long hair of the female, falling over a face no longer disguised by the novice's dress, recalled a likeness I thought I could remember. I looked closer; she was my own *sister*,—my only one,—and I had heard her voice grow fainter and fainter. I had heard——' And his own voice grew fainter—it ceased.

[We must now give an account of the *death* of this paricide—a death worthy of the wretch. It is in the words of the Spaniard, to whom the above story was told, and who

now was residing in a Jew's house at Madrid, under hiding from the Inquisition. The parricide had, by this time, got into office in the Inquisition ; and it is in a grand procession of the Holy Cross, that the Spaniard witnesses the dreadful judgment overtake him, which is narrated in the following powerful manner.]

The evening came on—the Jew left me ; and, under an impression at once unaccountable and irresistible, I ascended to the highest apartment in his house, and with a beating heart listened for the toll of the bells that was to announce the commencement of the ceremony. I had not long to wait. At the close of twilight, every steeple in the city was vibrating with the tolls of their well-plied bells. I was in an upper room of the house. There was but one window ; but, hiding myself behind the blind, which I withdrew from time to time, I had a full view of the spectacle. The house of the Jew looked out on an open space, through which the procession was to pass, and which was already so filled, that I wondered how the procession could ever make its way through such a wedged and impenetrable mass. At last, I could distinguish a motion like that of a distant power, giving a kind of indefinite impulse to the vast body that rolled and blackened beneath me, like the ocean under the first and far-felt agitations of the storm.

The crowd rocked and reeled, but did not seem to give way an inch. The procession commenced. I could see it approach, marked as it was by the crucifix, banner, and taper—for they had reserved the procession till a late hour, to give it the imposing effect of torch-light). And I saw the multitude at a vast distance give way at once. Then came on the stream of the procession, rushing, like a magnificent river, between two banks of human bodies, who kept as regular and strict distance, as if they had been ramparts of stone,—the banners, and crucifixes, and tapers, appearing like the crests of foam on advancing billows, sometimes rising, sometimes sinking. At last they came on, and the whole grandeur of the procession burst on my view, and nothing was ever more imposing, or more magnificent. The habits of the ecclesiastics, the glare of the torches struggling with the dying twilight, and seeming to say to heaven, We have a sun though yours is set ;—the solemn and resolute look of the whole party, who trod as if their march were on

the bodies of kings, and looked as if they would have said, What is the sceptre to the cross?—the black crucifix itself, trembling in the rear, attended by the banner of St Dominick, with its awful inscription—It was a sight to convert all hearts, and I exulted I was a Catholic. Suddenly a tumult seemed to arise among the crowd—I knew not from what it could arise—all seemed so pleased and so elated.

I drew away the blind, and saw, by torch-light, among a crowd of officials who clustered round the standard of St Dominick, the figure of my companion the parricide. His story was well known. At first a faint hiss was heard, then a wild and smothered howl. Then I heard voices among the crowd repeat, in audible sounds, ‘What is this for? Why do they ask why the Inquisition has been half-burned?—why the virgin has withdrawn her protection?—why the saints turn away their faces from us?—when a parricide marches among the officials of the Inquisition. Are the hands that have cut a father’s throat fit to support the banner of the cross?’ These were the words but of a few at first, but the whisper spread rapidly among the crowd; and fierce looks were darted, and hands were clenched and raised, and some stooped to the earth for stones. The procession went on, however, and every one knelt to the crucifixes as they advanced, held aloft by the priests. But the murmurs increased too, and the words ‘parricide, profanation, and victim,’ resounded on every side, even from those who knelt in the mire as the cross passed by. The murmur increased—it could no longer be mistaken for that of adoration. The foremost priests paused in terror ill concealed—and this seemed the signal for the terrible scene that was about to follow. An officer belonging to the guard at this time ventured to intimate to the chief Inquisitor the danger that might be apprehended, but was dismissed with the short and sullen answer, ‘Move on—the servants of Christ have nothing to fear.’ The procession attempted to proceed, but their progress was obstructed by the multitude, who now seemed bent on some deadly purpose. A few stones were thrown; but the moment the priests raised their crucifixes, the multitude were on their knees again, still, however, holding the stones in their hands. The military officers again addressed the chief Inquisitor, and intreated his permission to disperse the crowd. They received the same dull and stern answer, ‘The cross is sufficient for the protection of its servants—whatever fears you may feel, I

feel none.' Incensed at the reply, a young officer sprung on his horse, which he had quitted from respect while addressing the Suprema, and was in a moment levelled by the blow of a stone that fractured his skull. He turned his blood-swimming eyes on the Inquisitor, and died. The multitude raised a wild shout, and pressed closer. Their intentions were now too plain. They pressed close on that part of the procession among which their victim was placed. Again, and in the most urgent terms, the officers implored leave to disperse the crowd, or at least cover the retreat of the obnoxious object to some neighbouring church, or even to the walls of the Inquisition. And the wretched man himself, with loud outcries, (as he saw the danger thickening around him), joined in their petition. The Suprema, though looking pale, bated not a jot of his pride. 'These are my arms!' he exclaimed, pointing to the crucifixes, 'and their inscription is *EX-TORRE-VIXIT*. I forbid a sword to be drawn, or a musket to be levelled. On, in the name of God.' And on they attempted to move, but the pressure now rendered it impossible. The multitude, unrepressed by the military, became ungovernable; the crosses reeled and rocked like standards in a battle; the ecclesiastics, in confusion and terror, pressed on each other. Amid that vast mass, every particle of which seemed in motion, there was but one emphatic and discriminate movement—that which bore a certain part of the crowd straight on to the spot where their victim, though inclosed and inwrapt by all that is formidable in earthly, and all that is awful in spiritual power—sheltered by the crucifix and the sword—stood trembling to the bottom of his soul. The Suprema saw his error too late, and now called loudly on the military to advance, and disperse the crowd by any means. They attempted to obey him; but by this time they were mingled among the crowd themselves. All order had ceased; and, besides, there appeared a kind of indisposition to this service, from the very first, among the military. They attempted to charge, however; but, entangled as they were among the crowd, who clung round their horses' hoofs, it was impossible for them even to form, and the first shower of stones threw them into total confusion. The danger increased every moment, for one spirit now seemed to animate the whole multitude. What had been the stifled growl of a few, was now the audible yell of all—'Give him to us—we must have him;' and they tossed and roared like a thousand waves assailing a wreck.

As the military retreated, a hundred priests instantly closed round the unhappy man, and with generous despair exposed themselves to the fury of the multitude. While the Suprema, hastening to the dreadful spot, stood in the front of the priests, with the cross uplifted,—his face was like that of the dead, but his eye had not lost a single flash of its fire, nor his voice a tone of its pride. It was in vain ; the multitude proceeded calmly, and even respectfully, (when not resisted,) to remove all that obstructed their progress ; in doing so, they took every care of the persons of priests whom they were compelled to remove, repeatedly asking their pardon for the violence they were guilty of. And this tranquillity of resolved vengeance was the most direful indication of its never desisting till its purpose was accomplished. The last ring was broken—the last resister overcome. Amid yells like those of a thousand tigers, the victim was seized and dragged forth, grasping in both hands fragments of the robes of those he had clung to in vain, and holding them up in the impotence of despair.

The cry was hushed for a moment, as they felt him in their talons, and gazed on him with thirsty eyes. Then it was renewed, and the work of blood began. They dashed him to the earth—tore him up again—flung him into the air—tossed him from hand to hand, as a bull gores the howling mastiff with horns right and left. Bloody, defaced, blackened with earth, and battered with stones, he struggled and roared among them, till a loud cry announced the hope of a termination to a scene alike horrible to humanity, and disgraceful to civilization. The military, strongly reinforced, came galloping on, and all the ecclesiastics with torn habits, and broken crucifixes, following fast in the rear,—all eager in the cause of human nature—all on fire to prevent this base and barbarous disgrace to the name of Christianity and of human nature.

Alas ! this interference only hastened the horrible catastrophe. There was but a shorter space for the multitude to work their furious will. I saw, I felt, but I cannot describe, the last moments of this horrible scene. Dragged from the mud and stones, they dashed a mangled lump of flesh right against the door of the house where I was. With his tongue hanging from his lacerated mouth, like that of a baited bull ; with one eye torn from the socket, and dangling on his bloody cheek ; with a fracture in every limb, and a wound for every pore, he still howled for ‘ life—life—life

—mercy !' till a stone, aimed by some pitying hand, struck him down. He fell, trodden in one moment into sanguine and discoloured mud by a thousand feet. The cavalry came on, charging with fury. The crowd, saturated with cruelty and blood, gave way in grim silence. But they had not left a joint of his little finger—a hair of his head—a slip of his skin. Had Spain mortgaged all her reliques from Madrid to Monserrat, from the Pyrennees to Gibraltar, she could not have recovered the paring of a nail to canonize. The officer who headed the troop dashed his horse's hoofs into a bloody formless mass, and demanded, 'Where was the victim?' He was answered, 'Beneath your horse's feet;' and they departed.

It is a fact, that while witnessing this horrible execution, I felt all the effects vulgarly ascribed to fascination. I shuddered at the first movement—the dull and deep whisper among the crowd. I shrieked involuntarily when the first decisive movements began among them; but when at last the human shapeless carrion was dashed against the door, I echoed the wild shouts of the multitude with a kind of savage instinct. I bounded—I clasped my hands for a moment—then I echoed the screams of the thing that seemed no longer to live, but still could scream; and I screamed aloud and wildly for life—life—and mercy! One face was turned towards me as I shrieked in unconscious tones. The glance, fixed on me for a moment, was in a moment withdrawn. The flash of the well-known eyes made no impression on me then. My existence was so purely mechanical, that, without the least consciousness of my own danger, (scarce less than that of the victim, had I been detected), I remained uttering shout for shout, and scream for scream—offering worlds in imagination to be able to remove from the window, yet feeling as if every shriek I uttered was as a nail that fastened me to it—dropping my eye-lids, and feeling as if a hand held them open, or cut them away—forcing me to gaze on all that passed below, like Regulus, with his lids cut off, compelled to gaze on the sun that withered up his eye-balls—till sense, and sight, and soul, failed me, and I fell grasping by the bars of the window, and mimicking, in my horrid trance, the shouts of the multitude, and the yell of the devoted. I actually for a moment believed myself the object of their cruelty. The drama of terror has the irresistible power of converting its audience into its victims.

FIELDING.*

THE following excellent observations upon FIELDING are from the same source to which we were indebted for the remarks upon SMOLLETT.—

“There is very little to warrant the common idea, that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes,—except his own declaration of such an intention, in the title-page of *Joseph Andrews*,—the romantic turn of the character of Parson Adams (the only romantic character in his works),—and the proverbial humour of Partridge, which is kept up only

* HENRY FIELDING was born in Somersetshire, in 1707, and educated first at Eton school, and afterwards at Leyden, where he studied under the most celebrated civilians for about two years. On his return to London, he commenced writer for the stage, and produced several dramatic pieces, none of which were very successful. At the same time, he addicted himself to all the follies and intemperances of a town life, and soon dissipated a respectable fortune—leaving himself, at the age of thirty, no dependance but on his own abilities. Not discouraged, however, he applied himself vigorously to the study of the law, and, after the customary time of probation at the Temple, was called to the bar, and made no inconsiderable figure in Westminster-hall. But violent attacks from the gout, to which he was very early liable, soon rendered him unable to give such constant attendance at the bar as the laboriousness of that profession requires, and he was therefore obliged to accept of the office of an acting magistrate in the commission of the peace for the county of Middlesex, in which station he continued till near the time of his death. While holding this office he published his three great works—*Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*—the first in 1742, the second in 1749, and the last in 1752. In 1754, he was advised by his physicians to set out for Lisbon, as a last effort to support a broken constitution; but he did not survive his arrival there above two months. The ‘*Journal of his Voyage*’ to that place was published in 1755, and contains the last gleams of his wit and humour.

for a few pages. Fielding's novels are, in general, thoroughly his own; and they are thoroughly English. What they are most remarkable for, is neither sentiment, nor imagination, nor wit, nor humour, though there is a great deal of this last quality; but profound knowledge of human nature—at least of English nature—and masterly pictures of the characters of men as he saw them existing. This quality distinguishes all his works, and is shown almost equally in all of them. As a painter of real life, he was equal to Hogarth: as a mere observer of human nature, he was little inferior to Shakspeare, though without any of the genius and poetical qualities of his mind.—His humour is less rich and laughable than Smollett's;—his wit as often misses as hits;—he has none of the fine pathos of Richardson or Sterne:—But he has brought together a greater variety of characters in common life,—marked with more distinct peculiarities, and without an atom of caricature, than any other novel writer whatever. The extreme subtilty of observation on the springs of human conduct in ordinary characters, is only equalled by the ingenuity of contrivance in bringing those springs into play in such a manner as to lay open their smallest irregularity. The detection is always complete—and made with the certainty and skill of a philosophical experiment, and the ease and simplicity of a casual observation. The truth of the imitation is indeed so great, that it has been argued that Fielding must have had his materials ready-made to his hands, and was merely a transcriber of local manners and individual habits. For this conjecture, however, there seems to be no foundation. His representations, it is true, are local and individual; but they are not the less profound and natural. The feeling of the general principles of human nature operating in particular circumstances, is always intense, and uppermost in his mind: and he makes use of incident and situation, only to bring out character.

“ It is perhaps scarcely necessary to give any illustration of these remarks. Tom Jones is full of them. The moral of this book has been objected to, and not altogether without reason—but a more serious objection has been made to the want of refinement and elegance in the two principal characters. We never feel this objection, indeed, while we are reading the book : but at other times, we have something like a lurking suspicion that Jones was but an awkward fellow, and Sophia a pretty simpleton. We do not know how to account for this effect, unless it is that Fielding’s constantly assuring us of the beauty of his hero, and the good sense of his heroine, at last produces a distrust of both. The story of Tom Jones is allowed to be unrivalled : and it is this circumstance, together with the vast variety of characters, that has given the History of a Foundling so decided a preference over Fielding’s other novels. The characters themselves, both in Amelia and Joseph Andrews, are quite equal to any of those in Tom Jones. The account of Miss Matthews and Ensign Hibbert—the way in which that lady reconciles herself to the death of her father—the inflexible Colonel Bath, the insipid Mrs James, the complaisant Colonel Trent—the demure, sly, intriguing, equivocal Mrs Bennet—the lord who is her seducer, and who attempts afterwards to seduce Amelia by the same mechanical process of a concert ticket, a book, and the disguise of a great coat—his little, fat, short-nosed, red-faced, good-humoured accomplice the keeper of the lodging-house, who, having no pretensions to gallantry herself, has a disinterested delight in forwarding the intrigues and pleasures of others, (to say nothing of honest Atkinson, the story of the miniature-picture of Amelia, and the hashed mutton, which are in a different style,) are master-pieces of description. The whole scene at the lodging-house, the masquerade, &c. in Amelia, is equal in interest to the parallel scenes in Tom Jones, and even more refined in the knowledge of character.

For instance, Mrs Bennet is superior to Mrs Fitzpatrick in her own way. The uncertainty in which the event of her interview with her former seducer is left, is admirable. Fielding was a master of what may be called the *double entendre* of character, and surprises you no less by what he leaves in the dark, (hardly known to the persons themselves,) than by the unexpected discoveries he makes of the real traits and circumstances in a character with which, till then, you find you were unacquainted. There is nothing at all heroic, however, in the style of any of his delineations. He never draws lofty characters or strong passions ;—all his persons are of the ordinary stature as to intellect ; and none of them trespass on the angelic nature, by elevation of fancy, or energy of purpose. Perhaps, after all, Parson Adams is his finest character. It is equally true to nature, and more ideal than any of the others. Its unsuspecting simplicity makes it not only more amiable, but doubly amusing, by gratifying the sense of superior sagacity in the reader. Our laughing at him does not once lessen our respect for him. His declaring that he would willingly walk ten miles to fetch his Sermon on Vanity, merely to convince Wilson of his thorough contempt of this vice, and his consoling himself for the loss of his *Æschylus*, by suddenly recollecting that he could not read it if he had it, because it is dark, are among the finest touches of *naïveté*. The night-adventures at Lady Booby's with Beau Didapper, and the amiable Slipslop, are the most ludicrous ; and that with the huntsman, who draws off the hounds from the poor Parson, because they would be spoiled by following *vermin*, the most profound. Fielding did not often repeat himself : but Dr Harrison, in *Amelia*, may be considered as a variation of the character of Adams : so also is Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield ; and the latter part of that work which sets out so delightfully, an almost entire plagiarism from Wilson's account of himself, and Adams's domestic history."

JAIL SCENE IN AMELIA.

ON the first of April, in the year —, the watchmen of a certain parish (I know not particularly which) within the liberty of Westminster, brought several persons, whom they had apprehended the preceding night, before Jonathan Thrasher, Esq., one of the justices of the peace for that liberty.

Mr Thrasher, the justice before whom the prisoners were now brought, had some few imperfections in his magisterial capacity. I own, I have been sometimes inclined to think, that this office of a justice of peace requires some knowledge of the law : for this simple reason ; because in every case which comes before him, he is to judge and act according to law. Again, as these laws are contained in a great variety of books, the statutes which relate to the office of a justice of peace making of themselves at least two large volumes in folio, and that part of his jurisdiction which is founded on the common law being dispersed in above a hundred volumes, I cannot conceive how this knowledge should be acquired without reading ; and yet certain it is, Mr Thrasher never read one syllable of the matter. This perhaps was a defect ; but this was not all : for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decides right or wrong : but sorry am I to say, right was often in a much worse situation than this, and wrong hath often had five hundred to one on his side before that magistrate ; who, if he was ignorant of the law of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle so strongly laid down in the institutes of the learned Rochefoucault ; by which the duty of self-love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause, but when he could get nothing on either side. Such was the justice to whose tremendous bar Mr Gotobed the constable, on the day above mentioned, brought several delinquents, who, as we have said, had been apprehended by the watch for divers outrages.

The first who came upon his trial, was as bloody a spectre the imagination of a murderer or a tragic poet conceiv-

ed. This poor wretch was charged with a battery by a much stouter man than himself; indeed the accused person bore about him some evidence that he had been in an affray, his clothes being very bloody: but certain open sluices on his own head sufficiently showed whence all the scarlet-streams had issued: whereas the accuser had not the least mark or appearance of any wound. The justice asked the defendant, what he meant by breaking the king's peace—To which he answered, 'Upon my shoul I do love the king very well, and I have not been after breaking any thing of his that I do know: but upon my shoul this man hath brake my head, and my head did break his stick; that is all, gra.' He then offered to produce several witnesses against this improbable accusation; but the justice presently interrupted him, saying, 'Sirrah your tongue betrays your guilt. You are an Irishman, and that is always sufficient evidence with me.'

The second criminal was a poor woman, who was taken up by the watch as a street-walker. It was alleged against her that she was found walking the streets after twelve o'clock, and the watchman declared he believed her to be a common strumpet. She pleaded in her defence (as was really the truth) that she was a servant, and was sent by her mistress, who was a little shop-keeper, and upon the point of delivery, to fetch a midwife; which she offered to prove by several of the neighbours, if she was allowed to send for them. The justice asked her why she had not done it before. To which she answered, she had no money, and could get no messenger. The justice then called her several scurrilous names; and declaring she was guilty within the *statute* of street-walking, ordered her to Bridewell for a month.

A genteel young man and woman were then set forward, and a very grave looking person swore he caught them in a situation which we cannot as particularly describe here as he did before the magistrate; who having received a wink from his clerk, declared with much warmth that the fact was incredible and impossible. He presently discharged the accused parties, and was going, without any evidence, to commit the accuser for perjury; but this the clerk dissuaded him from, saying, He doubted whether a justice of peace had any such power. The justice at first differed in opinion; and said, He had seen a man stand in the pillory about perjury; nay, he had known a man in jail for it too; and

how came he there, if he was not committed thither? 'Why, that is true, Sir,' answered the clerk, 'and yet I have been told by a very great lawyer, that a man cannot be committed for perjury before he is indicted; and the reason is, I believe, because it is not against the peace before the indictment makes it so.' 'Why that may be,' cries the justice; 'and indeed perjury is but scandalous words, and I know a man cannot have no warrant for those, unless you put for rioting them into the warrant.' The witness was now about to be discharged, when the lady whom he had accused, declared she would swear the peace against him; for that he had called her a whore several times. 'Oho! you will swear the peace, Madam, will you?' cries the justice, 'give her the peace presently; and pray, Mr Constable, secure the prisoner, now we have him, while a warrant is made to take him up.' All which was immediately performed, and the poor witness, for want of sureties, was sent to prison.

A young fellow, whose name was Booth, was now charged with beating the watchman in the execution of his office, and breaking his lanthorn. This was deposed by two witnesses; and the shattered remains of a broken lanthorn, which had been long preserved for the sake of its testimony, were produced to corroborate the evidence. The justice, perceiving the criminal to be but shabbily dressed, was going to commit him without asking any further questions. At length, however, at the earnest request of the accused, the worthy magistrate submitted to hear his defence. The young man then alleged, as was in reality the case, 'That as he was walking home to his lodging, he saw two men in the street cruelly beating a third, upon which he had stopt and endeavoured to assist the person who was so unequally attacked; that the watch came up during the affray, and took them all four into custody; that they were immediately carried to the round-house, where the two original assailants, who appeared to be men of fortune, found means to make up the matter, and were discharged by the constable; a favour which he himself, having no money in his pocket, was unable to obtain. He utterly denied having assaulted any of the watchmen, and solemnly declared, that he was offered his liberty at the price of half-a-crown.' Though the bare word of an offender can never be taken against the oath of his accuser; yet the matter of this defence was so pertinent, and delivered with such an air of truth and sincerity, that,

had the magistrate been endued with much sagacity, or had he been very moderately gifted with another quality very necessary to all who are to administer justice, he would have employed some labour in cross-examining the watchmen ; at least he would have given the defendant the time he desired to send for the other persons who were present at the affray ; neither of which he did. In short, the magistrate had too great an honour for truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid apparel ; nor did he ever sully his sublime notions of that virtue, by uniting them with the mean ideas of poverty and distress.

There remained now only one prisoner, and that was the poor man himself in whose defence the last mentioned culprit was engaged. His trial took but a very short time. A cause of battery and broken lanthorn was instituted against him, and proved in the same manner ; nor would the justice hear one word in defence : but though his patience was exhausted, his breath was not ; for against this last wretch he poured forth a great many volleys of menaces and abuse.

The delinquents were then all despatched to prison, under a guard of watchmen ; and the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house to take their morning repast.

Mr Booth (for we shall not trouble you with the rest) was no sooner arrived in the prison, than a number of persons gathered round him, all demanding garnish ; to which Mr Booth not making a ready answer, as indeed he did not understand the word, some were going to lay hold of him, when a person of apparent dignity came up, and insisted that no one should affront the gentleman. This person then, who was no less than the master or keeper of the prison, turning towards Mr Booth, acquainted him, that it was the custom of the place for every prisoner upon his first arrival there, to give something to the former prisoners to make them drink. This, he said, was what they called garnish ; and concluded with advising his new customer to draw his purse upon the present occasion. Mr Booth answered, that he would very readily comply with this laudable custom, were it in his power : but that in reality he had not a shilling in his pocket, and what was worse, he had not a shilling in the world.—‘Oho ! if that be the case,’ cries the keeper, ‘it is another matter, and I have nothing to say.’ Upon which he immediately departed, and left poor Booth to the mercy of his companions, who, without loss of time, applied them-

selves to uncasing, as they termed it, and with such dexterity, that his coat was not only stripped off, but out of sight in a minute.

Mr Booth was too weak to resist, and too wise to complain of this usage. As soon, therefore, as he was at liberty, and declared free of the place, he summoned his philosophy, of which he had no inconsiderable share, to his assistance, and resolved to make himself as easy as possible under his present circumstances. Could his own thoughts indeed have suffered him a moment to forget where he was, the dispositions of the other prisoners might have induced him to believe that he had been in a happier place: for much the greater part of his fellow-sufferers, instead of wailing and repining at their condition, were laughing, singing, and diverting themselves with various kinds of sports and gambols.

The first person who accosted him was called Blear-Eyed Moll; a woman of no very comely appearance. Her eye (for she had but one) whence she derived her nick-name, was such as that nick-name bespoke; besides which, it had two remarkable qualities; for first, as if nature had been careful to provide for her own defect, it constantly looked towards her blind side; and secondly, the ball consisted almost entirely of white or rather yellow, with a little grey spot in the corner, so small that it was scarce discernible. Nose she had none; for Venus, envious perhaps at her former charms, had carried off the gristly part: and some earthly damsel, perhaps from the same envy, had levelled the bone with the rest of her face; indeed it was far beneath the bones of her cheeks, which rose proportionally higher than is usual. About half a dozen ebony teeth fortified that large and long canal, which nature had cut from ear to ear, at the bottom of which was a chin, preposterously short, nature having turned up the bottom, instead of suffering it to grow to its due length. Her body was well adapted to her face; she measured full as much round the middle as from head to foot; for besides the extreme breadth of her back, her vast breasts had long since forsaken their native homes, and had settled themselves a little below the girdle. I wish certain actresses on the stage, when they are to perform characters of no amiable cast, would study to dress themselves with the propriety with which Blear-Eyed Moll was now arrayed. For the sake of our squeamish reader, we shall not descend to particulars. Let it suffice to say, no-

thing more ragged, or more dirty, was ever emptied out of the round house at St Giles's. We have taken the more pains to describe this person, for two remarkable reasons; the one is, that this unlovely creature was taken in the fact with a very pretty young fellow; the other, which is more productive of moral lesson, is, that, however wretched her fortune may appear to the reader, she was one of the merriest persons in the whole prison.

Blear-Eyed-Moll, then, came up to Mr Booth with a smile or rather grin on her countenance, and asked him for a dram of gin; and when Booth assured her that he had not a penny of money, she replied——‘Damn your eyes; I thought by your look you had been a clever fellow, and upon the snaffing lay at least; but damn your body and eyes, I find you are some sneaking budge rascal.’ She then launched forth a volley of dreadful oaths, interlarded with some language not proper to be repeated here, and was going to lay hold on poor Booth, when a tall prisoner, who had been very earnestly eyeing Booth for some time, came up, and taking her by the shoulder, flung her off at some distance, cursing her for a bitch, and bidding her let the gentleman alone. This person was not himself of the most inviting aspect. He was long visaged, and pale, with a red beard of about a fortnight's growth. He was attired in a brownish black coat, which would have showed more holes than it did, had not the linen, which appeared through it, been entirely of the same colour with the cloth. This gentleman, whose name was Robinson, addressed himself very civilly to Mr Booth, and told him he was sorry to see one of his appearance in that place: ‘For as to your being without your coat, Sir,’ says he, ‘I can easily account for that; and indeed dress is the least part which distinguishes a gentleman.’ At which words he cast a significant look on his own coat, as if he desired they should be applied to himself. He then proceeded in the following manner: ‘I perceive, Sir, you are but just arrived in this dismal place, which is, indeed, rendered more detestable by the wretches who inhabit it, than by any other circumstance; but even these a wise man will soon bring himself to bear with indifference: for what is, is: and what must be, must be. The knowledge of this, which, simple as it appears, is in truth the height of all philosophy, renders a wise man superior to every evil which can befall him. I hope, Sir, no very dreadful accident is the cause of your coming hither; but what-

ever it was, you may be assured that it could not be otherwise : for all things happen by an inevitable fatality ; and a man can no more resist the impulse of Fate, than a wheelbarrow can the force of its driver.'

Besides the obligation which Mr Robinson had conferred on Mr Booth, in delivering him from the insults of Blear-Eyed Moll, there was something in the manner of Robinson, which, notwithstanding the meanness of his dress, seemed to distinguish him from the crowd of wretches who swarmed in those regions ; and above all, the sentiments which he had just declared, very nearly coincided with those of Mr Booth.

It can be no wonder, therefore, that Mr Booth did not decline the acquaintance of this person, in a place which could not promise to afford him any better. He answered him with great courtesy, as indeed he was of a very good and gentle disposition ; and after expressing a civil surprise at meeting him there, declared himself to be of the same opinion with regard to the necessity of human actions ; adding, however, that he did not believe men were under any blind impulse or direction of fate ; but that every man acted merely from the force of that passion which was uppermost in his mind, and could do no otherwise.

A discourse now ensued between the two gentlemen, on the necessity arising from the impulse of fate, and the necessity arising from the impulse of passion, which, as it will make a pretty pamphlet of itself, we shall reserve for some future opportunity. When this was ended, they set forward to survey the jail, and the prisoners, with the several cases of whom Mr Robinson, who had been some time under confinement, undertook to make Mr Booth acquainted.

The first persons whom they passed by were three men in fetters, who were enjoying themselves very merrily over a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. These, Mr Robinson informed his friend, were three street-robbers, and were all certain of being hanged the ensuing sessions. ' So inconsiderable an object,' said he, ' is misery to light minds, when it is at any distance.'

A little farther they beheld a man prostrate on the ground, whose heavy groans, and frantic actions, plainly indicated the highest disorder of mind. This person was, it seems, committed for a small felony ; and his wife, who then lay in, upon hearing the news, had thrown herself from a window two pair of stairs high, by which means he had, in all

probability, lost both her and his child. A very pretty girl then advanced towards them, whose beauty Mr Booth could not help admiring the moment he saw her; declaring at the same time, he thought she had great innocence in her countenance. Robinson said she was committed thither as an idle and disorderly person, and a common street-walker. As she passed by Mr Booth she damned his eyes, and discharged a volley of words, every one of which was too indecent to be repeated. They beheld now a little creature sitting by herself in a corner, and crying bitterly. This girl, Mr Robinson said, was committed, because her father-in-law, who was in the grenadier guards, had sworn that he was afraid of his life, or of some bodily harm, which she would do him, and she could get no surety for keeping the peace: for which reason Justice Thrasher had committed her to prison. A great noise now arose, occasioned by the prisoners all flocking to see a fellow whipped for petty larceny, to which he was condemned by the court of quarter-sessions; but this soon ended in the disappointment of the spectators: for the fellow, after being stripped, having advanced another sixpence, was discharged untouched.

This was immediately followed by another bustle. Blear-Eyed Moll, and several of her companions, having got possession of a man who was committed for certain odious unmanlike practices, not fit to be named, were giving him various kinds of discipline, and would probably have put an end to him, had he not been rescued out of their hands by authority.

When this bustle was a little allayed, Mr Booth took notice of a young woman in rags sitting on the ground, and supporting the head of an old man in her lap, who appeared to be giving up the ghost. These, Mr Robinson informed him, were father and daughter; that the latter was committed for stealing a loaf, in order to support the former, and the former for receiving it knowing it to be stolen.

A well dressed man then went surlily by them, whom Mr Robinson reported to have been committed on an indictment found against him for a most horrid perjury; 'but,' says he, 'we expect him to be bailed to-day.' 'Good heaven!' cries Booth, 'can such villains find bail, and is no person charitable enough to bail that poor father and daughter?' 'Oh! Sir,' answered Robinson, 'the offence of the daughter, being felony, is held not to be bailable in law; whereas perjury is a misdemeanour only; and therefore per-

sons who are even indicted for it, are, nevertheless, capable of being bailed. Nay, of all perjuries, that of which this man is indicted is the worst: for it was with an intention of taking away the life of an innocent person by form of law. As to perjuries, in civil matters, they are not so very criminal.' 'They are not,' said Booth: 'and yet even these are a most flagitious offence, and worthy the highest punishment.' 'Surely they ought to be distinguished,' answered Robinson, 'from the others: for what is taking away a little property from a man compared to taking away his life, and his reputation, and ruining his family into the bargain?—I hope there can be no comparison in the crimes, and I think there ought to be none in the punishment. However, at present, the punishment of all perjury is only pillory, and transportation for seven years; and as it is a traversable andailable offence, methods are often found to escape any punishment at all.'

Booth expressed great astonishment at this, when his attention was suddenly diverted by the most miserable object that he had yet seen. This was a wretch almost naked, and who bore in his countenance, joined to an appearance of honesty, the marks of poverty, hunger, and disease. He had, moreover, a wooden leg, and two or three scars on his forehead. 'The case of this poor man is, indeed, unhappy enough,' said Robinson. 'He hath served his country, lost his limb, and received several wounds at the siege of Gibraltar. When he was discharged from the hospital abroad, he came over to get into that of Chelsea, but could not immediately, as none of his officers were then in England. In the mean time, he was one day apprehended and committed hither on suspicion of stealing three herrings from a fishmonger. He was tried several months ago for this offence, and acquitted; indeed his innocence manifestly appeared at the trial; but he was brought back again for his fees, and here he hath lain ever since.'

Booth expressed great horror at this account, and declared, if he had only so much money in his pocket, he would pay his fees for him; but added, that he was not possessed of a single farthing in the world. Robinson hesitated a moment, and then said, with a smile, 'I am going to make you, Sir, a very odd proposal after your last declaration; but what say you to a game at cards? It will serve to pass a tedious hour, and may divert your thoughts from more unpleasant speculations.' I do not imagine Booth would have agreed to

this : for though some love of gaming had been formerly amongst his faults ; yet he was not so egregiously addicted to that vice, as to be tempted by the shabby plight of Robinson, who had, if I may so express myself, no charms for a gamster. If he had, however, any such inclinations, he had no opportunity to follow them ; for before he could make any answer to Robinson's proposal, a strapping wench came up to Booth, and taking hold of his arm, asked him to walk aside with her ; saying, ' What a pox, are you such a fresh cull that you do not know this fellow ! why, he is a gambler, and committed for cheating at play. There is not such a pickpocket in the whole quad.' A scene of altercation now ensued, between Robinson and the lady, which ended in a bout at fisticuffs, in which the lady was greatly superior to the philosopher.

While the two combatants were engaged, a grave-looking man, rather better dressed than the majority of the company, came up to Mr Booth, and taking him aside, said, ' I am sorry, Sir, to see a gentleman, as you appear to be, in such intimacy with that rascal, who makes no scruple of disowning all revealed religion. As for crimes, they are human errors, and signify but little ; nay, perhaps the worse a man is by nature, the more room there is for grace. The spirit is active, and loves best to inhabit those minds where it may meet with the most work. Whatever your crime be, therefore, I would not have you despair ; but rather rejoice at it : for perhaps it may be the means of your being called.' He ran on for a considerable time with this cant, without waiting for an answer, and ended in declaring himself a methodist.

Just as the methodist had finished his discourse, a beautiful young woman was ushered into the jail. She was genteel and well dressed, and did not in the least resemble those females whom Mr Booth had hitherto seen. The constable had no sooner delivered her at the gate, than she asked, with a commanding voice, for the keeper ; and, when he arrived, she said to him, ' Well, Sir, whither am I to be conducted ? I hope I am not to take up my lodgings with these creatures.' The keeper answered with a kind of surly respect, ' Madam, we have rooms for those that can afford to pay for them.' At these words, she pulled a handsome purse from her pocket, in which many guineas chinked, saying, with an air of indignation, that ' she was not come thither on account of poverty.' The keeper no sooner viewed the purse, than his features became all softened in an instant ; and with all the

courtesy of which he was master, he desired the lady to walk with him, assuring her that she should have the best apartment in his house.

Mr Booth was now left alone ; for the methodist had forsaken him, having, as the phrase of the sect is, searched him to the bottom. In fact, he had thoroughly examined every one of Mr Booth's pockets ; from which he had conveyed away a penknife, and an iron snuff-box, these being all the moveables which were to be found.

JOHN MOORE.*

OF DR MOORE, the author of *Zeluco*, *Edward*, and *Mordaunt*, three novels of considerable merit and popularity, it is necessary to give some specimen. As a novelist, he is not remarkable for variety of character, ingenuity of plot, or interesting description; but he discovers an intimate acquaintance with life and human nature, and, in particular, a fund of sarcastic wit and judicious observation, that tends to support a style otherwise tedious and stiff.—The following short extract is from *Zeluco*, the best of his novels.

THE SLAVE.

HANNO, the slave, allowed symptoms of compassion, perhaps of indignation, to escape from him, on hearing one of his brother slaves ordered to be punished unjustly. *Zeluco*, having observed this, swore that Hanno should be the executioner, otherwise he would order him to be punished in his stead. Hanno said, He might do as he pleased; but as for himself he never had been accustomed to that office, and he

* MOORE was the son of a Scotch Episcopal clergyman, and born at Stirling, in 1730. On the death of his father, he removed to Glasgow, where he received his education, and went through the regular study of medicine. After spending several years abroad as military surgeon, he returned to Glasgow, and practised there, until he was engaged to accompany the late Duke of Hamilton on a tour through the continent. On his return he removed his family to London, where (with little exception) he spent the rest of his days. He died in 1802, leaving the following works:—*A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, 1779, 2 vols.—*View of Society and Manners in Italy*, 1781, 2 vols.—*Medical Sketches*, 1786—*Zeluco*, 1789, 2 vols.—*Journal during a residence in France in 1792, 1793-4*, 2 vols.—*A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution*, 1796, 2 vols.—*Edward*, a novel, 1796, 2 vols.—*Mordaunt*, a novel, 1799, 3 vols.—Dr Moore was the father of the gallant Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna.

would not begin by exercising it on his friend. Zeluco, in a transport of rage, ordered him to be lashed severely, and renewed the punishment at *legal* intervals so often, that the poor man was thrown into a languishing disease, which confined him constantly to his bed. Hanno had been a favourite servant of his lady's before her marriage with Zeluco; he was known to people of all ranks on the island, and esteemed by all who knew him. An Irish soldier in that gentleman's service, and who remained constantly in his family, had long been acquainted with Hanno, and had a particular esteem for him. As soon as he heard of his dangerous situation, he hastened to see him, carried him wine and other refreshments, and continued to visit and comfort him during his languishing illness. Perceiving at last that there was no hope of his recovery, he thought the last and best good office he could do him was to carry a priest to give him absolution and extreme unction.

As they went together,—‘I should be very sorry, father,’ said the soldier, ‘if this poor fellow missed going to heaven; for, by Jesus! I do not believe there is a worthier soul there, be the other who he pleases.’ ‘He is a black,’ said the priest, who was of the order of St Francis, ‘His soul is whiter than a skinned potatoe,’ said the soldier. ‘Do you know whether he believes in all the tenets of our holy faith?’ said the priest. ‘He is a man who was always ready to do as he would be done by,’ replied the soldier. ‘That is something,’ said the Capuchin, ‘but not the most essential. Are you certain that he is a Christian?’ ‘O, I’ll be damned, if he is not as pretty a Christian as your heart can desire,’ said the soldier; ‘and I’ll give you a proof that will rejoice your soul to hear.—A soldier of our regiment was seized with the cramp in his leg when he was bathing; so he hollard for assistance, and then went plump to the bottom like a stone. Those who were near him, Christians and all, swam away as fast as their legs could carry them, for they were afraid of his catching hold of them. But honest Hanno pushed directly to the place where the soldier had sunk, dived after him, and, without more ado, or so much as saying, By your leave, seized him by the hair of the head, and hauled him ashore; where, after a little rubbing and rolling, he was quite recovered, and is alive and merry at this blessed moment. Now, my dear father, I think this was behaving like a good Christian, and, what is much more, like a brave Irishman too.’ ‘Has he been properly instructed in all the doctrines

of the catholic church?' said the priest. 'That he has,' replied the soldier, 'for I was after instructing him yesterday myself; and as you had told me very often that believing was the great point, I pressed that home. By Jesus, says I, Hanno, it does not signify making wry faces, but you must believe, my dear honey, as fast as ever you can, for you have no time to lose;—and, poor fellow, he entreated me to say no more about it, and he would believe whatever I pleased.'

This satisfied the father.—When they arrived at the dying man's cabin, 'Now, my dear fellow,' said the soldier, 'I have brought a holy man to give you absolution for your sins, and to show your soul the road to heaven; take this glass of wine to comfort you, for it is a hellish long journey.' They raised poor Hanno, and he swallowed the wine with difficulty. 'Be not dismayed, my honest lad,' continued the soldier, 'for although it is a long march to heaven, you will be sure of glorious quarters when you get there. I cannot tell you exactly how people pass their time, indeed; but by all accounts there is no very hard duty, unless it is that you will be obliged to sing psalms and hymns pretty constantly: that, to be sure, you must bear with: but then the devil a scoundrel who delights in tormenting his fellow-creatures will be allowed to thrust his nose into that sweet plantation; and so, my dear Hanno, God bless you! all your sufferings are now pretty well over, and I am convinced you will be as happy as the day is long in the other world all the rest of your life.' The priest then began to perform his office;—Hanno heard him in silence,—he seemed unable to speak.

'You see, my good father,' said the soldier, 'he believes in all you say. You may now, without any further delay, give him absolution and extreme unction, and every thing needful to secure him a snug birth in paradise.'

'You are fully convinced, friend,' said the priest, addressing the dying man in a solemn manner, 'that it is only by a firm belief in all the tenets of the holy catholic church that——' 'God love your soul, my dear father,' interrupted the soldier, 'give him absolution in the first place, and convince him afterwards; for, upon my conscience, if you bother him much longer, the poor creature's soul will slip through your fingers.' The priest, who was a good-natured man, did as the soldier requested. 'Now,' said the soldier, when the ceremony was over, 'now, my honest fellow, you may bid the devil defiance, for you are as sure of heaven as your mas-

ter is of hell ; where, as this reverend father will assure you, he must suffer to all eternity.' ' I hope he will not suffer so long,' said Hanno in a faint voice, and speaking for the first time since the arrival of the priest. ' Have a care of what you say, friend,' said the priest, in a severe tone of voice ; ' you must not doubt of the eternity of hell torments.—If your master goes once there, he must remain for ever.' ' Then I'll be bound for him,' said the soldier, ' he is sure enough of going there.' ' But I hope in God he will not remain for ever,' said Hanno—and expired. ' That was not spoken like a true believer,' said the priest ; ' if I had thought that he harboured any doubts on such an essential article, I should not have given him absolution.' ' It is lucky then that the poor fellow made his escape to heaven before you knew any thing of the matter,' said the soldier.

As the soldier returned home from Hanno's cabin, he met Zeluco, who, knowing where he had been, said to him, ' How is the damned scoundrel now ?' ' The damned scoundrel is in better health than all who know him could wish,' replied the soldier. ' Why they told me he was dying,' said Zeluco. ' If you mean poor Hanno, he is already dead, and on his way to heaven,' said the soldier ; ' but as for the scoundrel who murdered him, he'll be damned before he get there.'

JAMES MORIER.

WHEN the literature of the present day is sweepingly characterized as ephemeral, it were well to except from this charge such performances as that which furnishes the following extract. *The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan** must long retain a distinguished place among works descriptive of national manners. Its author, in selecting the unrivalled Gil Blas for a model, has availed himself of perhaps the only plan by which a European could be enabled to form a just idea of the vicissitudes attendant on the fortunes of an adventurer in a kingdom where every thing is subject to the nod of a despot. It will at once be acknowledged that no ordinary talent is requisite for one who would attempt to give, after the manner of Le Sage, a faithful picture of oriental manners as they now exist, and to select facts on which to found a continued narrative;—who must invent a hero that shall pass, with some appearance of probability, through the various ranks and stations in a Mussulman community, and bring before us an account of his conduct in private life, as well as of the feelings with which he may be supposed to regard the customs and institutions of his country. To the accomplishment of this difficult task, be-

* Said to be from the pen of JAMES MORIER, Esq., His Majesty's Secretary of Embassy to the Court of Persia, and since private secretary to the Earl of Aberdeen, Ambassador to the Court of Vienna. This gentleman is nephew to Admiral Lord Radstock, and is distinguished by his diplomatic talents, which are rendered peculiarly useful by his uncommon knowledge of the languages of the East and West. He has published, *A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople in 1806*, 9. Lond: 1811.

sides abundance of enthusiasm for his subject, our author has brought extensive knowledge, aided by genius which, if neither dazzling nor profound, is far above mediocrity. If he often neglects to turn to the best advantage excellent opportunities for moving our feelings, he is never guilty of tiring us by appeals to their sympathy. While every illustration and all that can be termed imagery are strictly Persian, nothing is overstrained or pedantic;—no despicable qualifications in an author possessed of such accurate local experience, and familiar with Persia, as if ‘native’ there, and ‘born’ to their manners. To-day relying on the casual bounty of his brethren, to-morrow pluming himself in all the insolence of office,—now the rigorous anchorite arrayed in all the externals of sanctimony, again the overbearing soldier decked in all the borrowed fierceness which art can supply,—now little more than master of his alphabet, before long composing what is laid before his sovereign as a History of Europe,—at first his father’s humble assistant as a knight of the razor at Ispahan, afterwards the lordly possessor of a splendid mansion in the Turkish capital,—Hajji, volatile and aspiring, unprincipled though not void of feeling, now hording with the tribes of the desert and now basking in the sunshine of a court, is exhibited in every imaginable position a son of Islam can assume. The easy humour, felicitous satire, and vigorous delineation of character, displayed in relating his adventures, are scarcely sufficient to restrain the contempt with which his character is likely to be regarded. With all his faults, however, Hajji is good natured, and, upon the whole, fully as conscientious as his Spanish prototype already mentioned, and not such a lady-killer as his Greek relation Anastasius. Convinced that of his vices, heartlessness, and self-conceit, one half may be fairly attributed to the government under which he had the misfortune to be placed, we lose sight of him with regret, alleviated only by a hope that his biographer will soon enable us to

renew an acquaintance so agreeably commenced.—Of Hajji's military adventures, that which follows is the most pleasing. He has just set out on a reconnoitring expedition, with a small detachment under his command, when our extract commences.—

YUSUF THE ARMENIAN.

It was scarcely dawn of day when we reached the bridge of Ashtarek, still obscured by the deepest shade, owing to the very high and rocky banks of the river, forming, as it were, two abrupt walls on either side. The village itself, situated on the brink of these banks, was just sufficiently lighted up to be distinguished from the rocks among which it was built; whilst the ruins of a large structure, of heavy architecture, rose conspicuous on the darkest side, and gave a character of solemnity and grandeur to the whole scenery. This, my companions informed me, was the remains of one of the many Armenian churches so frequently seen in this part of Persia. The river dashed along through its dark bed, and we could perceive the foam of its waters as we began to cross the bridge. The rattle of our horses' hoofs over its pavement had alarmed the village dogs, whose bark we could just distinguish; the shrill crow of a cock was also heard, and most of our eyes were directed towards the houses, when one of our men, stopping his horse, exclaimed, 'Ya, Ali! (oh, Ali!) what is that?' pointing with his hand to the church: 'do not you see, there, something white?' 'Yes, yes,' said another, 'I see it; it's a *ghöl*! without doubt it's a *ghöl*! This is the true hour: it is in search of a corse. I dare say it is devouring one now.' I also could see that something was there, but it was impossible to make it out. We halted upon the bridge, looking up with all our eyes, every one being satisfied that it was a supernatural being. One called upon Ali, another upon Hossein, and a third invoked the Prophet and the twelve Imâms. None seemed inclined to approach it, but every one suggested some new mode of exorcism. 'Untie the string of your trowsers,' said an old Irâki, 'that's the way we treat our *ghöls*, in the desert near Ispahan, and they depart instantly.' 'What good will that do?' answered a *delikhan* (a hare-brained youth;) 'I'd rather keep the beast out than let it in.' In

short, what with joking, and what with serious talk, the morning broke sufficiently to convince us that the apparition must have been an illusion of our senses, for nothing now was to be seen. However, having passed the bridge, the said delikhan, shivering in his stirrups, and anxious to gallop his horse, exclaimed, 'I'll go and find the ghôl,' drove his horse up a steep bank, and made towards the ruined church. We saw him return very speedily, with intelligence, that what we had taken for a ghôl was a woman, whose white veil had attracted our notice, and that she, with a man, were apparently hiding themselves among the deep shades of the broken walls. Full of anxiety for whatever might throw a light upon the object of my duty, I lost no time in proceeding to the ruin, in order to ascertain why these people hid themselves so mysteriously, and ordering five men to follow me, I made the rest halt near the bridge. We saw no one until turning the sharp angle of a wall we found, seated under an arch, the objects of our search. A woman, apparently sick, was extended on the ground, whilst a man, leaning over, supported her head, in an attitude of the greatest solicitude. Enough of daylight now shone upon them, to discover that they were both young. The woman's face, partially hid by her veil, notwithstanding its deadly paleness, was surprisingly beautiful; and the youth was the finest specimen of strength, activity, and manliness that I had ever seen. He was dressed in the costume of Georgia; a long knife hung over his thigh, and a gun rested against the wall. Her veil, which was of the purest white, was here and there stained with blood, and torn in several places. Although I had been living amongst men inured to scenes of misery, utter strangers to feelings of pity or commiseration, yet in this instance I and my companions could not fail being much interested at what we saw, and paused with a sort of respect for the grief of these apparently unfriended strangers, before we ventured to break the silence of our meeting. 'What are you doing here?' said I: 'If you are strangers, and travellers, why do you not go into the village?' 'If you have the feelings of a man,' said the youth, 'give me help, for the love of God! Should you be sent to seize us by the Serdar, still help me to save this poor creature who is dying. I have no resistance to offer; but pray save her.' 'Who are you?' said I. 'The Serdar has given us no orders concerning you. Where do you come from? Whither going?' 'Our story is long and melancholy,' said

the young man : 'if you will help me to convey this poor suffering girl where she may be taken care of, I will relate every thing that has happened to us. She may recover with good and kind usage : she is wounded, but I trust not mortally, and with quiet may recover. Thanks to Heaven, you are not one of the Serdar's officers ! Perhaps you may befriend me, and my lamentable tale may perhaps induce you to take us under your protection.' His appeal to my feelings was unnecessary : the countenance and appearance of the youth had excited great interest in my breast, and I immediately lent myself to his wishes, telling him that we would, without delay, convey his sick friend to the village, and then, having heard his story, settle what to do for him. She had to this moment said nothing, but gathered her veil round her with great precaution, now and then uttering low groans, which indicated pain, and venting the apparent misery of her mind by suppressed sighs. I ordered one of my followers to dismount from his horse ; we placed her upon it, and immediately proceeded to the village, where, having inspected the interior of several houses, I pitched upon that which afforded the best accommodation, and whose owner appeared obliging and humane ; there we deposited her, giving directions that she should be nursed with the greatest care. An old woman of the village, who had the reputation of skill in curing wounds and bruises, was sent for, and she undertook her cure. I learnt from the youth that he and his companion were Armenians ; and as the inhabitants of Ashtarek were of the same persuasion, they very soon understood each other, and the poor sufferer felt that she could not have fallen into better hands.

Feeling refreshed by two hours' sound sleep, upon awaking I sent for the Armenian youth ; and whilst the good people of the village served us a light breakfast, of which we were both much in need, I requested him to relate his adventures, and particularly what had brought him into the situation in which he had been discovered. Refreshed with rest and food, the morning sun enlightening the spot we occupied, the manly features of the youth exhibited all their beauty ; and, as he spoke, their animation and earnestness helped wonderfully to convince me that all he said was the truth. He spoke as follows :

I am an Armenian by birth, and a Christian : my name is Yûsûf. My father is chief of the village of Gavmishlû, inhabited entirely by Armenians. In the middle of a

verdant country, full of the richest pasturage, and enjoying a climate celebrated for coolness and serenity, we are a healthy and a hardy race; and, notwithstanding the numerous exactions of our governors, we are happy in our poverty. We live so far within the mountains, that we are more distant from the tyranny usually exercised upon those who abide nearer great towns, the residences of governors; and secluded from the world, our habits are simple, and our modes of life patriarchal. About two years ago, when securing our harvest, I had gone out long before the dawn to reap the corn of one of our most distant fields, armed and prepared as usual. I perceived a Persian horseman, bearing a female behind him, and making great speed through a glen that wound nearly at the foot of a more elevated spot, upon which I was standing. The female evidently had been placed there against her will, for as soon as she perceived me she uttered loud shrieks, and extended her arms. I immediately flew down the craggy side of the mountain, and reached the lowermost part of the glen time enough to intercept the horseman's road. I called out to him to stop, and seconded my words by drawing my sword, and putting myself in an attitude to seize his bridle as he passed. Embarrassed by the burden behind him, he was unable either to use his sword or the gun slung at his back, so he excited his horse to an increased speed, hoping thus to ride over me; but I stood my ground, and as I made a cut with my sabre, the horse bounded from the road with so sudden a start, that the frightened woman lost her hold and fell off. The horseman, free of his incumbrance, would now have used his gun; but seeing mine already aimed at him, he thought it most prudent to continue his road, and I saw nothing more of him. I ran to the assistance of the fallen woman, whom by her dress I discovered to be an Armenian. She was stunned and severely bruised: her outward veil had already disengaged itself, and in order to give her air, I immediately pulled away the under veil which hides the lower part of the face (common to the Armenians), and to my extreme surprise, beheld the most beautiful features that imagination can conceive. The lovely creature whom I supported in my arms was about fifteen years of age. Oh! I shall never forget the thrill of love, delight, and apprehension, which I felt at gazing upon her. I hung over her with all the intenseness of a first passion; a feeling arose in my heart which was new to me, and, forgetting every thing but the object immediately before me, I verily

believe that I should have been for ever riveted to that spot, had she not opened her eyes, and began to show signs of life. The first words she spoke went to my very soul; but when she discovered where she was, and in the hands of an utter stranger, she began to cry and bewail herself in a manner that quite alarmed me. Little by little, however, she became more composed; and when she found that I was one of her own nation and religion, that I was, moreover, her deliverer, she began to look upon me with different feelings: my vanity made me hope that, perhaps, she was not displeased at the interest she had awakened in me. One thing, however, she did not cease to deplore, and to upbraid me with,—I had withdrawn her veil;—there was no forgiveness for me—that indulgence which even a husband scarcely ever enjoys, that distinguishing emblem of chastity and honour, so sacred in the eyes of an Armenian woman,—every sense of decency had been disregarded by me, and I stood before her in the criminal character of one who had seen all her face. In vain I represented, that had I not relieved her mouth and nose from the pressure of the lower band, she must have suffocated; that her fall having deprived her of all sensation, had she not inhaled the fresh air, death would have been the consequence. Nothing would convince her that she was not a lost woman. However, the following argument had more effect upon her than any other; no one but myself was witness to her dishonour (if such she must call it); and I swore so fervently by the Holy Cross, and by St Gregorio, that it should remain a profound secret in my heart, as long as I had one to keep it in, that she permitted herself at length to be comforted. I then requested her to give me an account of her late adventure, and to tell me from whom it had been my good fortune to liberate her.

‘As for the man,’ said she, ‘all I know of him is, that he is a Persian. I never saw him before, and know of no object that he could have had in carrying me off, excepting to sell me for a slave. A few days ago, a skirmish took place between a detachment of Persian cavalry and Georgians. The latter were driven back, and the Persians made some prisoners, whom they carried away in great triumph to Erivan. Our village had been occupied by the Persian troops some days before this affray, and I suppose then my ravisher laid his plan to carry me off, and make me pass for a Georgian prisoner. I had just got up in the morning, and had gone to the village well with my pitcher, to bring home

water, when he darted from behind a broken wall, showed his knife, threatening to kill me if I did not follow him without noise, and made me mount behind him on his horse. We galloped away just as some other of the village maidens were proceeding to the well, and my only hope of being saved was from the alarm which I knew they would instantly spread. We were out of sight in a few minutes, for we rode furiously over hill and dale, and cut across parts of the country unfrequented by travellers. At length, seeing you on the brow of the hill, I took courage, and gave vent to my cries, notwithstanding the threats of the Persian. You know the rest.

She had scarcely finished speaking, when we discovered several persons, one on horseback, the rest on foot, making towards us in great haste; and as they approached, and were recognised by my fair one, it was delightful to watch her emotions. 'Oh! there is my father,' exclaimed she, 'and my brothers! there is Ovanes, and Agoop, and Aratoon! and my uncle too!' As they came up, she embraced them all with transports of delight. I was in agonies of apprehension lest some youth should appear, who might have excited other feelings in her heart; but no, none but relations were there. Having thanked God and St Gregory for her escape, after some hesitation, in a most embarrassed manner, she pointed me out as her deliverer. The attention of the whole party was then directed to me. 'Whose son are you,' said the old man, her father. 'I am the son of Coja Petros,' said I, 'the chief of the village of Gaymishlû.' 'Ah! he is my friend and neighbour,' answered he; 'but I do not know you; perhaps you are the son who was educating at the Three Churches for a priest, and who came to the help of your family?' I answered in the affirmative, and then he said, 'You are welcome.—May your house prosper! You have saved our daughter, and we owe you eternal gratitude. You must come with us, and be our guest. If ever it were necessary to kill a lamb, to eat and be merry, it is now. We, and all our families, will carry you upon our heads; we will kiss your feet, and smooth your brow, for having saved our Mariam, and preserved her from dragging out her existence the slave of the Mussulman.' I then received the congratulations and kind speeches of her brothers and uncle, who all invited me to their village in so pressing a manner, that, unable to resist, and propelled by my anxiety to see Mariam, I accepted their offer, and we forthwith proceeded in a body. When near the village we discovered that all its

inhabitants, particularly the women and children, had been watching our steps down the slope, anxious to know whether Mariam had been retaken; and when they saw her safe, there was no end to their expressions of joy. The story of her flight and of her rescue was soon told, and carried from one mouth to another, with such rapidity and with such additional circumstances, that at length it came out that she had been carried away by a giant, who had an iron head, claws and feet of steel, and scales on his back, mounted upon a beast that tore up the ground at every bound, and made noises in its rapid course over the hills like the discharges of artillery. They added to this, that of a sudden an angel, in the shape of a ploughboy, descended from the top of a high mountain in a cloud, and as he wielded a sword of fire in his hand, it frightened the horse, threw Mariam to the ground, and reduced the giant and his steed to ashes; for when she recovered from her fright, they were no longer to be seen. I was pointed out as the illustrious ploughboy, and immediately the attention of the whole village was turned towards me; but, unfortunately, when about receiving nearly divine honours, a youth, whom I had frequently met tending cattle in the mountains, recognised me, and said, 'He is no angel—he is Yûsuf, the son of Coja Petros, of Gavmishlû;' and thus I was reduced to my mortality once more. However, I was treated with the greatest distinction by every body, and Mariam's relations could not sufficiently testify their gratitude for the service I had rendered. But, all this time, love was making deep inroads in my heart. I no longer saw Mariam unveiled; that happy moment of my life had gone by; but it had put the seal to my future fate. 'No,' said I to myself, 'nothing shall separate me from that beautiful maid; our destinies forthwith are one: Heaven has miraculously brought us together, and nothing but the decrees of Providence shall disunite us, even though to gain her I should be obliged to adopt the violence of the Persian, and carry her away by force.' We met now and then, Mariam and I; and although our words were few, yet our eyes said much, and I knew that my passion was returned. Oh! how I longed to have met and engaged another, ay, twenty more Persians, to prove my love! but I recollected that I was nothing but a poor Armenian, belonging to a degraded and despised nation, and that the greatest feat which I could ever expect to perform would be to keep the

wolf from my father's flocks, or to drive the marauder from our fields.

I remained the whole of that eventful day at Geuklû (the name of the village), where the promised lamb was killed, and a large caldron of rice boiled. I returned on the following day to my parents, who had been alarmed at my absence, and who listened to the history of my adventures with all the earnestness and interest that I could wish. I was so entirely absorbed by my love, that I could think of nothing else; therefore I determined to inform them of the situation of my affections. 'I am of an age now,' said I to them, 'to think and act for myself. Thanks to God, and to you, I have strong arms, and can work for my bread: I wish to marry, and Providence has prepared the way for me.' In short, I said so much, that at length they were persuaded to make the necessary overtures to the parents of Mariam; and it was fixed, that in the course of a few days my father, my uncle the priest, and one of the elders of the village, should proceed to Geuklû, and ask her in marriage for me. In the meanwhile, I myself had been there almost every day, upon one pretext or another, and I had had several opportunities of informing her of my intentions, in order that she and her family might not be taken unawares. My father and his colleagues were very well received by the parents of my intended. Having talked over the matter, and seizing this opportunity of drinking some more than usual glasses of arrack, they agreed that we should be united as soon as the marriage-articles should have been agreed upon, and the forms of the *nâm zed* (the ceremony of betrothing) should have been gone through. I was anxious to be already on my road to Erivan, where the marriage clothes were to be bought; for there was no place nearer than that city in which a bazar was to be found. But as I was ignorant of the arts of buying, and particularly ill versed in women's dresses, it was decided that my mother should accompany me, mounted on our ass, whilst I followed on foot. Having reached the heights of Aberan, we discovered an immense camp of white tents; one of which belonging to the chief, was of a magnificent size. A horseman whom we met informed us, that the Serdar of Erivan was encamped there with a considerable body of cavalry; and it was supposed posted there to watch the motions of the Russians and Georgians, who, it was expected, were likely soon to move their forces forwards to the attack of Persia. My mother and I

returned to our village by the same road we came, but not with quite so much speed ; for the ass was laden with our purchases, and, in addition to my arms, I also carried a considerable share of the burden. The Serdar's camp was still in the same place, and we passed on without hinderance or any occurrence worth relating, until we reached the high ground that overlooks Gavmishli. The sight of a tent first struck my mother, and she stopped.

‘What is that, Yûsûf,’ she cried out to me: ‘see, there is a tent.’ I, who had no thoughts in my head but those that concerned my wedding, answered, ‘Yes, I see ; perhaps they are making preparations for an entertainment for us.’ ‘My husband’s beard with your entertainment,’ exclaimed she ; ‘what is become of your wits? Either Russians or Persians are there, as sure as I am a Christian ; and in either case it is bad for us.’ We pushed on towards our dwelling with the greatest anxiety ; and as we approached it, found that my mother had judged right. The village had been just occupied by a small detachment of Russian infantry, composed of fifty men, commanded by a *penjah baski*, or a head of fifty, who, it seems, formed the advanced posts of an army quartered at a day’s distance from us. Every house in the village had been obliged to lodge a certain number of men, and ours, as the best, and belonging to the chief, was taken up by the captain. You may conceive our consternation on finding this state of things, and in particular, how wretched I was from the apprehension that my wedding must be put off to an indefinite time, when perhaps ruin would have overwhelmed us, and left us naked and destitute fugitives. However, a fortnight had elapsed since our return, and nothing had happened. We were upon excellent terms with our guests the Russians, and as they were quiet and inoffensive, infinitely more so than Persians would have been under similar circumstances, we became very intimate. They were Christians as well as we ; they made the sign of the cross ; prayed at our church ; eat pork and drank wine ; all circumstances producing great sympathy of feeling, and strengthening the bonds of friendship between us. Their captain was a young man of great worth, and of such un-presuming manners that he gave universal satisfaction. He kept the strictest discipline among his troops, and was himself the soberest of mankind. He was curious to instruct himself in our manners and customs, and encouraged us to converse with him upon every thing that interested our

family. This brought on a full exposition of our situation in regard to my wedding, to which he listened with a degree of interest so great, as to make him my friend for life. He said, 'But why should it not take place now! There is nothing to hinder it: we are here to protect you, and whatever we can give or lend, I promise that I will procure. The Persians do not show the least sign of moving, and our army must wait for reinforcements from Teflis before it can advance farther; therefore you will have all the necessary time to perform your ceremonies in quiet and happiness, and perhaps with more splendour than if we had not been here.' And thus it was settled that I should wed. The evening before the wedding-day, the clothes and other articles, placed upon trays borne upon men's heads, and preceded by singers and musicians (of which some are to be found in every village) were sent to my bride. On the following day, the day of my long expected happiness, I and all my family arose betimes in the morning. The weather was serene but sultry; there had been a tendency to storm for several days before, and heavy clouds stood in threatening attitudes with their white heads in the horizon. But nature was beautiful, and refreshed by a shower that had fallen in the night.

By the time the ceremony was over, daylight had entirely disappeared, and the weather, which had threatened a storm, now became very lowering. The sky was darkened, rain fell, and distant thunders were heard. This circumstance put an end to the entertainment given by my father earlier than it otherwise would have done; and when our guests had retired, the hour at length arrived which was to make me the happiest of men.—

Oh! shall I stop here to recollect all the horrors of that night—or shall I pass on, and not distress you by relating them; you must conceive my bride lovely as the morning star—innocent as an angel, and attached to me by the purest love; and you may imagine what I felt at that moment,—I who had looked upon my union as impossible, and had thought of my awaiting happiness as a bright spot in my existence, to which I expected never to attain. But, in order to give a right impression of the scene which I am about to describe, you must know that the villages in Georgia, and in our part of Armenia, are built partly under ground, and thus a stranger finds himself walking on the roof of a house when he thinks that he is on plain ground, the greatest part

of them being lighted by apertures at the top. Such was the house in which my family lived, and in which my wedding was celebrated. My nuptial chamber had one of these apertures, which had been closed on the occasion, and was situated with its door leading at once into the open air.

It is the custom among the Armenians for the bridegroom to retire first. His shoes and stockings are then taken off by his wife; and, before she resigns her veil, has the task of extinguishing the light. The storm had just broke,—thunders were rolling over our heads,—the lightning flashed,—torrents of rain were pouring down with fearful noise,—there seemed to be a general commotion of the elements, when my Mariam, unveiling herself, extinguished the lamp. She had scarcely laid herself down when we heard an unusual violent noise at the aperture in the ceiling; sounds of men's voices were mingled with the crash of the thunder; trampling of horses was also distinctly heard; and presently we were alarmed by a heavy noise of something having fallen in our room and near our bed, accompanied by a glare and a smell of sulphur.—'Tis a thunderbolt, by all that is sacred! O Heaven protect us!' cried I. 'Fly, my soul, my wife, escape!'—She had just time to snatch up her veil, and to get without the door, when an explosion took place in the very room, so awful, so tremendous, that I immediately thought myself transported to the regions of the damned. I fell senseless, amidst the wreck of falling stones, plaster, and furniture. All I can recollect is, that an immense blaze of light was succeeded by an overpowering sulphureous smell,—then a dead silence.

I lay there for some time, unconscious of what was passing, but by degrees came to myself, and when I found that I could move my limbs, and that nothing about my person was materially hurt, I began to consider how I had got there. As for my wedding, that appeared to me a dream: all I heard about me now was the firing of muskets, loud and frequent explosions, cries and shouts of men,—of men wounded and in pain,—of men attacking and putting others to death,—the tramlings of horses, the clashing of arms. 'What, in the name of Heaven, can all this be?' said I: I still thought myself transported into another planet, when the shriek of a woman struck my ear. 'It is Mariam! It is she, by all that is sacred! Where, where, shall I seek her?' I was roused: I disencumbered myself of the weight of rubbish that had fallen upon me, and, once upon my legs

again, I sallied forth in search of her. The scene which presented itself was more terrible than language can express; for the first object which struck my sight was a Persian rushing by me, with a drawn sword in one hand, and a human head, dripping with blood, in another. The blackness of the night was lighted up at rapid intervals by vivid flashes of lightning, which, quick as the eye could glance, now discovered the hideous tragedy that was then acting, and now threw it again into darkness, leaving the imagination to fill up the rest. By one flash I saw Persians, with uplifted swords, attacking defenceless Russians, rushing from their beds: by another, the poor villagers were discovered flying from their smoking cottages in utter dismay. Then an immense explosion took place, which shook every thing around. The village cattle, loosened from their confinements, ran about in wild confusion, and mixed themselves with the horrors of the night: in short, my words fall short of any description that could be made of this awful scene of devastation; and I must bless the mercy of that Almighty hand which hath spared me in the destruction that surrounded me. I knew not where to turn myself to seek for my wife. I had heard her shrieks; and the shivering of despair came over me, when I thought it might have been her death groans which had struck my ear. I threw myself into the midst of the carnage, and, armed with a fire-brand, snatched from my burning nuptial chamber, I made my way through the combatants, more like a maniac at the height of his frenzy, than a bridegroom on his wedding-night. Getting into the skirts of the village again, I thought I heard the shrieks of my beloved. I ran towards the direction, and a flash of lightning, that glanced over the adjoining hill, showed me two horsemen making off with a woman, whose white veil was conspicuously seen, mounted behind one of them. Headless of every thing but my wife, I followed them with the swiftness of a mountain goat; but as the storm subsided, the lightning flashed no more, and I was left in utter darkness at the top of a hill, not knowing which path to take, and whether to proceed or not. I was almost naked. I had been severely bruised. My feet, otherwise accustomed to the naked ground, had become quite lacerated by the pursuit I had undertaken, and altogether I was so worn with grief, so broken-hearted, that I laid myself down on the wet earth in a state of desperation that was succeeded by a torpor of all my senses. Here I

lay until the first rays of the morning glared in my eyes, and brought me gradually to a sense of my situation.

‘What has happened?’ said I: ‘Where am I? How came I here? Either the demons and wicked angels of another world have been at work this night, or else I am most grossly abused. To see that glorious orb rising in that clear unclouded sky; to mark the soothing serenity of nature, the morning freshness, the song of the birds, the lowing of yon cattle, and the quiet and seclusion of my yonder paternal village, I ought to suppose that the images of horror, of indescribable horror, now floating in my mind, must be those of a diseased imagination. Is it possible, that in this secluded spot, under this lovely sky, in the midst of these bounteous gifts of nature, I could have seen man murdering his fellow-creature, the blazing cottage, the mangled corse, the bleeding head; and, O cruel, O killing thought, that I should have been bereft of my dear, my innocent wife?’—and then, then only, was I restored to a full possession of every occurrence that had taken place; and tears which before had refused to flow now came to my assistance, and relieved my burning temples and my almost suffocating bosom. I got up, and walked slowly to the village. All was hushed into quiet; a slight smoke was here and there to be seen; stray cattle were grazing on the outskirts; strangers on horseback seemed to be busily employed in preparations of some kind or other, and the wretched peasantry were seen huddled together in groups, scarcely awake from the suddenness of the destruction which had visited them, and uncertain of the fate which might still be in reserve. As for me, the loss which I had already sustained made me expect every other attendant misfortune. I had made my mind up to find my relations dead, to see the total ruin of our house, and to know that I was a solitary outcast on the face of the world, without a wife, without a home, without parents, without a friend. But no, imagination had worked up the picture too highly; for one of the first persons I met on entering our village was my poor mother, who, when she saw me, recollecting all the trouble she had been at to secure my happiness, fell on my neck, and shed a torrent of tears. When her first grief had subsided, she told me that my father had suffered much from bruises, and from a blow received on the head; but that the rest of the family were well; that our house had been considerably injured, many of our things pillaged; and that my nuptial room in parti-

cular, had been almost totally destroyed. She informed me that the good Russian captain had been the first to fall a sacrifice to the attack of the Persians; for almost immediately after the explosion in my room, he had rushed out to see what had happened, when two Persians seized him, one of whom at once decapitated him: this was the head that I saw brandished before me, when first I sallied forth. She then took me to a place of shelter, and put on me what clothes could be found.

The Persians, having completed their deeds of horror, had retired from the scene of action, leaving to our unfortunate villagers the melancholy task of burying the dead bodies of thirty wretched Russians, who had fallen victims to their treacherous attack, and whose heads they had carried off with them as trophies.

After I had visited my father, and left my home in as comfortable a situation as I could, under the existing circumstances, I determined instantly to set out in pursuit of my wife. It was evident that she had been carried away by some of those who had attacked our village, and that she must have been taken to Erivan, as the nearest market for slaves, for such was no doubt the purpose for which she had been seized. My sword, pistols, and gun, which had formed part of the ornamental furniture of my bridal chamber, were found buried in its ruins, and with these for my protection, and with some pieces of silver in my purse, I bid adieu to Gaymishlû, making a vow never to return until I had found my Mariam. I travelled with hurried steps, taking the shortest cuts over the mountains to Erivan, and as I crossed a branch of the high road I met two horsemen, well mounted and equipped, who stopped me, and asked whither I was going, and upon what errand. I did not hesitate to tell them my wretched tale, hoping they might give me some hint which might throw light upon the fate of my wife. This they did indeed, but in a manner so cruel, that their words awakened the most horrid suspicions, and almost to a certainty convinced me that my poor innocent, my hitherto unspotted, though wedded wife, had fallen into the power of a most licentious tyrant. I hastened my steps, without knowing why or wherefore.—I was now near the camp at Aberan, where I knew the Serdar in person was settled, and, hoping to hear some favourable intelligence, I made towards it, but receiving no account of my lost Mariam, it was plain that, if in the power of the Serdar, she was within the walls

of his seraglio at Erivan. Thither then I bent my steps, hoping that something might turn up for my advantage.

Upon my arrival there, I posted myself at the bridge over the Zengui, from whence I had a full survey of that part of the Serdar's palace which contains his women; and as the troops were crossing it at the same time in constant succession, I was unnoticed, and passed for one of the camp followers. The building is situated upon the brink of a precipice of dark rock, at the foot of which flows the Zengui, a clear and rapid stream, foaming through a rocky bed, the stony projections of which form white eddies, and increase the rush of its waters. A bridge of three arches is thrown over it just at the foot of the precipice, and forms part of the high road to Georgia and Turkey. The principal saloon of the palace, in a corner of which the Serdar is usually seated, opens with a large casement on the river, and overlooks the precipice. At some distance on the same surface of building are the windows of the women's apartments, distinguished by their lattices, and by other contrivances of jealousy. However, I observed they were not so well secured, but that objects passing and repassing the bridge might well be seen from them; and I imagined that if Mariam was a prisoner there, she might perchance make me out as I stood below. 'But if she did, what then?' said I to myself in despair; 'seeing me there would only add to her torture, and to my desperation.' To escape from such a height appeared impossible, for a fall would be instant death; and excepting a willow tree, which grew out of the rock immediately under one of the windows, there was nothing to break the descent. However, having remained in one spot so long in meditation, I feared to be observed; and left my post for the present, determining to return to it at the close of day, and indeed at every hour when I could appear without suspicion.

I had been watching the windows of the seraglio in this manner for more than a fortnight, and had not ceased to parade up and down the bridge at least three times every day, when one evening as the day was about to close, I saw the lattice of the window over the willow tree open, and a female looking out of it. I watched her with breathless suspense. She appeared to recognise me. I extended my hand; she stretched forth hers. 'It is she!' said I; 'yes, it must be her! it is my Mariam!' Upon which, without a

moment's hesitation, without thinking of the consequences, I plunged into the river, and having waded through it, stood at the foot of the precipice, immediately under my beloved wife. She stretched her arms several times towards me, as if she would have thrown herself out. I almost screamed with apprehension; and yet the hope of pressing her to my heart made me half regret that she had not done so. We stood there looking wistfully at each other, fearing to speak, yet longing to do so. At length, she shut the lattice suddenly, and left me in an attitude and in all the horrors of suspense. I kept my post for some time without seeing any thing more of her, when again suddenly the lattice opened, and she appeared, but with looks that spoke intense agitation. I scarcely could tell what was about to happen, but waited in dreadful anxiety, until I saw her lean forward, retreat, lean forward again—then more and more, until, by a sudden effort, I beheld her fair form in the air, falling down the giddy height. My legs refused to perform their office, my eyes were obscured by a swimming, and I should have probably sunk under the intenseness of my feelings; when I saw her half suspended, half falling from a branch of the willow tree. I bounded up, and in an instant had mounted the tree, and had clasped her senseless in my arms. I seemed to be impelled by new vigour and strength; to reach the ground, to recross the river, to fly with my precious burden from the inhabited outskirts into the open country, appeared but the business of a second. I was perfectly drunk with the thousand feelings which agitated me; and although I acted like one bereft of his senses, yet every thing I did was precisely that which I ought to have done. Nature guided me; the animal acting only from instinct would have done like me. I had saved that which was most precious to me in this world.

When I had worn out my first efforts of strength, and had felt that my hitherto senseless burden showed some symptoms of life, I stopped, and placed her quietly on the ground, behind some broken walls. She was terribly bruised, although no bone had been broken. The branches of the tree, upon which she had alighted, had wounded her deeply in several places, and the blood had flown very copiously. But she was alive; she breathed; she opened her eyes, and at length pronounced my name. I was almost crazy with joy, and embraced her with a fervour that amounted to madness. When she had reposed herself a

little, I snatched her up again, and proceeded onwards with all the haste imaginable, in the determination to strike at once into the mountains; but recollecting that I had the river of Ashtarek to cross, and that with her in my arms it would be impossible to do so except by the bridge, I at once directed my steps thither. We were reposing at the foot of the bridge, when I heard the footsteps of your horses. Although nearly exhausted with my previous exertions, I still had strength enough left to clamber up the bank, and take refuge in the ruined church, where you first discovered us; and there I watched your motions with the greatest anxiety, concluding that you were a party sent in pursuit of us by the Serdar. Need I say after this, that if you will protect us, and permit us to seek our home, you will receive the overflowing gratitude of two thankful hearts, and the blessings of many now wretched people, who, by our return, will be made supremely happy? Whoever you are, upon whatever errand you may be sent, you cannot have lost the feelings of a man. God will repay your kindness a thousand times; and although we are not of your faith and nation, still we have prayers to put up at the Throne of Grace, which must be received when they are employed in so good a cause.—

The Armenian youth here finished his narrative, and left me in astonishment and admiration at all he had related. With my permission he then quitted me to visit his wife, and promised to return immediately with the report of her present state, and how she felt after her repose.

I kept turning over in my mind whether I should release him or not, and was fluctuating in great perplexity when Yûsuf returned. He told me that his Mariam was considerably refreshed by repose; but, weak from loss of blood, and stiff by the violence of the contusions she had received, it would be impossible for her to move for several days; 'except indeed we were pursued by the Serdar,' added he, 'when I believe nothing but force could hinder us from proceeding.' He said that not until now she had had strength enough to tell him her own adventures from the time she left him at Gavmishlû. It appears, that the instant she had darted from the nuptial chamber, only covered by her veil, she had been seized by a Persian, who discovering by the glare of the lightning that she was young and handsome, ran off with her to some distance, and there detained her, until, with the assistance of another, she was

mounted on a horse and taken forcibly away ; that these two men carried her straight to the camp at Aberan, and offered her for sale to the Serdar ; who having agreed to take her, ordered her to be conducted to his seraglio at Erivan, and there put into service ; that the horrid plight in which she stood, when exhibited to the Serdar, her disfigured looks, and her weak and drooping state, made her hope that she would remain unnoticed and neglected ; particularly when she heard what was his character, and to what extent he carried his cruelties on the unfortunate victims of his selfishness. Mariam alluding to herself, then said, ‘ Hoping, by always talking of myself as a married woman, that I should meet with more respect in the house of a Mussulman, than if I were otherwise, I never lost an opportunity of putting my husband’s name forward ; and this succeeded—for little or no notice was taken of me, and I was confounded with the other slaves, and performed the different tasks of servitude which were set me. But, unfortunately, I did not long keep my own counsel : I confided my story to a Persian woman who pretended to be my friend ; hoping by that means to soften her heart so much as to induce her to help me in regaining my freedom ; but she proved treacherous ; she made a merit of relating it to the Serdar, who immediately forced me to confirm my words with my own lips, and then the extent of my imprudence became manifest. He announced his intention to avail himself of my situation, and ordered me to prepare for receiving him. Conceive then what were the horrors of my position. I turned over in my mind every means of escape, but all avenues to it were shut. I had never before thought of looking over the precipice upon which the windows of our prison opened ; but now I seriously thought of precipitating myself, rather than submit to the tyrant. But a few hours after I had had the blessing to discover you on the bridge, I had been ordered to hold myself in readiness to receive him ; and it was then that I had positively determined in my own mind to throw myself headlong out, either once more to be joined to you or to die in the attempt. When I shut the lattices in haste, several women had just come into the room to conduct me to the hot-bath previously to being dressed ; and when I had made some excuse for delaying it, and had sent them out of the room, it was then that I opened the lattice a second time, and put my resolution into practice.’

Yûsûf having finished the recital of his and his wife’s

adventures, was very anxious to know what part I would take, and earnestly entreated me to befriend him by my advice and assistance. The morning was far spent. My men were already mounted, and ready to proceed on our reconnoitring expedition, and my horse was waiting for me, when a thought struck me, which would settle every difficulty with regard to the young Armenian and his wife. I called him to me, and said, 'After what you have related, it will be impossible to leave you at liberty. You have, by your own account, run off with a woman from the Serdar's seraglio, a crime which you perhaps do not know, in a Mussulman country is punished with death, so sacred is the harem held in our estimation. If I were to act right, I ought not to lose a moment in sending you both back to Erivan; but that I will not do, provided you agree to join us in our present expedition, and to serve us as guide in those parts of the country with which you are best acquainted.' I then explained to him the nature of my office, and what was the object of the expedition. If you are zealous in our cause,' said I, 'you will then have performed a service which will entitle you to reward, and thus enable me to speak in your favour to the Serdar and to my chief, and, *Inshallah!* please God, to procure your release. In the meanwhile, your wife may remain here, in all safety, in the hands of the good folks of this village; and by the time we return, she will, I hope, have been restored to health.' The youth, upon hearing this language, took my hand and kissed it, agreed to every thing I had said, and having girt on his arms, he was ready to attend us. I permitted him to go to his wife, to give her an account of this arrangement, and to console her, with proper assurances, that they would soon be restored to each other. He again thanked me; and, with the agility of an antelope, had already gained the summit of the first hill, before we had even begun to ascend it.

We proceeded towards the Georgian frontier, shaping our track over unfrequented parts of the mountains, in which we were very materially assisted by Yûsûf. We were not far from Hamamlû when I became anxious to acquire some precise intelligence concerning the numbers and the dispositions of the enemy. A thought struck me as I pondered over the fate of my Armenian protégé—'I will either save this youth or lose him,' thought I, 'and never was there a better opportunity than the present

He shall go to Hamamlû : if he brings me the intelligence we want, nothing can prevent me from procuring both his pardon and his wife for him—if he proves a traitor, I get rid of him, and demand a reward from the Serdar, for restoring his fugitive slave.' I called him to me, and proposed the undertaking. Quicker than thought he seized all the different bearings of the question, and without hesitation accepted of my proposal. He girt himself afresh, he tucked the skirts of his coat into his girdle, putting his cap on one side, and slinging his long gun at his back, he darted down the mountain's side, and we very soon lost him amid the sloping woods.

About an hour after midnight when the moon was about going down, a distant shout was heard—presently a second more distinctly and nearer to us. We were immediately upon the alert, and the shouts being repeated we could no longer doubt but that the Armenian was at hand. We then shouted in return, and not very long after we saw him appear. He was almost exhausted with fatigue, but still strong enough to be able to relate his adventures since he had left us. He informed me, that having reached Hamamlû he was recognised by some of the Russian soldiers who had escaped the attack of the Persians upon his village, and who immediately introduced him into the fort, and treated him very kindly. He was taken before the commanding officer, who questioned him narrowly upon the object of his visit ; but the ready pretext which he advanced, of seeking his wife, answered every difficulty ; besides which the ruin of his village, the destruction of his family property, and the acquaintance which he had on the spot, furnished him with so much matter of conversation, that no suspicion of his designs could be entertained. He was then permitted to walk about the fort, and by asking his questions with prudence, and making his own observations, was enabled to furnish me with the information I required on the strength and position of the enemy, with some very good conjectures on the nature and probability of their future operations. He then managed to slip away unperceived before the gates of the place were closed, and regained the mountains without the smallest impediment.—Having permitted Yûsûf to refresh himself with food and rest, and being now perfectly satisfied that his story was true, and that all confidence might be placed in his integrity, I ordered my party to hold themselves in readiness to return to Erivan. He was

permitted to ride behind either of the horsemen when tired with walking, and in this manner, taking the shortest cuts over the mountains, we regained the village of Ashtarek. Whilst we stopped here to refresh ourselves and horses, and to gain intelligence of the movements of the Serdar, and the chief executioner, I permitted the youth to visit his wife. He returned beaming with joy, for he had found her almost cured of her bruises, and full of thanks for the kindness and hospitality with which she had been treated. The Serdar and the chief executioner had moved from Erivan; and were now encamped close to the residence of the Armenian patriarch; and thither we bent our steps.—As we approached the monastery, I called Yûsûf to me, and told him to be in readiness whenever he should be called for, and be prepared to confirm any oath that I might think it necessary to take for his interests. He was particularly enjoined, when he came to talk of the services he had rendered, to deviate from the truth as much as he chose, to set forth every sort of danger he had or had not incurred, and in particular to score up an account of sums expended, all for the use and advantage of the Serdar, and of the Shah's government. 'I hope at that rate,' said I to him, 'your accounts may be balanced by having your wife restored to you; for which, after considerable difficulty, you may agree to give a receipt in full of all demands.'

Yûsûf was ushered in with the shoves and thrusts by which a poor man of his nation is generally introduced before a Persian grandee; and he stood in face of the assembly as fine a specimen of manly beauty as was ever seen; evidently creating much sensation upon all present by the intrepidity of his appearance. The Serdar, in particular, fixed his eyes upon him with looks of approbation; and, turning round to the executioner in chief, made signs, well known among Persians, of his great admiration. 'Say, fellow,' exclaimed he, 'have you stolen my slave or not?' 'If I am guilty,' said the youth, 'of having taken aught from any man save my own, here am I, ready to answer for myself with my life. She who threw herself out of your windows into my arms was my wife before she was your slave. We are both the Shah's *rayats*, and it is best known to yourself if you can enslave them or no. We are Armenians, 'tis true, but we have the feelings of men. It is well known to

all Persia, that our illustrious Shah has never forced the harem of even the meanest of his subjects; and, secure in that feeling, how could I ever suppose, most noble Serdar, that we should not receive the same protection under your government? You were certainly deceived when told that she was a Georgian prisoner; and had you known that she was the wife of one of your peasantry, you never would have made her your property.'—The Serdar, apparently struck by language so unusual to his ears, instead of appearing angry, on the contrary, looked delighted (if the looks of such a countenance could ever express delight); and, staring with astonished eyes upon the youth, seemed to forget even the reason of his having been brought before him. Of a sudden, he stopped all future discussion by saying to him, 'Enough, enough; go take your wife, and say no more; and, since you have rendered us a service at Hamamlû, you shall remain my servant, and wait upon my person. Go, my head valet will instruct you in your duties; and when attired in clothes suited to your situation, you will return again to our presence. Go, and recollect that my condescension towards you depends upon your future conduct.' Upon this Yûsûf, in the fulness of his heart, ran up to him with great apparent gratitude, fell upon his knees, and kissed the hem of his garment, not knowing what to say, or what countenance to keep upon such unlooked-for good fortune.—Every one present seemed astonished.—All congratulated the Serdar upon his humanity and benevolence, and compared him to the celebrated Noushirwan. *Barikallah* and *Mashallah* was repeated and echoed from mouth to mouth, and the story of his magnanimity was spread abroad, and formed the talk of the whole camp. I will not pretend to explain what were the Serdar's real sentiments; but those who well knew the man were agreed, that he could be actuated by no generous motive.

My chief and the Serdar having acquired all the information which Yûsûf and I could give them upon the force and position of the Muscovites, it was determined that an attack should immediately be made, and the army was ordered to march upon Hamamlû. I must not omit to say, that before the march began I received a visit from the Armenian. He was no longer, in appearance, the rude mountaineer, with his rough sheep-skin cap, his short Georgian tunic, his sandalled feet, his long knife hung over his knee, and his sash hanging obliquely across his body; but he was now at-

tired in a long vest of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lace and gold buttons, a beautiful Cashmerian shawl was tied gracefully round his waist; his small cap, of Bokhara lamb-skin, was duly indented at the top, and the two long curls behind his ears were combed out with all proper care. He had now more the appearance of a woman than a man, so much were his fine limbs hid by his robes; and as he approached me, he could not help blushing and looking awkward at the metamorphosis. He thanked me with expressions that indicated much gratitude, and assured me, that so far from having expected this result to his interview with the Serdar, he had, in fact, made up his mind to the loss of both his wife and life, and therefore had spoken with the boldness of one determined to die. 'But,' said he, 'notwithstanding this great change in my fortunes, this new existence of mine will never do. I cannot endure the degradation of being a mere idle appendage to the state of the Serdar; and be not angry if, ere long, I decline the honour of his service. I will submit to every thing as long as my wife is not in a place of safety; but when once I have secured that, then adieu. Better live a swineherd, in the Georgian mountains, naked and houseless, than in all these silks and velvets, a despised hanger-on, be it even in the most luxurious court of Persia.' I could not help applauding such sentiments, although I should have been happy had he made any one else his confidant, conscious that if he did run away I should in some measure be made answerable for him.

I afterwards heard that when the Armenian had accomplished his project, the Serdar sent a party of men to Gavmishlû, to seize and bring before him Yûsûf's parents and kindred, with every thing that belonged to them; to take possession of their property, and to burn and destroy whatever they could not bring away: but the sagacious and active youth had foreseen this, and had taken his measures with such prudence and promptitude, that he had completely baffled the tyrant. He, his wife, his wife's relations, his own parents and family, with all their effects, had concerted one common plan of migration into the Russian territory. It had fully succeeded, as I afterwards heard, for they were received with great kindness, both by the government and by their own sect; lands were allotted, and every help afforded them for the re-establishment of their losses.

BOCCACCIO.*

ANDREUCCIO OF PERUGIA.

THERE lived, as I have heard, at Perugia, a young man named Andreuccio di Pietro, a dealer in horses, who, hearing of a good market at Naples, put five hundred florins of gold into his purse; and, having never been from home before, went with some other dealers, and arrived thither on a Sunday in the evening: and, according to the instruction he had received from his landlord, he went into the market next morning, where he saw many horses to his mind; cheapening their price as he went up and down, without coming to any bargain. But to show people that he came with an intent to buy, he unadvisedly pulled out his purse on all occasions; insomuch that a certain Sicilian damsel (who was at every one's service for a small matter) got a sight of it, as she was passing along, without being observed by him: and she said to herself, 'Who is there that would be my betters, if that purse were mine?' and passed on. Along with her was an old woman, of Sicily likewise, who, as soon she saw Andreuccio, ran to embrace him; which the young woman observing, without saying a word, stepped aside to wait for her. He immediately knew her, to her great joy, and without much discourse there, she having promised to come to his inn, he went on about his business, but bought nothing all that morning. The young woman taking notice first of the purse, and then of the old woman's knowledge of him, and contriving how to come at all or part of the money, began to en-

* JOHN BOCCACCIO, one of the revivers of literature in Europe, was the son of a Florence merchant, and born in 1313. He died at Certaldo, in 1375, leaving behind him a variety of works in verse and prose, Latin and Italian, among which his *DECAMERON* has been by far the most popular, and the one, in fact, which has permanently established his name. The 'Hundred Novels' that compose it have furnished the groundwork for many of the most celebrated fictions in modern literature.

quire of her, as cautiously as might be, if she knew who that man was, or whence he came, or what was his business, and also how she happened to know him : which she answered in every particular as fully as he himself could have done, having lived a long time with his father in Sicily, and afterwards at Perugia ; telling her also the cause of his coming thither, and when he was to return. Thinking herself now sufficiently instructed, both concerning his kindred, and their names, she grounded her scheme upon it in the most artful manner possible ; and going home she sent the old woman out upon business for the whole day to hinder her returning to him ; and in the meantime, toward the evening, she despatched a young woman, well trained for such services, to his lodgings, who found him, by chance, sitting alone at the door, and inquiring of him whether he knew such a person, he made answer, that he was the man : upon which she took him a little aside, and said, ‘ Sir, a gentleman of this city would gladly speak with you, if you please.’ On hearing this, he began to consider the matter ; and, as she seemed to be a creditable girl, he held it for granted that the lady must be in love with him ; thinking himself as handsome a man as any in Naples : he answered, therefore, that he was ready, and demanded where and when the lady would speak with him. The girl replied, ‘ She expects you at her own house as soon as it is agreeable to you.’ Without saying a word then to the people of the inn, he bade her show him the way ; and she brought him to her house, in a certain street famous for such sort of guests : but he, knowing nothing of the matter, nor at all suspecting, but that he was visiting a place of repute, and a lady that had taken a fancy to him, went into the house, and going up stairs (whilst the girl called aloud to her mistress, telling her that Andreuccio was there), found her at the top waiting for him. She was young and beautiful enough, and very well dressed. Seeing him appear, therefore, she ran down two or three steps with open arms to meet him ; and taking him about the neck, she stood some time without speaking a word, as if prevented by her overgreat tenderness : at last, shedding abundance of tears, and kissing him over and over, she said (her words being interrupted as it were with transport) ‘ O my Andreuccio ! you are heartily welcome.’ He (quite astonished at being caressed in such a manner) replied, ‘ Madam, I am proud of the honour to wait upon you.’ She then took him by the hand, and led him, without saying

a word more, through a large dining-room into her own chamber, which was perfumed with roses, orange-flowers, and other costly odours, where was also a fine bed, and other rich furniture, far beyond what he had ever seen before, which convinced him that she was some great lady : and sitting down together upon a couch at the bed's feet she addressed herself to him in this manner ' Andreuccio, I am very sure you must be under great astonishment both at my tears and embraces, as being unacquainted with me, and perhaps never having heard of me before : but you will now hear what will surprise you more, namely, that I am your sister : and I assure you, that since God has indulged me with the sight of one of my brethren, as I wished to have seen them all, I could die contented this very moment : if you be unacquainted with the particulars of my story, I will relate them. Pietro, my father and yours, as I suppose you must know, lived a long time at Palermo, where he was much respected for his behaviour and good nature (and may be so still) by all that knew him. Amongst others that liked him on that account was my mother, a widow lady ; who, notwithstanding the regard due to her father and brothers, as well as to her own honour, cohabited with him, till at length I was born, and am now what you see. Having occasion afterwards to retire from Palermo, and to return to Perugia, he left me there an infant, with my mother, and from that time, as far as I can learn, took no more notice either of me or her ; which, were he not my father, I could blame him for ; considering what ingratitude he showed to my mother, to omit the love he owed to me his child, begotten of no vile prostitute, who, out of her abundant love, had put herself and all her wealth into his hands, without having any further knowledge of him. But to what purpose ? Ill actions, done so long since, are easier blamed than amended : yet so it was ; he left me, as I said, at Palermo, an infant, where, when I grew up, my mother, who was rich, married me to one of the family of the Gergenti ; who, out of regard to me and her, came and lived at Palermo, where, falling into the faction of the Guelphs, and having begun to treat with our King Charles, he was discovered by Frederick, king of Arragon, before his scheme could take effect, and forced to fly from Sicily, at a time when I expected to have been the greatest lady in the island. Taking away what few effects we were able (I call them few, with regard to the abundance we are possessed of), and leaving our estates and palaces

behind us, we came at length to this place, where we found King Charles so grateful, that he has made up to us, in part, the losses we had sustained on his account, giving us lands and houses, and paying my husband, and your kinsman, a pension besides, as you will hereafter see: thus live I here, where, thanks be to Heaven, and not to you, my dearest brother, I now see you.' Which, when she had said, she wept and embraced him again.

Andreuccio hearing this fable so orderly, so artfully composed, and related without the least faltering or hesitation; remembering, also, that his father had lived at Palermo, and knowing, by his own experience, how prone young fellows are to love; beholding too her tears and affectionate caresses, he took all she had said for granted; and when she had done speaking, he made answer and said, 'Madam, it should not seem strange to you that I am surprised: for, in truth, (whether it was that my father, for reasons best known to himself, never mentioned you nor your mother at any time; or, if he did, that I have forgot it), I have no more knowledge of you, than if you had never been born. And it is the more pleasing to me to find a sister here, as I the less expected it, and am also alone: nor is there any man, of what quality soever, who would not value you; much more, therefore, shall I, who am but a mean trader. But one thing I beg you would clear up to me, viz. How came you to know that I was here?' When she replied in this manner: 'A poor woman, whom I often employ, told me so; for she lived, as she informed me, with our father a considerable time, both at Palermo and Perugia; and were it not that it appeared more reputable that you should come to me at my house, than I go to you at another person's, I had come directly to you.' She then inquired of him particularly, and by name, how all their relations did? To all which he answered her fully, believing more firmly, when there was the more reasons for suspicion. Their discourse lasting a long time, and the season being sultry, she ordered, in Greek, wine and sweetmeats for him; and he making an offer afterwards to depart, because it was suppertime, she would by no means suffer it; but seeming to be under great concern, she embraced him, and said, 'Alas! now I plainly see how little account you make of me; that, being with a sister whom you never saw before, and in her house, which you should always make your home, you should yet think of going to sup at an inn. Indeed you shall sup

with me ; and though my husband be abroad, which I am much concerned at, I know, as a woman, how to pay you some little respect.' He, not knowing what answer to make, said, 'I love you as much as it is possible for me to love a sister ; but it will be wrong not to go, because they will expect me to supper all the evening.' She immediately replied, 'We have a present remedy for that ; I will send one of my people to tell them not to expect you : but you would favour me more, and do as you ought, if you would send to invite your company hither to supper, and afterwards, if you chose to go, you might all of you depart together.' He said he should not trouble her that evening with his companions, but she might dispose of him as she pleased. She now made a pretence of sending to his inn, to tell them not to expect him to supper ; and, after much other discourse, they sat down, and were elegantly served with a variety of dishes, which she contrived to last till it was dark night, and rising then from table, he offered to go away ; but she declared, that she would by no means suffer it, for Naples was not a place to walk in when it was dark, especially for a stranger ; and, as she had sent to the inn concerning his supping with her, so had she done the like about his bed. He believing this to be true, and glad also of being with her, was easily prevailed upon. After supper, their discourse lasted a long time, being lengthened out on purpose ; and, as it was now midnight, she left him in her own chamber to take his repose, with a boy to wait upon him ; and she, with her companions, retired into another room. It was sultry hot, on which account Andreuccio, seeing himself alone, stripped into his doublet, and pulling off his breeches, he laid them under his bolster, and having occasion to retire, he was shown by the boy to a corner of the room where there was a door, and desired to enter it. He went in without the least suspicion, and setting his foot upon a board, the rafter on which it was laid straight flew up, and down he went headlong.

Heaven was so merciful to him, however, he got no harm, though it was a great height from which he fell, but was grievously daubed with the filth, of which the place was full. Finding himself at the bottom, he called in great distress to the boy ; but he, the moment he heard him fall, ran to tell his mistress, who hastened to his chamber, to see if his clothes were there, and finding both them and the money, which he, out of a foolish mistrust, always carried about him (and for

the sake of which she had laid this snare, pretending to have been of Palermo, and the sister of this Perugian), she took no farther care, but made the door fast, out of which he passed, when he fell. Finding the boy made no answer, he called out louder, but to no purpose; and now perceiving the trick when it was too late, he climbed up the wall which parted that place from the street, and getting down from thence, he came again to the door, which he knew full well; there did he knock and call in vain for a long time; lamenting much, and seeing plainly his calamity; 'Alas! (quoth he) in how little a time have I lost five hundred florins, and a sister besides!' And using many other words, he now began to batter the door, and to call out aloud; and he continued doing so, till he raised many of the neighbours, and, among the rest, one of the women where he had been, pretending to be half asleep, opened the casement, and called out, 'Who makes that noise there?'—'Oh!' cried he, 'don't you know me; I am Andreuccio, brother to Madam Fiordaliso;' when she replied, 'Prithee, honest fellow, if thou hast had too much liquor, get thee to bed, and come to-morrow. I know nothing of Andreuccio, nor what thy idle tale means; but go about thy business (I say once again) and let us rest.'—'What!' said he, 'don't you know what I say? You know well enough, if you will: but if our Sicilian relationship be so soon forgotten, give me my clothes which I left with you, and I'll go with all my heart.' She then replied, with a sneer, 'The man is in a dream;' and shut the window at the same time.

Andreuccio, convinced of his loss, through his great grief became outrageous; and, resolving to recover by force, what he could not by fair words, took a great stone, and beat against the door harder than ever: which many of the neighbours hearing who had been awaked before, and supposing that he was some spiteful fellow, that he did this to annoy the woman, and provoked at the noise which he made; they called out, one and all (in like manner as dogs all join in barking at a stranger), 'It is a shameful thing to come to a woman's house at this time of night, with thy idle stories: get thee away, in God's name, and let us sleep; and if thou hast any business with her, come to-morrow, and do not disturb us now.' Encouraged, perhaps, by these last words, a bully in the house, whom he had neither seen nor heard of, came to the window, and with a most rough and terrible voice, called out, 'Who is that below?' An-

dreuccio, raising up his head at this, beheld an ill-looking rascal, with a great black beard, yawning and rubbing his eyes, as if he was just risen from bed, and awaked out of his sleep. He made answer, therefore, not without a good deal of fear, 'I am brother to the lady within:' but the other (never waiting to let him make an end of his speech) replied; 'I'll come down and beat thee, until thou canst not stand, for a troublesome drunken beast as thou art, disturbing every body's rest in this manner;' and he clapt to the window. Hereupon some of the neighbours, who knew more of the fellow's disposition and character, called out softly to Andreuccio, and said; 'For Heaven's sake, honest man, go away, unless thou hast a mind to lose thy life; it will be much the best for thee.' Terrified therefore with his voice and aspect, and persuaded also by these people, who seemed to speak out of mere good will, Andreuccio, quite cast down, and out of all hopes of receiving his money, now directed his course towards that part of the city, from whence he had been led by the girl the day before (without knowing whither he was going) in order to get to his inn. But being offensive to himself, on account of the scent he carried about him, and desirous of washing in the sea, he turned to the left, through a street called Catalana, and went towards the highest part of the city, where he saw two people coming with a lantern, and (fearing that they were the watch, or some ill-disposed persons) stepped into an old house that was near, to hide himself. It happened that these people were going into the very same place; and one of them having laid down some iron tools there, which he carried upon his neck, they had some discourse together about them. And as they were talking, said one to the other, 'There is the most confounded stink (whatever be the meaning of it) that ever I smelt in my life.' When, holding up the lantern, they saw wretched Andreuccio, and, in a good deal of amaze, demanded who he was? He made no answer; and drawing nearer with the light they asked what he did there in that condition! He then related to them his whole adventure; and they, easily imagining the place where the thing had happened, said to one another, 'This must certainly have been in the house of Scarabon Firebrand;' and then, turning towards him, proceeded thus: 'Honest man, you ought to be very thankful that you fell down, and could not return into the house, for otherwise you would certainly have been murdered as soon as ever you

went to sleep, and so have lost your life as well as your money. But what signifies lamenting? You may as soon pluck a star out of the firmament, as recover one farthing; nay, you may chance to be killed, should the man hear that you make any words about it.'

Having admonished him in this manner, they said, 'See, we have pity on you, and if you will engage in a certain affair with us, which we are now about, we are very sure that your share will amount to more than you have lost.' He, like a person in despair, told them he was willing.—That day was buried the Archbishop of Naples, whose name was Signor Phillippo Minutolo, in rich pontifical robes, and with a ruby on his finger worth upwards of five hundred florins of gold, whom they proposed to strip and rifle; and they acquainted him with their intention. He then, more covetous than wise, went along with them; and, as they were going towards the cathedral, he smelt so strong, that one said to the other, 'Can we contrive no way to wash this man a little, to make him sweeter?' And the other made answer, 'We are not far from a well, where there are usually a pulley and a great bucket; let us go thither; and we may make him clean in an instant.' Coming there, they found the rope, but the bucket was taken away; they therefore agreed to tie him to the rope, and to put him down into the well, and when he had well washed himself, he was to shake the rope, and they would draw him up. Now it happened that, after they had let him down, some of the watch, being thirsty with the heat of the weather, and having been in pursuit of some persons, came to that well to drink, and as soon as the two men saw them they took to their heels; the watch, however, saw nothing of them. Andreuccio now having washed himself at the bottom of the well, began to shake the rope; they therefore laid down their clothes and halberds upon the ground, and began to draw the rope, thinking the bucket was fastened thereto, and full of water; and when he found himself at the top, he let go the rope, and clung fast to the edge of the well. They immediately threw down the rope on seeing him, and ran away, frightened out of their wits; which greatly surprised him; and had he not held fast, he had fallen to the bottom, and perhaps lost his life. Getting out in this manner, and beholding their weapons, which he knew belonged not to his companions, he wondered the more; and being in doubt what the meaning of it could be, he went away without touching any thing, lamenting his fate,

and not knowing whither. As he was walking along, he met with his companions, who returned to help him out of the well ; and they were surprised to see him, inquiring of him who had helped him out. He replied, that he could not tell them ; and related the whole affair, and what he had found by the well-side : upon which they perceived how it happened, and laughing heartily, they acquainted him with the reason of their running away, and who they were that had drawn him up. Without making more words, it being now midnight, they went to the great church, into which they found an easy admittance, and passed directly to the tomb, which was of marble, and very magnificent ; and with their levers raised up the cover, which was very heavy, so high that a man might go under, and propped it ; which being done, said one, ‘ Who shall go in ? ’— ‘ Not I,’ cried the other, ‘ but Andreuccio shall.’— ‘ I will not go in,’ quoth Andreuccio ; then they both turned towards him, and said, ‘ What ! won’t you go in ? We will beat your brains out this moment, if you don’t.’ Terrified at their threats, he consented, and being now within, he began to consider with himself in this manner : ‘ These fellows have certainly forced me in here to deceive me, and therefore, when I have given them every thing, and am endeavouring to get out again, they will certainly run away, and I shall be left destitute.’ For which reason he resolved to make sure of his part, beforehand ; and remembering the ring of value which he had heard them speak of, as soon as ever he got into the vault he took it off the archbishop’s finger, and secured it, giving them afterwards the pastoral staff, mitre, and gloves, and stripping him to his shirt, he told them there was nothing else. But they affirming that there was a ring, bid him seek every where for it, whilst he assured them that he could no where find it, and, pretending to look carefully about, he kept them some time waiting for him : at length they, who were fully as cunning as himself, calling to him to search diligently, suddenly drew away the prop which supported the cover, and left him shut up in the vault. Which, when he perceived, you may easily suppose what condition he was in. Many a time did he endeavour with his head and shoulders to raise it up, but in vain ; till, overcome with grief, he fell down at last upon the dead body ; and whoever had seen him at that time, could scarcely have said, whether there was more life in one than the other. But when he came to himself he lamented most bitterly,

seeing that he was now brought to the necessity of one of these two evils, namely, to die there with hunger, and the stench of the dead carcase, if no one came to help him out ; or, if that should happen, and he be delivered, in that case to be hanged for a thief. As he was in this perplexity, he heard the noise of many persons in the church, whom he supposed were come to do what he and his companions had been about, which added greatly to his fear : but after they had raised up the lid and propped it, a dispute arose which should go in ; and none caring to do it, after a long contest, said a priest, ' What are you afraid of ? Do you think he will eat you ? Dead men cannot bite ; I will go in myself.' And immediately clapping his breast to the edge of the vault, he attempted to slide down with his feet foremost : which Andreuccio perceiving, and standing up, he caught fast hold of one of his legs, as if he meant to pull him in. The priest upon this making a most terrible outcry, got out immediately ; and the rest being equally terrified, ran away ; leaving the vault open, as if they had been pursued by a hundred thousand devils. Andreuccio, little expecting this good fortune, got out of the vault, and so out of the church, the same way he came in. And now day-light began to appear, he wandered with the ring on his finger, he knew not whither, till coming to the sea-side, he found the way leading to his inn : there he met with his companions and his landlord, who had been in pain all that night for him ; and having related to them all that had passed, he was advised to get out of Naples with all speed ; with which he instantly complied, and returned to Perugia, having laid out his money on a ring, whereas the intent of his journey was to have bought horses.

‘ST JOHNSTOUN.’

It rests with the reader to determine whether, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, we are, upon the whole, ‘so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste;’ but so far as the following specimen is concerned, we would humbly venture to repel all share in that part of Sneer’s criticism which charges his friend with ‘gleaning from the refuse of obscure volumes where more judicious plagiarists *have been before him.*’ It is taken from *ST JOHNSTOUN*,* a work which evinces talent more nearly akin to that of the Author of *Waverley*, than is displayed in any of the tales founded on Scottish history which it has been our fate to encounter. We do not, indeed, meet with descriptions of localities and scenery peculiar to

The northern realms of ancient Caledon
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed
By lake and cataract her lonely throne,

capable of vying with those in *Waverley*, the *Legend of Montrose*, or *Rob Roy*; but the same practical good sense and manliness of sentiment, the same intimacy with the humour and sagacity, with the prejudices, courage, and enthusiasm which enter into the composition of Scottish character, are here found united to a similar accuracy of knowledge as to the public transactions in which the story is involved, as well as a similar acquaintance with human life, and tact for the skilful observation of human nature.

* *St Johnstoun, or John, Earl of Gowrie.* Edinburgh, 1824. Maclachlan and Stewart. 3 vols. 12mo.

Though not a small portion of this work might be branded as a failure, yet even its duller parts are interspersed with passages of force and energy. Its greatest fault—that of being too evidently an imitation—is regarded as venial by the reader, when he finds the royal personage who figures so conspicuously in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, again brought forward, not only with all the recommendations of old acquaintance, but, with a fidelity which discovers many traits in his character lightly, if at all, touched upon in that work. Altogether, the delight which every reader of taste must derive from these volumes, will induce him to hope, that their fair author (for so we are instructed to speak by that veracious lady Common Fame—who must in courtesy be allowed to ask, with Autolycus, ‘why should I carry lies abroad?’) will soon redeem her pledge, by favouring the public with a continuation of the valuable manuscript, whose discovery is so capriciously related in an ill-timed valedictory epistle of most unconscionable length.

JAMES VI. AT HOLYROOD.

THE inhabitants of that part of the palace of Holyrood next the Park were disturbed betimes in the morning by the noise of a hundred hammers, which resounded in preparation for the performance to be exhibited in the open air, which attracting the attention of all within its hearing, quickly caused inquiries to be made as to the intent of the operations. The answers given to these questions spread with the rapidity of lightning through the city, and to the utmost limits of its suburbs. A report of the revival of their ancient May-games, by the authority of his majesty, soon sent hundreds to ascertain its truth, by becoming themselves eye-witnesses of the preparations then making for them in the King’s Park.—The ministers of Edinburgh took the alarm, and endeavoured to persuade the people to continue at their usual occupations. But it was in vain that they hurried from place to place, exhorting the timid, and threatening the obstinate. All alike joined the flood that was pouring toward the Park, and Edinburgh seemed to be

emptied of its population long before the hour of exhibition.

The day was uncommonly favourable for the purpose, the air being soft and balmy, in a degree unusual to the climate at that season of the year. The sun in his cloudless progress exerted his genial influence on all around, and expanded the buds of the plane-tree and such others of early foliage as were intermixed with the stately oaks, which, with browner and graver aspect, still defied his power. The spot fixed on for the players' performance, was an open space, nearly opposite to the back of the palace, where the new spring grass of freshest green, studded here and there with the early wild flower, presented a thick soft carpet of enamelled turf. On a perfectly level part of this space, was a long platform, about ten feet wide, raised about five feet above the ground, to which a flight of steps gave access at each end. On the centre of this was placed the royal canopy of scarlet cloth, fringed with gold, above two chairs covered with the same materials, and elevated a step higher than two benches that run from end to end in a line with them on each side, covered with tapestry, which serving also as a carpet for the platform, fell down in front of it to the ground. To the right and left of this were two long wooden benches, fixed on the turf, for the accommodation of such of the followers of the King and the noblemen present as were raised above the rank of menials; and from each end of them ran barriers which entered a square space from the intrusion of the spectators, sufficient for the free movements of the actors. These preparations were carried on with such vigour, that all was in readiness for the reception of their majesties before the appointed hour of two o'clock in the afternoon; and the populace were so eager for the representation to begin, that it required some exertion in the King's guard, who had been placed there at an early hour, to keep them in order.

Satisfaction and glee were painted in each face, from the burly peasant, in his garments of coarse grey, or sky blue coloured cloth, with his flat broad blue bonnet, to the richer tradesman, in a cloth of English or French manufacture. And here and there some young scape-grace of more equivocal occupation, affecting a costume between the citizen and the courtier, clad in stuff, ornamented with silk lace, with hat and short feather, rapier and cloak, might be seen urging his way to obtain next the platform a place best suited to

the display of his graces, and commanding a view of the court dames, on some one of whom vanity perchance whispered that his handsome person might make a favourable impression; while he disdained not, meantime, to fish for the admiration of the simpler maidens who stood around him with hair smoothly combed and neatly snooded. To this motley crowd the gay colour of the women's plaids gave animation, similar to that bestowed by the gaudy tulip, when mixed in a border of more sober-coloured flowers.

Tedious was the interval of expectation, till the hour of two sounded from the clock of the palace; which had no sooner flung its warning on the air, than a flourish of trumpets, and the twang of bagpipes, announced the approach of their majesties. The nobles and ladies poured forth, and formed a line, reaching from the gate at which they issued, to the platform through which their majesties passed, and ascending its steps, took their seats under the canopy. A smile of exultation sat on the countenances of both, for the multitude had not disappointed their most sanguine expectation, and they looked around them with so gracious an expression, that bonnets were tumultuously thrown aloft, and the air resounded with rude shouts of gratulation and joy. The players advanced from a temporary building erected for the purpose of a tiring-room, and no sooner appeared, than profound silence reigned among the multitude. The play chosen for this occasion was the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' from the appropriateness of the place to its general scenery, and the partiality of her majesty for the plays of Shakspeare. The Amazonian Queen, and enamoured Duke, stepped forward on the turf, and the charge of the latter, which was spoken with much animation, to

Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
And turn melancholy forth to funerals,

seemed not only literally obeyed by the Scottish youth then present, but also by the hoary head of age, who all replied to it by a simultaneous shout of revelry. But as the drama proceeded, silence again reigned; and the Earl of Gowrie was perhaps, with the exception of Agnes, the only person on whom the scene immediately following,—when Theseus questions Hermia, concerning her resolution to become a

nun,—had other effect than that of amusement. And he was only roused from his profound reverie by the cheering given to Quince and his comrades, when they met to allot to each the characters for the performance of Pyramus and Thisbe. For here the delight of the populace, in a scene so calculated for their amusement, knew no bounds.

When the first act concluded, and the players retired to the tiring-room, the multitude began to regale themselves with such luxuries as, in this holiday time, they had provided; and many were there who, like the Squire of La Mancha, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, while the bottoms of their ale or wine-flasks were uppermost. Nor was this most delectable amusement confined to the lower class of the audience; for a page approached his majesty with a cup of wine, which he graciously receiving, raised to his lips, and appeared to kiss the goblet with as much fervour as any of his plebeian subjects, applying to it again and again, until the players returned, habited as fairies, and the pastime proceeded, and continued to amuse the spectators more and more as it drew toward a close. Shouts of applause attended the appearance of him who represented the Lion, and who, clad in a skin of that lordly animal, came ambling through the trees, accompanied by Moonshine. They had scarce appeared, however, and given time for this expression of pleasure in the multitude to subside, when a confused and tumultuous noise was heard in the direction of the craigs, while loud vociferations of—'To the play-field with her, to the king with the witch!' resounded through the air, as those who uttered them approached nearer and nearer. The attention of the crowd, which had been exclusively fastened on the actors, was now transferred to the authors of the tumult. His majesty rose from his seat, and walked forward to the front of the platform, where he perceived a number of people bearing, as in triumph, a woman seated in an arm-chair, with whom they were endeavouring to force their way into the area occupied by the players. James, one of whose principal weaknesses, it is well known, was a firm belief in witchcraft, and who had a peculiar delight in examining those accused of that crime, gave orders, in a loud voice, that the people who carried the woman, should be allowed to pass with her and her accusers into the open space, and directed them forward immediately in front of his person. There they placed the chair in which the woman sat, and dragging forward a dead mastiff

by a rope fastened round his neck, laid him at her side. For some moments, with looks of mingled rage and anguish, she continued to regard the animal, that, bloody and mangled, with his eyes opened and turned up toward her face, still showed his teeth, as if grinning defiance on her enemies.

There was at all times something uncommon in the appearance of old Euphan; but now seated in the midst of an assembled multitude, all of whom she considered her adversaries, her keen black eyes flashed fire, as she turned their flame of inexpressible scorn on all sides of her, and sat erect, as if feeling herself superior to all she looked upon. There was so striking an impression of fearlessness and contempt of worldly authority stamped upon her pallid countenance, that it was impossible not to experience a degree of awe in contemplating it, as the expression of one who had survived all hope and fear. The king began to bend his attention on the old woman with a peculiar animation in his manner and countenance, which told that he was now employed to his heart's content.

‘Let this woman’s accusers stand forth!’ said James. ‘Please your majesty,’ said a man, who directly answered to the summons, and who, from his dwarfish and elfish appearance, and the fiendish glee that seemed to possess him, might himself have been mistaken for an agent of the evil one,—‘Please your majesty, this same auld beldame is ane o’ the most pestilent witches that ever cast her cantrips ower a country-side. Lang and sair hae the people and cattle suffered for mony a mile round, frae divers strange diseases, but the ill-daer was ne’er found out or yesterday, when a callant cam to my house, and tell’t me and my niebours, that, living at Musselburgh, and rising with the gray dawn, about his maister’s wark, ae morning, he had nae sooner opened the door to issue furth, than he spied a mawkin away frae it, whan, thinking to fell her, he cast a stane after her, and brak ane o’ her legs; but she still ran on, hirpling on the tither three; and though he made up wi’ her nows and than, she aye jinked him at some odd corner; but he fallowed, and she led him through breers and through whuns, till at the last she led him up the gully yonder, whaur he lost her. But now comes the clearest pruif that was e’er gi’en your majesty anent a witch; for what does he find out, but that this auld brimstane, whae has a house up there, has broken her leg, naebody kend how but hersel. Sae a’-

body may ken, please your majesty, wha the mawkin was, I trow !'

' Are there nae mair witnesses against her than this man ?' said the king.—' Gif there be, let them speak, that we may judge righteous judgment; for, though the evidence o' this man seemeth very clear, we wad fain examine mair deeply; and mair especially, we desire to hear the testimony o' that same callant o' whom he speakett; for, being gifted by the grace o' God wi' discernment in thae matters, we will sift this to the bottom.'

At this instant there pressed forward not less than twenty people, all eager to speak; but the boy was nowhere to be seen.

' Mak peace!' cried his majesty; ' we will hear that little auld woman in front first—Stand back, and let her say what she kens anent this matter !'

An old woman, the picture of squalid wretchedness, now came forward, and—having told her story to the king, in language such as she was accustomed to use, mixed with the application of a title which she supposed the due of him, who, since the Pope was put down, must be the greater man, concluded with, ' now the randy's tae'n haud o', ilk ane may speak again' her; for it's weel ken'd that ye are a righteous king, please your holiness, whae especially minds that ane o' the ten commandments that says, " Ye shanna suffer a witch to live;" and that the lunt o' a bleezing witch is as pleasant to your sight as a hale army o' sodgers was to your forbears.'

It is more than probable that his majesty did not feel any particular satisfaction in this public rehearsal of his virtues; for he instantly silenced the speaker, and commanded, with a frown, and a voice of impatience, that those who were rushing forward with their testimony should stand back while he examined the accused.

Those who had been so anxious to testify against her, who was now become the object of public reprobation, awed by the king's command, and his irritated manner, precipitately retreated among the crowd.

' Speak, woman!' said his majesty, addressing Euphan, ' what hae you to say—for there is strang evidence again' ye ?'

Euphan fixed her eyes steadily and sternly on the king;—for, harassed and menaced, tormented by pain, and baited by the rabble, she had become more than usually careless of

life.—‘ Make ready,’ she said, ‘ your torments, for I shall say nought in my defence; prepare your manacles and ropes, your boots, your carpie-claws, and pliriwinks; and then your stakes and faggots!—I have already been tried in the furnace seven times heated, and if I am now to ascend as a burnt-offering, what matters it?—I shall soon be beyond the reach of a world I hate, and of a prince whose weakness I despise!’

‘ What say ye, wretched hag?’ said the king, kindling into anger; ‘ we shall incontinent put to the proof thae vaunts, gif ye hae not somewhat to allege whilk may prove your innocence o’ the foul crime laid to your charge; and it is o’ our great mercy and graciousness that ye are now permitted to testify in your ain behalf, seeing that your speech hath already been that for whilk a less patient sovereign had alone condemned ye.’

‘ I have already said,’ replied she, ‘ that I have nought to urge in my defence.—If ye are indeed so besotted as to believe that a poor crushed worm like me can do the things which those people have spoken, all I could say of mine innocence would not avail me;—for I have not forgotten that ye brought to a wretched death man and woman, high and low, because when ye sailed for Denmark there was not a smooth sea, a summer sky, and soft winds, at a season when tempests are natural. Think ye then that I expect mercy at your hands?—Na! I have not forgotten that ye condemned to the burning alive my benefactress, that honourable and good lady, the daughter of your faithful servant Lord Cliftonhall.—Ye cannot torture me as ye did her, for I have no children to leave motherless—no children to wail for me!—Na, na!’ said she, overcome by her recollections, and pressing her shrivelled hands against her bosom with the intensity of despair, while her countenance lost for a while its character of high daring, and assumed a subdued look of unutterable anguish,—‘ they are all lost for ever, as an arrow, which parteth the air and leaveth no trace behind, but nevertheless sticketh deep in the breast that it pierceth.—The bitterness of death is past; therefore do your pleasure, but let it be done quickly—I have nought to confess. There lies the last memorial of husband and children,’ she continued, looking on the dog at her side; ‘ poor old brute!—that was the play-fellow of my weans, and the guard of my lonely state!—I put more respect

upon thy dead carcase, than on king and court, and people to boot !'

She ceased, and there was a dead silence ; for king and people were spell-bound by her reckless audacity. Presently recovering her erect mien, and again turning her regards on the king, in which the utmost indignation was expressed, she continued—

'Said I that I had nought to confess ?—How could I forget to tell, that I hold the same faith with your martyred mother ?—I am a Rapist !—this of itself is enough to condemn me—is it not ?'—

Here she was interrupted by loud cries from the multitude, of—'Away with her !—burn the Papist witch !' But as soon as the noise subsided she went on.

'Dear sainted queen !' she cried, lifting her hands above her head, and turning her eyes to heaven, 'thou too didst suffer the persecution of the enemies of our faith, and what am I, that thy son should spare me, who lacked courage and a heart to save his mother !'

His majesty's anger now became perfectly ungovernable. —'Let the officers of justice be called !' he cried, in a voice choked with rage, 'and let this damned blasted witch be strictly confined till she undergo the sentence of the law.'

The crowd was now seen parting in different directions, to allow several men to pass through, who were about to bear her off, when she assumed a tone and look of authority, which, savage as they were, they instantly obeyed. While putting them back with her left hand, she drew from her bosom with the right a small leathern bag, and addressing his majesty, she said—

'This contains what I must soon relinquish ; I will therefore bestow it on you, though, in so doing, I give to your neglect that which I have all but worshipped.'

Strong curiosity now possessed the lookers-on to see what the leathern bag contained. Taking from it a small parcel, she unfolded three separate papers, and keeping their mysterious contents in the hollow of her hand, she laid it on her breast, and closed her eyes, while all the fervour of mental prayer quivered on her lips. She next raised it, and imprinted on it a fervent kiss, and then shaking it out to its full length, gave to the action of the breeze a long lock of silver hair, which, towards the end where it had been cut from the head, was strongly clotted together with blood.

'Behold,' she cried, 'this hair, false Prince ! which your

conduct clothed with the snows of winter ere yet the autumn of her beauty had arrived ! and behold the sacred blood in which it is steeped—it is that of her who gave you being !

‘The woman raves—she is horn wud !’ cried the king—
‘awa wi’ her ! Will ye stand there hearkening till a mad woman, when I command ye to take her awa ?’

The men again approached her, and she stretched out her right hand, from which the long hair streamed like a pennon, while the strong tones of her voice were distinctly heard by all.

‘I am a dying woman, and as I hope for salvation through the Son of the Holy Virgin, and as this is a symbol of that cross on which he suffered,’ she said, making the sign upon her breast, ‘I swear that this hair which I now hold in my hand was cut from the head of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, after that head was severed from the body by the accursed axe.’

Conviction was forced upon James, in spite of the prejudices which he had conceived against the unhappy woman.

‘And how cam into your possession sic a relic?—If that be in sooth the hair o’ my parent, it maun furnish a proof o’ what is allegit against ye, for it could only hae been obtained by thy dealings wi’ Satan, sae strictly was the bearing away o’ any memorial guarded against.—How then say ye did it come into your possession ?’

‘Misbelieving Prince !’ she resumed, in a voice of anger—
‘it was given me by one on whom I had some claim. I was the foster-mother of Mistress Jean Kennedy, afterwards the wife of the Master of your Household, Sir Andrew Melville, that was drowned, as ye weel ken, in crossing from Bruntisland, and was, as ye also know, the queen’s faithful attendant, even in the last bloody scene of her murder. This hair was part of what she procured from the surgeon appointed to embalm the body, under promise of secrecy, and under such promise did I receive it ; for Mistress Kennedy well knew that she could not bestow on me that which I would value as much, although she had given me houses and land, gold and jewels.’

‘Send here that braid of hair—ower valuable a relic to be possessed by sic as ye !’ said James, at the same time sending the Master of Ruthven to receive it from her, who had no sooner reached the place where she sat, than folding it up once more, she placed her hand over it on her breast.

‘Who are you, young man,’ she said, ‘to whom I am or-

dered to surrender my last earthly treasure?—methinks I would fain know to whose hands I give it.'

The Master had stretched forth his hand to receive the braid, but now withdrew it, and was about to speak, when one of the men who stood by the chair of old Euphan, provoked by her want of respect for his majesty, and at this abrupt question addressed to one of a family so highly honoured by the people, seized her by the shoulder, and gave her a shake—'What, brimstane!' said he, 'do you question the Master o' Ruthven, as though he were ane o' your ain degree.'

'Desist, fellow!' interposed the Master, 'lay no hand on the unfortunate woman. It is the king's pleasure, old mother,' he continued, 'that you deliver to me the hair which you hold in your hand.' And he again made a motion to receive it.

She eyed him from head to foot.—'Na, na,' said Euphan, still keeping her hand pressed upon her breast—'not to a descendant of the persecuting house o' Ruthven—the enemies of God, and of the blessed Queen Mary—will I deliver this last memorial of her!—Stand back!' she said, and with an authoritative dignity that might have become an empress, and which made the Master recede a few steps in surprise.

She cast a searching glance along the bench to the right and left of the Queen, where her majesty's ladies sat, and relaxing somewhat the sternness of her aspect, she once more raised her voice.

'Is there no one in that gay and courtly throng of dames,' she said, 'who, for the respect they bear to the memory of her, so lovely and unfortunate, will do mine errand to the king?' and again the grey pennon streamed from her hand.

A dead silence reigned in the forms she addressed. None of the fair occupiers were ever before present at a scene of this nature, and they had bestowed upon it the most profound attention, accompanied by a thrilling interest in the unfortunate woman, whom they figured to themselves as standing on the very verge of eternity, and whose passage to it was to be effected by a death so fearful, that they shuddered but to think of it; and this feeling was naturally increased by the quick transition which had been made from mirth and amusement to a scene so impressive. But although the courtly females were deeply interested in this novel tragedy, none of them viewed it with the distracted feeling of poor Agnes. Several times during her interroga-

tion was she upon the point of addressing the king in her behalf, but was as often withheld by the fear of its being unavailing, when she heard her braving his wrath in a manner which she expected every instant would bring down the whole weight of his resentment upon her. But no sooner did the unfortunate woman appeal immediately as it were, to herself, than, rising from her seat, and drawing forward her long veil, she enveloped herself in it, and darting over the intermediate ground, she was, with the quickness of lightning, at the side of Euphan.

‘Give me that precious relic,’ she said, ‘and I will be its bearer to the king.’

‘Most willingly,’ replied Euphan; ‘for I am persuaded, young maiden, that she who, in the face of an assembled multitude, fears not to attend the summons of a reviled and persecuted woman, is worthy to be intrusted with it, more especially if she be, as I suspect, the Lady Agnes Somerdale.’

‘I am she whom you mention,’ said Agnes; and as she stooped to receive the lock of hair, she said hastily, and in a whisper, ‘Where is she to whom you gave an asylum?’

‘Content you, lady—she is safe,’ was the reply.

Lady Agnes instantly returned with the braid to the king. As she ascended the steps on the right of the king, the Earl of Gowrie met her at the foot of them, and taking her hand to lead her to his majesty, said, as they passed on, ‘Fear not for the unfortunate woman, I have thought on a scheme to remove her from immediate danger.’

‘That is kind, indeed,’ said Agnes; ‘for, strange as it may appear, those nearly connected with me have been under obligations to her, which I would fain repay. May I venture to intercede for her with his majesty, do you think?’

‘Certainly,’ returned the Earl, who had no time to say more, for they were then before the king.

Agnes threw back her veil, and kneeling, presented the braid of hair. He took it, and placing it in the palm of his hand, which trembled violently, he regarded it for some moments with intense feeling, which appeared in the workings of every muscle in his face: and then searching in his pocket, produced that same purse which he had received from the Jesuit, and enclosing it within it, returned it to his pocket. It was then that he seemed first to perceive that the Lady Agnes was still kneeling at his feet.

‘Pardon,’ he said, ‘fair lady, this neglect; that wretched wife’s extraordinary gift hath somewhat disordered us.’

'Before I rise, let me entreat your majesty to have mercy on that poor old wretch,' said Agnes; 'she is certainly insane; and her great zeal for the unfortunate Queen, to whom that hair belonged, seems in part to have been the cause of transporting her beyond the bounds of reverence due to your majesty.'

'Rise, young lady,' said his majesty, extending his hand towards her; and continuing in a low voice, 'confess that the faith she hauds hath somewhat prepossessed the Lady Agnes in her favour; but gif witchcraft is proved upon her, she maun suffer the penalty o' her crime. God forbid else!'

Agnes was about to reply, when the Earl of Gowrie interposed. 'If your majesty thinks proper to trust me with the keeping of this wretched woman, I will take order that she escapes not from the place of her confinement till your majesty's further pleasure is known.'

'Be it sae, gif you, my lord, will tak this trouble; for nane will suspect,' said the king with a smile of irony, 'my Lord o' Gowrie to favour a Papist. And to speak sooth, she has sae interwoven her discourse wi' mention o' honourable names, that gif she was indeed the nursing mother o' Sir Andrew Melville's spouse, we shanna be sorry to find her innocent o' the crime laid to her charge, and shall even forgie her unmannered insolence to oursel, putting it down, as this young lady sayeth, to the account o' a disordered brain.'

On obtaining this permission, the Earl beckoned Laurence toward him, whom he met at the end of the platform. 'That woman (pointing to Euphan) is delivered over to my keeping,' said the Earl. 'Make these fellows who surround her chair, remove her to my house. Place her in one of the stone apartments; look to it, that she be supplied with all necessary conveniences, and take with you a sufficient number of your fellows to secure her from insult. Suffer no one to lay a finger on her, at your own peril; and when she is safely lodged, set a watch upon the door of her apartment, that no one gain access to her. Begone—and see that my orders are strictly fulfilled.'

'They shall, my lord,' said Laurence: and gathering together a band of his master's domestics, whom he caused to draw their weapons and follow him, he approached the men in whose charge Euphan then was; and ordering them, in the name of the Earl, to remove the woman to his lordship's house in the Canongate, they proceeded with her through

the crowd, who, satisfied with her being in the custody of the Earl, and anticipating her final condemnation, suffered her to pass without further molestation, save what was offered in the opprobrious epithets bestowed upon her by the rabble.

The players, who had been lookers-on from the time of the old woman's first appearance, now prepared to finish the representation. The Lion once more became a four-footed beast, and Moonshine resumed his lantern. But their majesties signified their pleasure of withdrawing from the field, and immediately all was in motion. The gallant throng of nobles and ladies, with nodding plumes and floating veils, surrounded their majesties, and moved forward, till they disappeared within the gates of the palace, from whence they had issued.

THEODORE HOOK.*

CONSIDERING that the English stage has of late years been indebted to France for not a few of its most successful novel-ties, it is somewhat surprising that none of those pieces composed with a view to illustrate the truth of proverbial sayings, have ever been brought forward in our theatres. That, however, which might little please a mixed audience in a dramatic form, has furnished the groundwork of certain performances in another department of fiction; and the alleged popularity of SAYINGS AND DOINGS seems to prove that the exemplification of a wise saw may become a source of amusement to the 'reading public.' After devouring with praiseworthy complacency the numberless tales illustrative of the customs of ancient times or of the rudeness still prevalent on this side the Tweed, the *thinking* portion of the community just mentioned would have welcomed an author who deals—not with ancient Egypt or ancient Rome, neither with chivalrous knights nor lawless mountaineers, but—with the manners of the times in which we live, and actors graced with all the polish of fashionable life, had he possessed that share of judgment and depth of thought requisite for rendering his work instructive as well as pleasing. But we pause not to estimate the extent of our

* After distinguishing himself from 1806 to 1811, by several musical farces, dramatic sketches, &c., THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was, in 1815, appointed to the lucrative offices of Accomptant-General and Treasurer of the Island of Mauritius. For certain doings in his official capacity, Mr H. is at present confined within the rules of King's Bench prison; and as Editor of the *John Bull* newspaper has acquired a notoriety seldom the reward of *honourable* literary exertion.

author's popularity in the quarter alluded to ; neither do we venture to expatiate on the staleness of what is intended for wit, on the inconsistency of his characters, on the cant of his sentiments, on the feebleness of his style, &c. Proceed we rather to observe that, however interesting the representation of the habits, modes of thinking, and tones of sentiment peculiar to the higher classes, may be to those who gaze at respectful distance, the humble reader will seldom, from the pictures given in these pages, be led to deplore the comparative obscurity of his lot. Their author may have had very different intentions, but the general impression derived from these performances renders it unnecessary for him to illustrate the ancient saying *omne ignotum est pro magnifico*. For, those whom we might be apt to regard as placed above the petty cares and vexations of less exalted life, are, with trifling exceptions, here exhibited, by him who speaks as one of the initiated, in no very enviable light. The heartlessness and calculating selfishness with which most of his characters perform their parts in the drama of life are sufficient to make the reader ashamed of ever having contemplated with longing eyes a sphere, which would seem to be occupied by beings as undeserving of our respect as they are incapable of turning to proper use the means put into their hands for promoting the happiness of those around them. But, believing that such a representation is far from being true to nature, we are under the necessity of concluding, that the author either looks on society through a strangely distorting medium or is woefully deficient in that species of knowledge on which he is so much disposed to plume himself. It were unfair, however, to conceal that a different judgment has been passed by others on these volumes. Some do not hesitate to say that, while the liveliness with which they portray existing manners deservedly entitles them to present favour, their faithfulness of delineation must render them permanently valuable :—on the

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accuracy of which opinion our reader may in some degree be qualified to decide after perusing the following specimen.

DANVERS.

DANVERS was in an exceedingly good humour, and having himself been mightily pleased with the compliments which had been paid to his talents after dinner at his grace's, felt a sort of complacent disposition to dispense compliments in his turn, for, if his wife had been flattered at the marchioness's by the civilities and attentions of one half of the cabinet, the other half had been sedulously employed in winning the affections of her happy husband at the duke's. It was amusing to me, speculating as I do on the manners and ways of this world, to mark the various little by-paths which these noble and learned men took to assail the vanity and procure the esteem of this once neglected genius. Danvers, when simply Thomas Burton, Esq. Member of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, had written, of course 'merely for his amusement, and published at the earnest desire of his partial friends, extremely against his own inclination,'—a collection of 'Poetical Trifles,'—'a Sonnet to half a Rose-leaf,' 'Lines to Maria's Canary-bird,' 'Albert and Adeline,' 'Elegy on the Loss of a Dear Cousin,' 'Ode on Shooter's Hill,' 'The Parson and the Lawyer,' a Comic Tale, sundry Epigrams, a Song adapted to a Babylonish melody, and introduced by Miss Stephens into Guy Mannering, 'The Death-bed of Peter the Great,' 'Lines to Liberty,' and an 'Ode to the Spring'; which were printed at his own proper charge, on wove paper, displaying in the title-page a wood-cut vignette of a shepherd boy playing a pipe under a tree, with the hinder parts of two fat sheep in a corner, by way of background; over whose heads, or at least over the place where, by its relative position to their tails, their heads ought to have been, stood a little pert parish-church spire, like an extinguisher in the distance, and for motto,

———— Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes.

JUV.

Of these 'poetical trifles,' as may easily be imagined, nobody heard at the time, except indeed an obscure reviewer,

who, anxious at once to make a fame for himself, and break a butterfly on the wheel, ripped them up in his unread 'periodical,' and the whole sale of the work amounted to perhaps fifty. Danvers was particularly sore about the neglect of his poetical genius—the nipping in the bud which he had experienced—and always felt that he was capable of great things in the literary world; this (whether he had betrayed himself, or whether some of his friends had betrayed him, I know not) one of the 'very great' men certainly knew, and the masterly manner in which his Lordship, after an elaborate discussion on the beauties of SCOTT, BYRON, and CAMPBELL, dropped down gently and unsuspectingly upon the 'Poetical Trifles' of Mr Thomas Burton, far excelled any thing I ever beheld in the art of making the amiable. Nothing, in short, could exceed the skill of the angler, except the avidity of the victim,—his Lordship had committed to memory two or three lines of one of the effusions, and when he repeated them with a kind of sing-song twang, expressive of a rapturous approbation, the victory was complete, and, long before the party broke up, Danvers had consented to oppose the Whig candidate in his own county, at the then rapidly approaching election.

Danvers was proposed, and as was expected, an Opposition Candidate started in the person of Sir Oliver Freeman, whose barouche was left far behind himself, and who was literally carried into the Town-Hall upon the shoulders of the PEOPLE.

Sir Oliver was a patriot; and after Mr Danvers had been nominated and seconded amidst the most violent hootings and hissings, the worthy Baronet's name was received with cheers, only equalled by those which had followed Danvers's health the night before, under his own roof. Sir Oliver Freeman was, as I have just said, a patriot—an emancipator of Roman Catholics, and a Slave-Trade Abolitionist. He had disinherited his eldest son for marrying a Papist, and separated from his wife on account of the over-bearing violence of his temper. He deprecated the return to Cash-payments, and, while the gold was scarce, refused to receive any thing but guineas in payment of his rents. He advocated the cause of the Christian Greeks, and subscribed to Hone; he wept at agricultural distress, and never lowered his rents. He cried for the repeal of the Six Acts, and

prosecuted poachers with the utmost rigour of the law ; he was a saint, and had carried an address to Brandenburgh. He heard family prayers twice every day, and had a daughter by the wife of a noble Earl, his neighbour ; which daughter the said noble Earl recognized and acknowledged, though by no means doubtful of her origin. He moreover spent much of his time in endeavouring to improve the condition of poor prisoners, and introduced the Tread-mill into the County Jail ; he subscribed for the Irish rebels, and convicted poor women at Quarter Sessions of the horrible crime of mendicity ; was president of a Branch Bible Society, and reduced his wife's housemaids ; was a staunch advocate for Parliamentary Reform, and sat ten years for a rotten borough ; made speeches against tithes, being one of the greatest lay-impropriators in the kingdom ; talked of the glorious sovereignty of the people, and never missed a levee or a drawing-room in his life.

Thus qualified, Sir Oliver Freeman stood forward a son of freedom, who, on this special occasion, had declared he would spend *fifty thousand pounds* to maintain the *independence of his native county*. To what specific purpose so large a sum was to be applied, it does not become me, having a due fear of Speaker's warrants before my eyes, to suggest. Danvers at all events had five and twenty thousand already in the field, and the war commenced with the greatest activity.

At the close of the first day's poll, the numbers stood :

Burton Danvers, Esq.	238
Sir Oliver Freeman	196

Mr Danvers attempted to return his thanks, but the partizans of Sir Oliver would hear nothing he had to say ; hootings and hissings assailed him when he showed himself, and having worked himself semaphorically for half an hour, our hero gave up all hope of making himself understood, and gave place to Sir Oliver, who repeated those often-uttered phrases and points, which every real man of the people has by rote. And thus, with little variation, did the contest continue through the whole period allowed by statute. At the end of the twelfth day all Danvers's ready money was gone ; how, his agents, I suppose, cared little ; still there were upwards of a thousand freeholders unpolled. Six hundred were resident in London and distant parts. Chaises, carriages, horses, waggons, every thing moveable, was put in requisition—the struggle was made—posters

killed with fatigue, their drivers damaged, and their vehicles broken, and at the close of the poll on the fifteenth day the numbers stood:

Sir Oliver Freeman	2346
Burton Danvers, Esq.	2109
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Majority for Freeman	237

This rare occurrence of a man of the people succeeding in an attempt upon a county, was the day after Danvers's defeat *satisfactorily* accounted for by one of his agents, who *then* informed our hero that it never was imagined by those who had solicited him to stand, that he *could possibly* succeed; and that the opposition to Sir Oliver had only been carried on to try his purse and his temper. Danvers was rather vexed at the want of candour which he thought he perceived about his aristocratic friends in London, and was more mortified at the failure of his attempt, than at the loss of upwards of thirty-three thousand pounds which had been expended in it. With respect to his wish to sit in Parliament, it was very soon gratified by the offer of an introduction to a select party of nine gentlemen, who were in the habit of returning two members, one of whom was just dead, and of which nine, six were extremely well inclined towards Burton. He accepted the proposal, and was accordingly announced in the course of the ensuing week from the Crown office, as returned to serve in the United Parliament for the Borough of Seufold.

Once in parliament, Danvers began to dream of honours and distinctions; he was conscious of his powers, he began to feel his importance, and if he could but have a son, his aim would be the peerage—to ennoble the blood of the Burtons in his person, to grace his Mary's brows with the golden circlet and Baronial pearls—it was quite charming. For more than three weeks he was puzzling himself what title he should choose if the Minister felt inclined to offer him a choice. The session opened, and Danvers was a regular attendant at the house, night after night, constantly sitting up till dawn of day to vote; while poor Mary, worried and vexed at the complete destruction of all her little comforts, began to feel symptoms of indisposition, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She grew thin and low-spirited—so did Danvers; he was worrying himself all day about her, and all night about politics; she was worrying herself all night about him, and all day about her children.

Danvers, having screwed his courage to the sticking-place, at length made a speech in Parliament; it was short but pithy, and great credit was due to him for the matter and the manner of its delivery. He anticipated seeing the next morning in the reports of debates his name and harangue, interspersed with 'Hear, Hear,' and 'Cheers from the Treasury Benches,' 'Laughter,' &c. and came down more eager for fame than breakfast. Three morning papers were on the table; he first took up the Times, and having just cast his eye over three columns of a speech by Brougham, and an equally long reply by a much wiser man, his attention was arrested by these words,—'An honourable member, whose name we could not catch, made a few observations, which were totally inaudible in the gallery.'—In a transport of rage he threw down the Times, exclaiming against its political spite in thus slurring over an able speech, because it came from the *right* side of the House, and snatching up the Chronicle, gratified himself by perusing these lines:—'Mr Tanvers coincided in opinion with the last speaker.' 'Worse, and worse,' exclaimed our unfortunate member: 'they shall be had up—I'll move them to Newgate! Monsters! my name not even properly spelt—it is unbearable!' With the view of soothing his feelings with some of the honey of Toryism, he unfolded the Morning Post in perfect security of getting all the *αὔδος* he deserved from a judicious reporter of proper principles: that journal contained the following words. 'Mr Danvers Burton said a few words, the import of which we were quite unable to understand, on account of the noise and confusion in the House at the time.'—He was mortified beyond expression. So it is, that a man who has sufficient firmness to endure misfortune, and philosophy to bear with real calamities, suffers himself to be agitated by the slightest attack on his *amour propre*.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

IN looking over an old Number of the Edinburgh Review, we have lighted upon some remarks on MISS EDGEWORTH, so much in unison with our own opinions, that we at once serve our purpose and gratify our indolence by extracting them.

“Miss Edgeworth belongs to a class of writers who are less liable to failures than most of those who adventure in the public pursuit of excellence or distinction. Her works are not happy effusions of fancy, or casual inspirations of genius. There is nothing capricious or accidental about them; but they are the mature and seasonable fruits of those faculties that work the surest and continue the longest in vigour,—of powerful sense and nice moral perception, joined to a rare and invaluable talent for the observation and display of human character,—tempered, in its wholesome exercise, with far more indulgence to its less glittering qualities than usually falls to the lot of those who are gifted with so quick a sense of its weakness and folly. Fortunately for mankind, these are the least precarious as well as the most important of all the faculties which belong to our frail nature; and are not only for the most part at the command of their possessor, but can seldom be called into action without diffusing their beneficial influence to others. But though Miss Edgeworth can never absolutely fail in her endeavours to excel, because she can never be either silly or absurd, it does not follow that she should always be equally successful, or that all her productions should be interesting and amusing alike. Sometimes the subjects afford but little scope either for interest or amusement;—and sometimes the moral lessons she

wishes to inculcate, are of a sort which do not admit of those embellishments which are most suited to her genius. The key, indeed, to all that is peculiar in her writings, whether in the way of excellence or defect,—that which distinguishes her from other writers of kindred powers of judgment and invention, is, that the duties of a *Moral Teacher* are always uppermost in her thoughts. It is impossible, we think, to read ten pages in any of her writings, without feeling, not only that the whole, but that every part of them was intended to do good ;—and that she has never for an instant allowed herself to forget, that the great end and aim of her writing was—not to display her own talents, or to court popularity by brilliant effect—but to make her readers substantially better and happier ;—not only to correct fatal errors of opinion—to soften dispositions and remove prejudices unfriendly to happiness—but to display wisdom and goodness at once in their most engaging and familiar aspects—to raise to their proper rank and importance those humbler virtues on which the felicity of ordinary life so essentially depends—and to show how easy and agreeable the loftiest principles and the highest intellectual attainments may be in practice, by representing them, as they are in truth most commonly to be found, united with the gayest temper, and the most simple and amiable manners. No nobler or more worthy end certainly could be proposed to any human endeavours ; and those who are best acquainted with Miss Edgeworth's writings, will probably think most highly of her success in the pursuit of it : And yet it is to the unrelaxed intensity of this pursuit that we think almost all her faults are to be referred. It is this which has given to her compositions something of too didactic a manner,—and brought the moral of her stories too obtrusively forward,—and led her into repetitions that are somewhat wearisome, and discussions too elementary, and exaggerations too improbable,—that has lowered the tone, in short, of her infin-

itely varied and original fictions to some affinity with that of ingenious apologues invented for the instruction of youth, and given at times an air of childishness and poorness to the result of the finest observations, and the profoundest views of human nature. It is wonderful, indeed, to see such works produced, under the disadvantages and restraints of so severe a method. But it is impossible to doubt that much of the freedom, the grace, and the boldness of her invention, has been sacrificed to the pithy illustration of some moral aphorism, or the importunate enforcement of some salutary truth. Nor has the effect been merely to lessen the fame of the author, and the delight of her intelligent readers ;—we suspect it has, in many cases, been also to defeat, in a considerable degree, the very end to which so much has been thus resolutely sacrificed. Persons of full age revolt from instruction presented in too direct and officious a form,—and take it amiss to have a plain lesson, however much needed, driven into them in so persevering and unrelenting a manner ; and the very exaggerations and repetitions which are intended to give force and effect to the warning, are apt to make it less impressive, by making it less probable. As they now stand, the greater part of her Tales may be regarded as a series or climax of instances, in which some moral or intellectual defect produces disastrous consequences—a continued succession of catastrophes, arising out of the same causes, and terminating in the same general results. In each of these stories, we have little more than an enlargement of a character conceived like one of La Bruyere's,—and illustrated by a similar train of extreme cases and striking exemplifications ;—a method perfectly unexceptionable, when the object is merely to give a strong and distinct impression of the character itself, but liable to great objection when applied to a series of adventures that are meant to be probable, and to produce their moral effect by the suggestion of truth and reality. Some of the Tales, indeed, involve this defect, if it be one,

in their very structure and conception—and announce it plainly enough in the titles which they bear. The best of these is that entitled ‘To-morrow ;’—the worst ‘Murad the Unlucky.’ But in all which aim at a more extended delineation of life and manners, this limitation of the interest is both unnatural and unwise. No long series of interesting occurrences ever turned, in reality, upon one vice or folly, or presented us with one flaw of character as the spring and origin of all the disasters that ensue. Nor are the moral lessons, of which such occurrences may be made the vehicle, at all more likely to be effectual, from this exclusive attention to one only of the morbid propensities, of which we may be thus agreeably admonished. The systematic teacher of ethics may find it convenient to take the vices and virtues successively and apart, and to treat of each in its order—just as the systematic teacher of grammar takes the prepositions and conjunctions. But as, when the scholar is advanced into *practice*, all the parts of speech are jumbled again together, as in ordinary discourse ; so, when the object is to give practical impressions, with a view to real life, it would seem expedient to exhibit all the mingled principles of action that are found actually to govern human conduct, or to affect human felicity:—and the most useful tale for improvement, as well as the most agreeable for unimproveable readers, must be that which presents us with the greatest variety of characters, and places before us the consequences of the greatest number of peculiar propensities. Upon Miss E.’s present system, there are several of her stories which can be of use, we should think, but to a very small number of patients ; and we really cannot help thinking that it was as little worth her while to provide a corrective for gentlemen who have an antipathy to Jews, or ladies who have prejudices against French governesses, as it would be for an eminent physician to compound an infallible plaster for scratches on the first joint of the little finger exclusively. Her exces-

sive care for the moral utility of her works has also injured them in another way. The substantial happiness of life, no doubt, depends more upon justice and prudence, than upon genius and generosity—upon ordinary and attainable qualities, in short, than on lofty and heroic ones. But the interest we take in these, as observers, is just in an opposite proportion; and Miss Edgeworth has been so fearful of misleading her readers into any unprofitable or dangerous admiration, that she has almost entirely excluded the agency of the higher passions, and applied all the resources of her genius to recommend the humbler practices of fair dealing and sincerity—industry, good temper, firmness of character, and friendly offices. She has accordingly recommended them most powerfully; and this age and the next are largely indebted to her exertions, and will long profit by their effects;—but her writings would, beyond all question, have been more attractive, if she had dealt occasionally in deeper and more tumultuous emotions, and exhibited her characters in situations more full of distress and agitation, and under the influence of feelings more vehement and overwhelming than she has generally thought it safe to meddle with. Except in the case of her Irish rustics, she has hardly ever ascribed any burst of natural passion, or any impulse of reckless generosity to her characters. The rest of her favourites are all well-behaved, considerate, good-natured people, who are never in any very terrible danger, either from within or from without, and from whom little more is required than might be expected from any other well disposed and well educated persons in the like circumstances. The greater interest and attraction of stronger passion cannot, of course, be disputed; but we are a little sceptical here also, as to the supposed danger or imutility of such exhibitions. It is a great thing, certainly, to make a man wise for himself; but it is still greater, and not less important, to make him understand, that there are feelings stronger than selfish feelings;

and joys of more value than selfish enjoyments. One half of mankind is condemned to perpetual debasement, by never having been made to comprehend the delight of generosity, or the elevation of a devoted affection; and, to give them this sense, we must, in general, set before them some strong and even exaggerated representation of the reality. The occasions for such emotions are but of rare occurrence indeed, in ordinary life; and the habits of mind that would render them common, would no doubt be pernicious if they were to become predominant. But there is no great danger of this practical result. Pupils in this, as in every other school, always lag behind their teachers, and fall far short of their patterns. A dancing-master turns out his toes more than enough, and holds himself ridiculously erect, that his disciples may do both moderately;—and examples of extravagant generosity or imprudent affection, are likely to be imitated with the same abatements. It may often be necessary, by a strong impulse, to rouse the kinder and nobler feelings of our nature; but it can scarcely ever be requisite to suggest those selfish considerations by which they may be kept within bounds. In spite of our metaphysical moralists, we are firmly persuaded that our hearts are practically softened by being made to sympathize even with imaginary sorrow; and cannot help thinking, that the first tears which a pathetic and powerful writer draws from a rude nature, are pledges of its permanent refinement. The occasional appearance of lofty and energetic characters on the scenes of real life, is allowed to raise the general standard of sentiment in the age and nation to which they belong, even though they should trespass in many points upon the ordinary rules of prudence and morality, and present an assemblage of qualities which it would be by no means convenient to meet in our common acquaintance. Now, the heroes of fiction stand nearly in the same predicament, and perform nearly the same functions for their reader; and we are in-

clined to think, that the mischief they may do by the seducing example of their extravagance, is more than compensated by the force with which they rouse our sluggish sensibility, and the feelings they so strongly impress, of a nobler use and a higher relish of life than can be found in its vulgar prosperity. In Miss Edgeworth, however, we meet with little that can be called heroic—and nothing that is romantic or poetical. She is so much afraid of seducing her pupils from the practical duties of social life, that she will not even borrow a grace from the loveliness of nature ; and has neither expressed herself, nor exemplified in any of her characters, that sympathy with rural beauty, that sense of the expression of the great or majestic features of the universe, of which the author of *Waverley* and the *Antiquary* has made so admirable a use, and turned to such account even for the moral effect of his story. There is more of this feeling in one speech of Edie Ochiltree, than in all the works of the author now before us.

“ Since we have begun to notice her faults, we may as well make an end of them. Those of which we have now spoken, we ascribe to her system,—her rigid rejection of every thing that does not teach a safe and practical moral lesson. There are others which we should be disposed to refer to her sex. With all her sound sense and intelligence, it is plain that she is not at all at home in the representation of public transactions, or the actual business of men. She is not only incapable of dealing with battles and negotiations, like the great author to whom we have just alluded ; but has evidently no more than a derivative and conjectural knowledge of the way in which political intrigues, and private and public business are actually managed. She understands well enough how politicians speak in the drawing-room, and in what way their habits of business affect their manners in society ; but her conceptions of the tone and temper of their actual conduct are plainly derived from

conjecture alone, and often bear no very near resemblance to the reality. She has an unlucky fondness, too, for showing her acquaintance with the profession of the law, and repeatedly goes out of her way to describe as feats of great legal dexterity and acuteness, things quite puerile or impossible. The influence of sex, too, has narrowed the field of her invention, in other particulars,—where this limitation is less perhaps to be regretted ;—female delicacy has prevented her from completing in all their parts those pictures of personal profligacy and its consequences, which the nature of her moral design lead her so often to portray ; and female gentleness has disabled her from representing, and perhaps from conceiving, the extent of brutal ferocity of which man's nature is capable, and from which, as well as from other vices, it requires not unfrequently to be warned. It is perhaps invidious to mention other faults,—especially as we have nothing else to ascribe them to but the ordinary imperfections of human nature. But we must venture to tell Miss E., that most of her amiable young ladies are a little too wise and peremptory—and are apt, in their repartees, to be rather pert than dignified. Indeed, we cannot say we exceedingly relish her smart sayings in general,—which are sometimes neither very new nor very elegant. There are also some glaring improbabilities hazarded now and then, to bring about her catastrophes—a fault that is rendered particularly striking by the sober, familiar, and authentic air of most of her narratives. Where the general strain of the fable is romantic and extravagant, a little excess in the marvellous does not startle or offend ; but we feel it at once as a capital defect, where the great charm of the work consists in the truth and accuracy of its representations, and in that chaste and judicious invention which enables us to go along with the story without any violent suppositions, or any great effort of forgetfulness as to the realities of the world we live in.

“ Having said so much of the faults of this distinguished writer, it is scarcely necessary perhaps to add, that they are almost entirely effaced by her excellences :—nor, after what we have so often stated with regard to her, can it be requisite to say in what we think these excellences to consist. Her admirable sense—her kindness of heart—her marvellous powers of invention, that make it difficult to discover a single plagiarism, even from herself, in the forty volumes of her works—the inimitable humour, truth, and beauty of her traits of national character, displaying not only a thorough knowledge, but an affectionate love of Ireland, and a concern for her happiness, which cannot be for ever unfruitful—her intimate acquaintance and generous sympathy with the feelings and habits of the lower and middling classes of the people—her clear, indulgent, and rational views of the diversity of human character and its causes—and the rapidity, accuracy, and brevity of her sketches of all its variations ; these are among the most prominent of her merits, and would be alone sufficient to place her among the most meritorious writers of the age she was destined to improve.”

THE DUN.

COLONEL PEMBROKE had not, at the time his biographer first became acquainted with him, ‘grown familiar with falsehood ;’ his conscience was not entirely callous to reproach, nor was his heart insensible to compassion, but he was in a fair way to get rid of all troublesome feelings and principles. He was connected with a set of selfish young men of fashion, whose opinions stood him instead of law, equity, and morality ; to them he appealed in all doubtful cases, and his self-complacency being daily and hourly dependent upon their decisions, he had seldom either leisure or inclination to consult his own judgment. His amusements and his expenses were consequently regulated by the example of his companions, not by his own choice. To follow them in every absurd variety of the mode, either in dress or equipage, was his first ambition ; and all their factitious wants appeared to him objects of the

first necessity. No matter how good the boots, the hat, the coat, the furniture, or the equipage might be, if they had outlived the fashion of the day, or even of the hour ; they were absolutely worthless in his eyes. *Nobody* could be seen in such things—then of what use could they be to *any body* ? Colonel Pembroke's finances were not exactly equal to the support of such *liberal* principles, but this was a misfortune, which he had in common with several of his companions. It was no check to their spirit—they could live upon credit—credit, 'that talisman, which realizes every thing it imagines, and which can imagine every thing.' Without staying to reflect upon the immediate or remote consequences of this system, Pembroke in his first attempts found it easy to reduce it to practice : but as he proceeded, he experienced some difficulties. Tradesmen's bills accumulated, and applications for payment became every day more frequent and pressing. He defended himself with much address and ingenuity, and practice perfected him in all the Fabian arts of delay. '*No faith with duns,*' became, as he frankly declared, a maxim of his morality. He could now, with the most plausible face, protest to a *poor devil*, upon the honour of a gentleman, that he should be paid to-morrow ; when nothing was further from his intentions or his power, than to keep his word. And when *to-morrow* came, he could with the most easy assurance *damn the rascal* for putting a gentleman in mind of his promises. But there were persons more difficult to manage than *poor devils*. Colonel Pembroke's tailor, who had begun by being the most accommodating fellow in the world, and who had in three years run him up a bill of thirteen hundred pounds, at length began to fail in complaisance, and had the impertinence to talk of his large family, and his urgent calls for money, &c. And next the colonel's shoe and boot maker, a man from whom he had been in the habit of taking two hundred pounds worth of shoes and boots every year, for himself and his servants, now pretended to be in distress for ready money, and refused to furnish more goods upon credit. '*Ungrateful dog !*' Pembroke called him ; and he actually believed his creditors to be ungrateful and insolent, when they asked for their money ; for men frequently learn to believe what they are in the daily habit of asserting, especially if their assertions be not contradicted by their audience. He knew that his tradesmen overcharged him in every article he bought, and therefore he thought it but just to delay payment whilst it suited his con-

venience. 'Confound them, they can very well afford to wait.' As to their pleas of urgent demands for ready money—large families, &c., he considered these merely as words of course, tradesmen's cant, which should make no more impression upon a gentleman, than the whining of a beggar.

One day when Pembroke was just going out to ride with some of his gay companions, he was stopped at his own door by a pale, thin, miserable-looking boy, of eight or nine years old, who presented him with a paper, which he took for granted was a petition; he threw the child half-a-crown.—'There, take that,' said he, 'and stand out of the way of my horse's heels, I advise you, my little fellow.' The boy, however, pressed closer; and without picking up the half-crown, held the paper to Colonel Pembroke, who had now vaulted into his saddle. 'O no! no! That's too much, my lad—I never read petitions—I'd sooner give half-a-crown at any time than read a petition.' 'But, Sir, this is not a petition——indeed, Sir, I am not a beggar.' 'What is it then?—Heyday! a bill!—Then you're worse than a beggar—a dun!—a dun! in the public streets, at your time of life! You little rascal, why, what will you come to before you are your father's age?'—The boy sighed—'If,' pursued the colonel, 'I were to serve you right, I should give you a good horse whipping.—Do you see this whip?' 'I do, sir,' said the boy, 'but——' 'But what? you insolent little dun!—But what?' 'My father is dying,' said the child, bursting into tears, 'and we have no money to buy him bread, or any thing.' Struck by these words, Pembroke snatched the paper from the boy, and looking hastily at the total and title of the bill, read—'Twelve pounds, fourteen—John White, Weaver.'—'I know of no such person!—I have no dealings with weavers, child,' said the colonel, laughing—'My name is Pembroke—Colonel Pembroke.' 'Colonel Pembroke—yes, Sir, the very person Mr Close, the tailor, sent me to!' 'Close the tailor! damn the rascal, was it he sent you to dun me?—for this trick he shall not see a farthing of my money this twelvemonth. You may tell him so, you little whining hypocrite!—And hark you! the next time you come to me, take care to come with a better story—let your father and mother and six brothers and sisters be all lying ill of the fever—do you understand?' He tore the bill into bits as he spoke, and showered it over the boy's head; Pembroke's companions laughed at this operation, and he facetiously called it 'powdering a dun.' They rode off to

the Park in high spirits, and the poor boy picked up the half-crown, and returned home. His home was in a lane in Moorfields, about three miles distant from this gay part of the town. As the child had not eaten any thing that morning, he was feeble, and grew faint, as he was crossing Covent Garden. He sat down upon the corner of a stage of flowers. 'What are you doing there?' cried a surly man, pulling him up by the arm; 'What business have you lounging and loitering here, breaking my best balsam?' I did not mean to do any harm—I am not loitering, indeed, Sir—I'm only weak,' said the boy, 'and hungry.' 'Oranges! oranges! fine China oranges!' cried a woman, rolling her barrow full of fine fruit towards him. 'If you've a two pence in the world, you can't do better than take one of these fine ripe China oranges.' 'I have not two pence of my own in the world,' said the boy. 'What's that I see through the hole in your waistcoat pocket,' said the woman; 'is not that silver?' 'Yes, half-a-crown, which I am carrying home to my father, who is ill, and wants it more than I do.' 'Pooh! take an orange out of it—it's only two pence—and it will do you good—I'm sure you look as if you wanted it badly enough.' 'That may be—but father wants it worse—no, I won't change my half-crown,' said the boy, turning away from the tempting oranges. The gruff gardener caught him by the hand. 'Here, I've moved the balsam a bit, and it is not broke, I see; sit ye down, child, and rest yourself, and eat this,' said he, putting into his hand half a ripe orange, which he had just cut. 'Thank you!—God bless you, sir!—How good it is—but,' said the child, stopping after he had tasted the sweet juice, 'I am sorry I have sucked so much, I might have carried it home to father, who is ill, and what a treat it would be to him!—I'll keep the rest.' 'No—that you sha'n't,' said the orange woman. 'But I'll tell you what you shall do—take this home to your father, which is a better one by half—I'm sure it will do him good—I never knew a ripe China orange do harm to man, woman, or child.' The boy thanked the good woman, and the gardener, as only those can thank, who have felt what it is to be in absolute want. When he was rested, and able to walk, he pursued his way home. His mother was watching for him at the street door. 'Well, John, my dear, what news? Has he paid us?' The boy shook his head. 'Then we must bear it as well as we can,' said his mother, wiping the cold dew from her forehead. 'But look, mother, I have

this half-crown, which the gentleman, thinking me a beggar, threw to me.' 'Run with it, love, to the baker's—No, stay, you're tired—I'll go myself, and do you step up to your father, and tell him the bread is coming in a minute.' 'Don't run, for you're not able, mother; don't hurry so,' said the boy, calling after her, and holding up his orange; 'See, I have this for father whilst you are away.' He clambered up three flights of dark, narrow, broken stairs, to the room in which his father lay. The door hung by a single hinge, and the child had scarcely strength enough to raise it out of the hollow in the decayed floor into which it had sunk. He pushed it open with as little noise as possible, just far enough to creep in. This room was so dark, that upon first going into it, after having been in broad daylight, you could scarcely distinguish any one object it contained—and no one, used to breathe a pure atmosphere, could probably have endured to remain many minutes in this garret. There were three beds in it—one on which the sick man lay; divided from it by a tattered rug, was another for his wife and daughter, and a third for his little boy in the furthest corner. Underneath the window was fixed a loom, at which the poor weaver had worked hard many a day and year—too hard, indeed—even till the very hour he was taken ill. His shuttle now lay idle upon the frame. A girl of about sixteen—his daughter—was sitting at the foot of his bed, finishing some plain work. 'O Anne! how your face is all flushed!' said her little brother, as she looked up when he came into the room. 'Have you brought us any money?' whispered she: 'don't say no loud, for fear father should hear you.' The boy told her in a low voice all that had passed. 'Speak out, my dear, I'm not asleep;' said his father. 'So you are come back as you went.' 'No, father, not quite . . . there's bread coming for you.' 'Give me some more water, Anne, for my mouth is quite parched.' The little boy cut his orange in an instant, and gave a piece of it to his father, telling him at the same time how he came by it. The sick man raised his hands to Heaven, and blessed the poor woman who gave it to him. 'O how I love her! and how I hate that cruel, unjust, rich man, who won't pay father for all the hard work he has done for him!' cried the child; 'How I hate him!' 'God forgive him!' said the weaver. 'I don't know what will become of you all, when I'm gone; and no one to befriend you—or even to work at the

loom.—Anne, I think if I was up . . . ,’ said he, raising himself ‘I could still contrive to do a little good.’ ‘Dear father, don’t think of getting up; the best you can do for us, is to lie still and take rest.’ ‘Rest!—I can take no rest, Anne—Rest! there’s none for me in this world—And whilst I’m in it, is not it my duty to work for my wife and children?—Reach me my clothes, and I’ll get up.’ It was in vain to contend with him, when this notion seized him, that it was his duty to work till the last. All opposition fretted and made him worse, so that his daughter and his wife, even from affection, were forced to yield, and to let him go to the loom, when his trembling hands were scarcely able to throw the shuttle. He did not know how weak he was, till he tried to walk. As he stepped out of bed, his wife came in with a loaf of bread in her hand—at the unexpected sight he made an exclamation of joy; sprang forward to meet her, but fell upon the floor in a swoon, before he could put one bit of the bread which she broke for him into his mouth. Want of sustenance, the having been overworked, and the constant anxiety which preyed upon his spirits, had reduced him to this deplorable state of weakness. When he recovered his senses, his wife showed him his little boy eating a large piece of bread—she also eat, and made Anne eat before him, to relieve his mind from that dread which had seized it—and not without some reason—that he should see his wife and children starve to death. ‘You find, father, there’s no danger for to day,’ said Anne, ‘and to morrow I shall be paid for my plain work, and then we shall do very well for a few days longer, and I dare say in that time Mr Close the tailor will receive some money from some of the great many rich gentlemen, who owe him so much, and you know he promised, that as soon as ever he was able he would pay us.’ With such hopes, and the remembrance of such promises, the poor man’s spirits could not be much raised; he knew, alas! how little dependence was to be placed on them. As soon as he had eaten, and felt his strength revive, he insisted upon going to the loom; his mind was bent upon finishing a pattern, for which he was to receive five guineas in ready money—he worked and worked, then lay down, and rested himself, then worked again, and so on during the remainder of the day, and during several hours of the night he continued to throw the shuttle, whilst his little boy and his wife by turns wound spools for him. He completed his

work, and threw himself upon his bed quite exhausted, just as the neighbouring clock struck one.

At this hour Colonel Pembroke was in the midst of a gay and brilliant assembly at Mrs York's, in a splendid saloon illuminated with wax lights in profusion, the floor crayoned with roses and myrtles, which the dancers' feet effaced; the walls hung with the most expensive hot-house flowers; in short, he was surrounded with luxury in all its extravagance. It is said, that the peaches alone at this entertainment amounted to six hundred guineas. They cost a guinea a piece; the price of one of them, which Colonel Pembroke threw away because it was not perfectly ripe, would have supported the weaver and his whole family for a week.

Amongst the masks at Mrs York's were three, who amused the company particularly; the festive mob followed them as they moved, and their bon-mots were applauded and repeated by all the best, that is to say, the most fashionable male and female judges of wit. The three distinguished characters were a spendthrift, a bailiff, and a dun. The spendthrift was supported with great spirit and *truth* by Colonel Pembroke, and two of his companions were *great and correct* in the parts of the bailiff and the dun. The happy idea of appearing in these characters this night had been suggested by the circumstance that happened in the morning. Colonel Pembroke gave himself great credit, he said, for thus 'striking novelty even from difficulty;' and he rejoiced that the rascal of a weaver had sent his boy to dun him, and had thus furnished him with diversion for the evening as well as the morning. We are much concerned, that we cannot, for the advantage of posterity, record any of the innumerable *good things*, which undoubtedly were uttered by this trio. Even the newspapers of the day could speak only in general panegyric.

Colonel Pembroke, notwithstanding his success at Mrs York's masquerade in his character of a spendthrift, could not by his utmost wit and address satisfy or silence his impertinent tailor. Mr Close absolutely refused to give further credit, without valuable consideration, and the colonel was compelled to pass his bond for the whole sum which was claimed, which was fifty pounds more than was strictly due, in order to compound with the tailor for the want of ready money. When the bond was fairly signed, sealed, and delivered, Mr Close produced the poor weaver's

bill. ‘Colonel Pembroke,’ said he, ‘I have a trifling bill here—I am really ashamed to speak to you about such a trifle—but as we are settling all accounts—and as this White the weaver is so wretchedly poor, that he or some of his family are with me every day of my life dunning me to get me to speak about their little demand’ ‘Who is this White?’ said Mr Pembroke. ‘You recollect the elegant waistcoat pattern of which you afterwards bought up the whole piece, lest it should become common and vulgar;—this White was the weaver, from whom we got it.’ ‘Bless me! why that’s two years ago: I thought that fellow was paid long ago!’ ‘No, indeed, I wish he had! for he has been the torment of my life this many a month—I never saw people so eager about their money.’ ‘But why do you employ such miserable, greedy creatures? What can you expect but to be dunned every hour of your life?’ ‘Very true, indeed, colonel; it is what I always, on that principle, avoid as far as possibly I can: but I can’t blame myself in this particular instance; for this White, at the time I employed him first, was a very decent man, and in a very good way for one of his sort: but I suppose he has taken to drink, for he is worth not a farthing now.’ ‘What business has a fellow of his sort to drink? he should leave that for his betters,’ said Colonel Pembroke, laughing. ‘Drinking’s too great a pleasure for a weaver. The drunken rascal’s money is safer in my hands, tell him, than in his own.’ The tailor’s conscience twinged him a little at this instant, for he had spoken entirely at random, not having the slightest grounds for his insinuation, that this poor weaver had ruined himself by drunkenness. ‘Upon my word, Sir,’ said Close, retracting, ‘the man may not be a drunken fellow for any thing I know positively—I purely surmised *that* might be the case, from his having fallen into such distress, which is no otherwise accountable for, to my comprehension, except we believe his own story, that he has money due to him which he cannot get paid, and that this has been his ruin.’ Colonel Pembroke cleared his throat two or three times upon hearing this last suggestion, and actually took up the weaver’s bill with some intention of paying it; but he recollected, that he should want the ready money he had in his pocket for another indispensable occasion; for he was *obliged* to go to Brooke’s that night, so he contented his humanity by recommending it to Mr Close to pay White and have done with him. ‘If you will let him

have the money, you know, you can put it down to my account, or make a memorandum of it at the back of the bond. In short, settle it as you will, but let me hear no more about it. I have not leisure to think of such trifles—Good morning to you, Mr Close.’ Mr Close was far from having any intentions of complying with the colonel’s request: when the weaver’s wife called upon him after his return home, he assured her, that he had not seen the colour of one guinea, or of one farthing, of Colonel Pembroke’s money, and that it was absolutely impossible that he could pay Mr White till he was paid himself—that it could not be expected he should advance money for any body out of his own pocket—that he begged he might not be pestered and dunned any more, for that *he really had not leisure to think of such trifles*,

For want of this trifle, of which neither the fashionable colonel, nor his fashionable tailor, had leisure to think, the poor weaver and his whole family were reduced to the last degree of human misery—to absolute famine. The man had exerted himself to the utmost to finish a pattern, which had been bespoke for a tradesman who promised upon the delivery of it to pay him five guineas in hand. This money he received; but four guineas of it were due to his landlord for rent of his wretched garret, and the remaining guinea was divided between the baker, to whom an old bill was due, and the apothecary, to whom they were obliged to have recourse, as the weaver was extremely ill. They had literally nothing now to depend upon but what the wife and daughter could earn by needle-work; and they were known to be so miserably poor, that the *prudent* neighbours did not like to trust them with plain-work, lest it should not be returned safely. Besides, in such a dirty place as they lived in, how could it be expected, that they should put any work out of their hands decently clean.—The woman to whom the house belonged, however, at last procured them work from Mrs Carver, a widow lady, who, she said, was extremely charitable. She advised Anne to carry home the work as soon as it was finished; and to wait to see the lady herself; who might perhaps be as charitable to her as she was to many others. Anne resolved to take this advice; but when she carried home her work to the place to which she was directed, her heart almost failed her; for she found Mrs Carver lived in such a handsome house, that there was little chance of a poor girl being admitted by the servants

further than the hall door or the kitchen. The lady, however, happened to be just coming out of her parlour at the moment the hall door was opened for Anne; and she bid her come in, and show her work—approved of it—commended her industry—asked her several questions about her family—seemed to be touched with compassion by Anne's account of their distress—and after paying what she had charged for the work, put half a guinea into her hand, and bid her call the next day, when she hoped, that she should be able to do something more for her. This unexpected bounty, and the kindness of voice and look, with which it was accompanied, had such an effect upon the poor girl, that if she had not caught hold of a chair to support herself, she would have sunk to the ground. Mrs Carver immediately made her sit down—‘O Madam! I'm well, quite well now—it was nothing—only surprise,’ said she, bursting into tears. ‘I beg your pardon for this foolishness—but it is only because I'm weaker to day than usual for want of eating.’ ‘For want of eating! my poor child! how she trembles!—she is weak indeed—and must not leave my house in this condition.’ Mrs Carver rang the bell, and ordered a glass of wine; but Anne was afraid to drink it, as she was not used to wine, and as she knew that it would affect her head if she drank without eating. When the lady found that she refused the wine, she did not press it, but insisted upon her eating something. ‘O Madam!’ said the poor girl, ‘it is long, long indeed, since I have eaten so heartily; and it is almost a shame for me to stay eating such dainties, when my father and mother are all the while in the way they are. But I'll run home with the half-guinea, and tell them how good you have been, and they will be so joyful and so thankful to you! My mother will come herself, I'm sure, with me to-morrow morning—She can thank you so much better than I can!’ Those only who have known the extreme of want, can imagine the joy and gratitude with which the half-guinea was received by this poor family.—Half a guinea!—Colonel Pembroke spent six half-guineas this very day in a fruit shop, and ten times that sum at a jeweller's on seals and baubles for which he had no manner of use. When Anne and her mother called the next morning to thank their benefactress, she was not up; but her servant gave them a parcel from his mistress: it contained a fresh supply of needle-work, a gown, and some other clothes, which were directed for Anne. The servant said,

that if she would call again about eight in the evening, his lady would probably be able to see her, and that she begged to have the work finished by that time. The work was finished, though with some difficulty, by the appointed hour, and Anne, dressed in her new clothes, was at Mrs Carver's door, just as the clock struck eight. The old lady was alone at tea; she seemed to be well pleased by Anne's punctuality; said that she had made inquiries respecting Mr and Mrs White, and that she heard an excellent character of them; that therefore she was disposed to do every thing she could to serve them. She added, that she 'should soon part with her own maid, and that perhaps Anne might supply her place.' Nothing could be more agreeable to the poor girl than this proposal; her father and mother were rejoiced at the idea of seeing her so well placed; and they now looked forward impatiently for the day when Mrs Carver's maid was to be dismissed. In the meantime, the old lady continued to employ Anne, and to make her presents, sometimes of clothes, and sometimes of money. The money she always gave to her parents; and she loved her 'good old lady,' as she always called her, more for putting it in her power thus to help her father and mother, than for all the rest. The weaver's disease had arisen from want of sufficient food, from fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind; and he grew rapidly better, now that he was relieved from want, and inspired with hope. Mrs Carver bespoke from him two pieces of waistcoating, which she promised to dispose of for him most advantageously, by a raffle, for which she had raised subscriptions amongst her numerous acquaintance. She expressed great indignation when Anne told her how Mr White had been ruined by persons, who would not pay their just debts; and when she knew that the weaver was overcharged for all his working materials, because he took them upon credit, she generously offered to lend them whatever ready money might be necessary, which she said Anne might repay, at her leisure, out of her wages. 'O Madam!' said Anne, 'you are too good to us, indeed! too good! and if you could but see into our hearts, you would know, that we are not ungrateful.' 'I am sure, that is what you never will be, my dear,' said the old lady; 'at least such is my opinion of you.' 'Thank you, Ma'am! thank you from the bottom of my heart!—We should all have been starved, if it had not been for you. And it is owing to you, that we are so happy now—quite different

creatures from what we were.' 'Quite a different creature, indeed, you look, child, from what you did the first day I saw you. To-morrow my own maid goes, and you may come at ten o'clock; and I hope we shall agree very well together—you'll find me an easy mistress, and I make no doubt I shall always find you the good grateful girl you seem to be.' Anne was impatient for the moment when she was to enter into the service of her benefactress; and she lay awake half the night, considering how she should ever be able to show sufficient gratitude. As Mrs Carver had often expressed her desire to have Anne look neat and smart, she dressed herself as well as she possibly could; and when her poor father and mother took leave of her, they could not help observing, as Mrs Carver had done the day before, that 'Anne looked quite a different creature, from what she was a few weeks ago.' She was, indeed, an extremely pretty girl; but we need not stop to relate all the fond praises, that were bestowed upon her beauty by her partial parents. Her little brother John was not at home, when she was going away; he was at a carpenter's shop in the neighbourhood mending a wheelbarrow, which belonged to that good-natured orange woman, who gave him the orange for his father. Anne called at the carpenter's shop to take leave of her brother. The woman was there waiting for her barrow—she looked earnestly at Anne when she entered, and then whispered to the boy, 'Is that your sister?'—'Yes,' said the boy, 'and as good a sister she is as ever was born.' 'May be so,' said the woman, 'but she is not likely to be good for much long, in the way she is going on now.' 'What way?—what do you mean?' said Anne, colouring violently. 'O you understand me well enough, though you look so innocent.' 'I do not understand you in the least.' 'No!—Why, is not it you, that I see going almost every day to that house in Chiswell-street?' 'Mrs Carver's?—Yes.' 'Mrs Carver's indeed!' cried the woman, throwing an orange-peel from her with an air of disdain—'a pretty come off indeed! as if I did not know her name, and all about her as well as you do.' 'Do you?' said Anne, 'then I am sure you know one of the best women in the world.' The woman looked still more earnestly than before in Anne's countenance; and then taking hold of both her hands exclaimed—'You poor young creature! what are you about?—I do believe you don't know what you are about—if you do, you are the greatest cheat I ever looked in the

face, long as I've lived in this cheating world.' 'You frighten my sister,' said the boy—'do pray tell her what you mean at once, for look how pale she turns.' 'So much the better, for now I have good hope of her—then to tell you all at once—no matter how I frighten her, it's for her good—this Mrs Carver, as you call her, is only Mrs Carver when she wants to pass upon such as you for a good woman.' 'To pass for a good woman!' repeated Anne with indignation—'O she is, she is a good woman—you do not know her as I do.' 'I know her a great deal better, I tell you—if you choose not to believe me—go your ways—go to your ruin—go to your shame—go to your grave—as hundreds have gone, by the same road, before you.—Your Mrs Carver keeps two houses, and one of them is a bad house—and that's the house you'll soon go to, if you trust to her—Now you know the whole truth.' The poor girl was shocked so much, that for several minutes she could neither speak nor think. As soon as she had recovered sufficient presence of mind to consider what she should do, she declared, that she would that instant go home and put on her rags again, and return to the wicked Mrs Carver all the clothes she had given her. 'But what will become of us all?—She has lent my father money—a great deal of money.—How can he pay her?—O, I will pay her all—I will go into some honest service, now I am well and strong enough to do any sort of hard work, and God knows I am willing.'

Full of these resolutions, Anne hurried home, intending to tell her father and mother all that happened; but they were neither of them within. She flew to the mistress of the house who had first recommended her to Mrs Carver, and reproached her in the most moving terms, which the agony of her mind could suggest. Her landlady listened to her with astonishment, either real or admirably well affected—declared, that she knew nothing more of Mrs Carver, but that she lived in a large fine house, and that she had been very charitable to some poor people in Moorfields—that she bore the best of characters, and that if nothing could be said against her but by an orange woman, there was no great reason to believe such scandal. Anne now began to think, that the whole of what she had heard might be a falsehood, or a mistake; one moment she blamed herself for so easily suspecting a person who had shown her so much kindness; but the next minute the emphatic words and warning looks of the woman recurred to her mind;

and though they were but the words and looks of an orange woman, she could not help dreading, that there was some truth in them. The clock struck ten, whilst she was in this uncertainty. The woman of the house urged her to go without farther delay to Mrs Carver's, who would undoubtedly be displeased by any want of punctuality; but Anne wished to wait for the return of her father and mother. 'They will not be back, either of them, these three hours; for your mother is gone to the other end of the town about that old bill of Colonel Pembroke's, and your father is gone to buy some silk for weaving—he told me he should not be home before three o'clock.' Notwithstanding these remonstrances, Anne persisted in her resolution—she took off the clothes, which she had received from Mrs Carver, and put on those which she had been used to wear. Her mother was much surprised, when she came in, to see her in this condition; and no words can describe her grief, when she heard the cause of this change. She blamed herself severely for not having made inquiries concerning Mrs Carver, before she had suffered her daughter to accept of any presents from her; and she wept bitterly, when she recollected the money which this woman had lent her husband. 'She will throw him into jail, I am sure she will—we shall be worse off a thousand times, than ever we were in our worst days. The work that is in the loom, by which he hoped to get so much, is all for her, and it will be left upon hands now: and how are we to pay the woman of this house for the lodgings? . . . O! I see it all coming upon us at once,' continued the poor woman, wringing her hands. 'If that Colonel Pembroke would but let us have our own!—But there I've been all the morning hunting him out; and at last, when I did see him, he only swore, and said we were all a family of *duns*, or some such nonsense. And then he called after me from the top of his fine stairs, just to say, that he had ordered Close the tailor to pay us; and when I went to him, there was no satisfaction to be got from him—his shop was full of customers, and he hustled me away, giving me for answer, that when Colonel Pembroke paid him, he would pay us and no sooner.—Ah! these purse-proud tradesfolk, and these sparks of fashion, what do they know of all we suffer?—What do they care for us?—It is not for charity I ask any of them—only for what my own husband has justly earned, and hardly toiled for too; and this I cannot get out of their hands—If I

could we might defy this wicked woman—but now we are laid under her feet, and she will trample us to death.’ In the midst of these lamentations, Anne’s father came in: when he learnt the cause of them, he stood for a moment in silence; then snatched from his daughter’s hand the bundle of clothes, which she had prepared to return to Mrs Carver. ‘Give them to me; I will go to this woman myself,’ cried he with indignation. ‘Anne shall never more set her foot within those doors.’ ‘Dear father,’ cried Anne, stopping him as he went out of the door, ‘perhaps it is all a mistake, do pray inquire from somebody else before you speak to Mrs Carver—she looks so good, she has been so kind to me, I cannot believe that she is wicked. Do pray inquire of a great many people before you knock at the door.’ He promised that he would do all his daughter desired. With most impatient anxiety they waited for his return: the time of his absence appeared insupportably long, and they formed new fears and new conjectures every instant. Every time they heard a footstep upon the stairs, they ran out to see who it was: sometimes it was the landlady—sometimes the lodgers or their visitors—at last came the person they longed to see; but the moment they beheld him, all their fears were confirmed. He was pale as death, and his lips trembled with convulsive motion. He walked up directly to his loom, and without speaking one syllable began to cut the unfinished work out of it. ‘What are you about, my dear?’ cried his wife. ‘Consider what you are about—this work of yours is the only dependence we have in the world.’ ‘You have nothing in this world to depend upon, I tell you,’ cried he, continuing to cut out the web with a hurried hand—‘you must not depend on me—you must not depend on my work—I shall never throw this shuttle more whilst I live—think of me as if I was dead—to morrow I shall be dead to you—I shall be in a jail, and there must lie till carried out in my coffin.—Here take this work just as it is to our landlady—she met me on the stairs, and said she must have her rent directly—that will pay her—I’ll pay all I can.—As for the loom, that’s only hired—the silk I bought to day will pay the hire—I’ll pay all my debts to the utmost farthing, as far as I am able—but the ten guineas to that wicked woman I cannot pay—so I must rot in a jail—Don’t cry, Anne, don’t cry so, my good girl—you’ll break my heart, wife, if you take on so. Why! have not we one comfort, that let us go out of this world when we may,

or how we may, we shall go out of it honest, having no one's ruin to answer for, having done our duty to man and God, as far as we were able?—My child,' continued he, catching Anne in his arms, 'I have you safe, and I thank God for it.' When this poor man had thus in an incoherent manner given vent to his first feelings, he became somewhat more composed, and was able to relate all that had passed between him and Mrs Carver. The inquiries which he made before he saw her sufficiently confirmed the orange woman's story; and when he returned the presents which Anne had unfortunately received, Mrs Carver, with all the audacity of a woman hardened in guilt, avowed her purpose and her profession—declared, that, whatever ignorance and innocence Anne or her parents might now find it convenient to affect, she 'was confident, they had all the time perfectly understood what she was about, and that she would not be cheated at last by a parcel of swindling hypocrites.' With horrid imprecations she then swore, that if Anne was kept from her she would have vengeance—and that her vengeance should have no bounds. The event showed, that these were not empty threats—the very next day she sent two bailiffs to arrest Anne's father. They met him in the street, as he was going to pay the last farthing he had to the baker. The wretched man in vain endeavoured to move the ear of justice, by relating the simple truth. Mrs Carver was rich—her victim was poor. He was committed to jail; and he entered his prison with the firm belief, that there he must drag out the remainder of his days.

One faint hope remained in his wife's heart—she imagined, that if she could but prevail upon Colonel Pembroke's servants, either to obtain for her a sight of their master, or if they would carry to him a letter containing an exact account of her distress, he would immediately pay the fourteen pounds, which had been so long due. With this money she could obtain her husband's liberty, and she fancied all might yet be well. Her son, who could write a very legible hand, wrote the petition.—'Ah, mother!' said he, 'don't hope that Colonel Pembroke will read it—he will tear it to pieces, as he did one that I carried him before.' 'I can but try,' said she; 'I cannot believe that any gentleman is so cruel, and so unjust—he must and will pay us when he knows the whole truth.' Colonel Pembroke was dressing in a hurry to go to a great dinner at the Crown and Anchor tavern. One of Pembroke's gay companions had called, and was in the

room waiting for him. It was at this inauspicious time, that Mrs. White arrived. Her petition the servant at first absolutely refused to take from her hands; but at last a young lad whom the colonel had lately brought from the country, and who had either more natural feeling; or less acquired power of equivocating than his fellows, consented to carry up the petition, when he should, as he expected, be called by his master to report the state of a favourite horse that was sick. While his master's hair was dressing the lad was summoned; and when the health of the horse had been anxiously inquired into, the lad with country awkwardness scratched his head, and laid the petition before his master, saying—'Sir, there's a poor woman below waiting for an answer; and if so be what she says is true, as I take it to be,' tis enough to break one's heart.' 'Your heart, my lad, is not seasoned to London yet, I perceive,' said Colonel Pembroke, smiling; 'why your heart will be broke a thousand times over by every beggar you meet.' 'No, no: I be too much of a man for that,' replied the groom, wiping his eyes hastily with the back of his hand—'not such a noodle as that comes to neither—beggars are beggars, and so to be treated—but this woman, Sir, is no common beggar—not she; nor is she begging any ways—only to be paid her bill—so I brought it as I was coming up.' 'Then, Sir, as you are going down, you may take it down again, if you please,' cried Colonel Pembroke, 'and in future, Sir, I recommend it to you, to look after your horses, and to trust me to look after my own affairs.' The groom retreated, and his master gave the poor woman's petition, without reading it, to the hair dresser, who was looking for a piece of paper to try the heat of his irons. 'I should be pestered with bills and petitions from morning till night, if I did not frighten these fellows out of the trick of bringing them to me,' continued Colonel Pembroke, turning to his companion. 'That blockhead of a groom is but just come to town; he does not know yet how to drive away a dun—but he'll learn. They say that the American dogs did not know how to bark, till they learnt it from their civilized betters.' Colonel Pembroke habitually drove away reflection, and silenced the whispers of conscience, by noisy declamation, or sallies of wit. At the bottom of the singed paper, which the hair-dresser left on the table, the name of White was sufficiently visible. 'White!' exclaimed Mr Pembroke, 'as I hope to live and breathe, these Whites have

been this half year the torment of my life.' He started up, rang the bell, and gave immediate orders to his servant, that *these Whites* should never more be let in, and that no more of their bills and petitions in any form whatever should be brought to him. 'I'll punish them for their insolence—I won't pay them one farthing this twelvemonth, and if the woman is not gone, pray tell her so—I bid Close the tailor pay them: if he has not, it is no fault of mine. Let me not hear a syllable more about it—I'll part with the first of you who dares to disobey me.' 'The woman is gone, I believe, Sir,' said the footman; 'it was not I let her in, and I refused to bring up the letter.' 'You did right. Let me hear no more about the matter. We shall be late at the Crown and Anchor. I beg your pardon, my dear friend, for detaining you so long.' Whilst the colonel went to his jovial meeting, where he was the life and spirit of the company, the poor woman returned in despair to the prison where her husband was confined. We forbear to describe the horrible situation to which this family were soon reduced. Beyond a certain point the human heart cannot feel compassion. One day, as Anne was returning from the prison, where she had been with her father, she was met by a porter, who put a letter into her hands, then turned down a narrow lane, and was out of sight before she could inquire from whom he came. When she read the letter, however, she could not be in doubt—it came from Mrs Carver, and contained these words:

'You can gain nothing by your present obstinacy—you are the cause of your father's lying in jail, and of your mother's being, as she is, nearly starved to death. You could relieve them from misery worse than death, and place them in ease and comfort for the remainder of their days. Be assured, they do not speak sincerely to you, when they pretend not to wish that your compliance should put an end to their present sufferings. It is you that are cruel to them—it is you that are cruel to yourself, and can blame nobody else. You might live all your days in a house as good as mine, and have a plentiful table served from one year's end to another, with all the dainties of the season, and you might be dressed as elegant as the most elegant lady in London (which by the bye your beauty deserves), and you would have servants of your own, and a carriage of your own, and nothing to do all day long but take your pleasure. And after all, what is asked of you?—only to make a person happy, that half the town would envy you, that would make it a study to gratify you in every wish of your heart. The person alluded to you have seen, and more than once, when you have been talking to me of work in my parlour. He is a very rich and generous gentleman. If you come to Chiswell-street about six this evening you will find all I say true—if not, you and yours must take the consequences.'

Coarse as the eloquence of this letter may appear, Anne

could not read it without emotion : it raised in her heart a violent contest. Virtue, with poverty and famine, were on one side—and vice, with affluence, love, and every worldly pleasure, on the other. Those who have been bred up in the lap of luxury ; whom the breath of heaven has never visited too roughly ; whose minds from their earliest infancy have been guarded even with more care than their persons ; who in the dangerous season of youth are surrounded by all that the solicitude of experienced friends, and all that polished society can devise for their security ; are not perhaps competent to judge of the temptations by which beauty in the lower classes of life may be assailed. They who have never seen a father in prison, or a mother perishing for want of the absolute necessities of life—they who have never themselves known the cravings of famine, cannot form an adequate idea of this poor girl's feelings, and of the temptation to which she was now exposed. She wept—she hesitated—and ‘the woman that deliberates is lost.’ Perhaps those, who are the most truly virtuous of her sex, will be the most disposed to feel for this poor creature, who was literally half-famished before her good resolutions were conquered. At last she yielded to necessity. At the appointed hour she was in Mrs Carver's house. This woman received her with triumph—she supplied Anne immediately with food, and then hastened to deck out her victim in the most attractive manner. The girl was quite passive in her hands. She promised, though scarcely knowing that she uttered the words, to obey the instructions that were given to her, and she suffered herself without struggle, or apparent emotion, to be led to destruction. She appeared quite insensible—but at last she was roused from this state of stupefaction, by the voice of a person with whom she found herself alone. The stranger, who was a young and gay gentleman, pleasing both in his person and manners, attempted by every possible means to render himself agreeable to her, to raise her spirits, and calm her apprehension. By degrees, his manner changed from levity to tenderness. He represented to her, that he was not a brutal wretch, who could be gratified by any triumph in which the affections of the heart have no share, and he assured her, that in any connexion which she might be prevailed upon to form with him, she should be treated with honour and delicacy. Touched by his manner of speaking, and overpowered by the sense of her own situation, Anne could not reply one single word to all he said—but

burst into an agony of tears, and sinking on her knees before him, exclaimed—‘Save me! save me from myself!—Restore me to my parents, before they have reason to hate me.’ The gentleman seemed to be somewhat in doubt, whether this was *acting*, or nature; but he raised Anne from the ground, and placed her upon a seat beside him,—‘Am I to understand, then, that I have been deceived, and that our present meeting is against your own consent?’ ‘No, I cannot say that—O how I wish that I could—I did wrong—very wrong, to come here—but I repent—I was half-starved—I have a father in jail—I thought I could set him free with the money—but I will not pretend to be better than I am—I believe I thought, that, besides relieving my father, I should live all my days without evermore knowing what distress is—and I thought I should be happy—but now I have changed my mind—I never could be happy with a bad conscience—I know—by what I have felt this last hour.’ Her voice failed; and she sobbed for some moments without being able to speak. The gentleman, who now was convinced, that she was quite artless, and thoroughly in earnest, was struck with compassion; but his compassion was not unmixed with other feelings, and he had hopes, that, by treating her with tenderness, he should in time make it her wish to live with him as his mistress. He was anxious to hear what her former way of life had been, and she related, at his request, the circumstances by which she and her parents had been reduced to such distress. His countenance presently showed how much he was interested in her story—he grew red and pale—he started from his seat, and walked up and down the room in great agitation, till at last, when she mentioned the name of Colonel Pembroke, he stopped short, and exclaimed—‘I am the man—I am Colonel Pembroke—I am that unjust, unfeeling wretch!—How often, in the bitterness of your hearts, you must have cursed me!’—‘O no—my father, when he was at the worst, never cursed you; and I am sure he will have reason to bless you now, if you send his daughter back again to him, such as she was when she left him.’ ‘That shall be done,’ said Colonel Pembroke; ‘and in doing so, I make some sacrifice, and have some merit. It is time I should make some reparation for the evils I have occasioned,’ continued he, taking a handful of guineas from his pocket: ‘but first let me pay my just debts.’ ‘My poor father!’ exclaimed Anne—‘Tomorrow he will be out of prison.’ ‘I will go with you to

the prison, where your father is confined—I will force myself to behold all the evils I have occasioned.’ Colonel Pembroke went to the prison ; and he was so much struck by the scene, that he not only relieved the misery of this family, but in two months afterwards his debts were paid, his race horses sold, and all his expenses regulated, so as to render him ever afterwards truly independent. He no longer spent his days, like many young men of fashion, either in dreading or in damning duns.

LE SAGE.*

THE ARCHBISHOP.

IN the very zenith of my favour, we had a hot alarm in the episcopal palace: the archbishop was seized with a fit of the apoplexy; he was, however, succoured immediately, and such salutary medicines administered, that in a few days his health was re-established: but his understanding had received a rude shock, which I plainly perceived in the very next discourse which he composed. I did not, however, find the difference between this and the rest so sensible, as to make me conclude that the orator began to flag; and waited for another homily to fix my resolution. This indeed was quite decisive; sometimes the good old prelate repeated the same thing over and over; sometimes rose too high, or sunk too low: it was a vague discourse, the rhetoric of an old professor, a mere capucinade.

I was not the only person who took notice of this: the greatest part of the audience, when he pronounced it, as if

* ALAIN RENE LE SAGE was born, according to one of his biographers, at Ruys, in Brittany, in 1677, or, according to another, at Vannes, in 1668. He came to Paris at the age of twenty-five with a view to study philosophy, and afterwards travelled through Spain, and applied himself to the Spanish language, customs, and writers, from whom he adopted plots and fables, and transfused them into his native tongue with great facility and success. For the foundation of his 'Devil on Two Sticks' he was indebted to a work by Lewis Velez, entitled, *El Diabolo Cojuelo*, printed at Madrid in 1641. His 'Gil Blas' is the work on which his fame principally rests, and is one of the most popular novels in Europe. It has been received in all nations as a faithful portrait of life and manners.—Le Sage died in 1747; leaving behind him a character truly amiable and strictly moral.

they had been also hired to examine it, said softly to one another, 'This sermon smells strong of the apoplexy.' Come, master homily-critic, (said I then to myself,) prepare to do your office: you see that his grace begins to fail: it is your duty to give him notice of it, not only as the depository of his thoughts, but likewise, lest some one of his friends should be free enough with him to prevent you: in that case you know what would happen: your name would be erased from his last will, in which there is, doubtless, a better legacy provided for you, than the library of the licentiate Sedillo.

After these reflections, I made others of a quite contrary nature. To give the notice in question, seemed a delicate point: I imagined that it might be ill received by an author like him, conceited of his own works; but rejecting this suggestion, I represented to myself that he could not possibly take it amiss, after having exacted it of me in so pressing a manner. Add to this, that I depended upon my being able to mention it with address, and make him swallow the pill without reluctance. In a word, finding that I ran a greater risk in keeping silence than in breaking it, I determined to speak.

The only thing that embarrassed me now, was how to break the ice. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that difficulty, by asking what people said of him, and if they were satisfied with his last discourse. I answered that his homilies were always admired, but, in my opinion, the last had not succeeded so well as the rest, in affecting the audience. 'How, friend!' replied he, with astonishment, 'has it met with any Aristarchus?*'—'No, Sir,' said I, 'by no means: such works as yours are not to be criticised; every body is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you, that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Are not you of the same opinion?'

My master grew pale at these words; and said with a forced smile, 'So then, Mr Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?'—'I don't say so, Sir,' cried I, quite disconcerted: 'I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works.'—'I understand you,' he replied, 'you think I flag,

* Aristarchus, a great critic in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

don't you? Come, be plain: you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.'—'I should not have been so bold,' said I, 'as to speak so freely, if your grace had not commanded me: I do no more, therefore, than obey you: and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.'—'God forbid,' cried he, with precipitation, 'God forbid that I should find fault with it. In so doing, I should be very unjust. I don't at all take it ill that you speak your sentiment; it is your sentiment only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding.'

Though I was disconcerted, I endeavoured to find some mitigation, in order to set things to rights again; but how is it possible to appease an incensed author, one especially who has been accustomed to hear himself praised? 'Say no more, my child,' said he: 'you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Know, that I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove; for my genius, (thank Heaven,) hath, as yet, lost nothing of its vigour. Henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant, and keep one of greater ability than you. Go,' added he, pushing me by the shoulders out of his closet, 'go tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr Gil Blas, I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste.'

GOETHE.

THOSE who found their opinion of the German language on the saying attributed to Charles V., that it was fit to be used only to horses, may well have some difficulty in conceiving how an author, employing this barbarous tongue, could ever have acquired such an enviable designation as that of the Intellectual King of Europe. Nor will their scepticism be lessened, should they proceed to consult the only one of his writings which has acquired any extensive circulation in an English garb ; for, as disguised amongst us, *Werther* is, indeed, a performance unworthy of its distinguished origin. But he who is aware that GÖTTE, while he stands in the first rank among poets, and is without rival as a critic on the fine arts, is also a bold and original speculator in science, may more readily agree with his countrymen in viewing him as worthy to be classed with Homer among the ancients, and with Shakspeare, with Dante, and the other master-spirits of modern times.

Johann Wolfgang von Göthe—the most gifted of that illustrious brotherhood whose efforts, since the middle of last century, have removed from their native land the stigma of being without a national literature—was born, on the 28th August, 1749, at Frankfurth on the Maine. His father, a wealthy citizen, soon discerned those talents which have since ennobled his name ; and, being himself well grounded in the learned languages and the Civil Law, as well as a dilettanti in the fine arts, encouraged his son in those diversified pursuits which stamp the universality of his genius. Thus, although Law was fixed on as his profession, poetry and the sciences, drawing and horsemanship

ship, natural history and the drama, theology and music, English and Hebrew, were cultivated, each in its turn, long before he had entered on the studies of a regular academic life. Leipsick, Strasburg, and Wetzlar successively became the scene of that desultory mode of study to which he had been accustomed from early youth. At the time he took his degree, (1768,) he had acquired some share of reputation in the circle of his friends at Strasburg, 'Faust' being far advanced, and 'Götz of Berlichingen' fully planned. This last, a dramatic picture of German manners in feudal times, was published soon after, unmercifully criticised by Herdar, and as generously defended by Wieland and Bürger. Its flattering success, however, was trifling when compared with that which attended his next publication; for every body knows that the 'Sorrows of Werther'—to which its author still owes his reputation out of his own country, though he himself now smiles at this performance of his youth—literally 'turned the heads of all Germany.' The Duke of Saxe Weimar patronized the poet who was afterwards the companion of his travels in Italy; and, on their return, Göthe became attached, by office, to the prince, whose little capital so well maintains its claim to be termed the German Athens. At Weimar, accordingly, he has since continued to reside, incessantly adding, even in his present advanced age, to that splendid reputation which has long made his country regard him as the first of living minds, and procured for him, in other nations,* that fame which will be echoed back by posterity.

* 'One of the few clouds which have passed over the sky of Göthe's literary life, was an article in the Edinburgh Review, some years ago, on his memoirs of himself. It vexed him exceedingly; but the most vexatious thing of all was, that one of his enemies at Jena immediately translated it into German, and circulated it with malicious industry.' *RUSSELL'S Tour in Germany.*—The translator would seem to have been doubtful of the reviewer's honesty, if we may judge from the pithy comment prefixed to his pamphlet, '*Das heisst in England recensiren*, 'This, in England, is called reviewing.'

When told that Shakspeare, Byron, and Scott, are worshipped by the Germans with an enthusiasm scarcely inferior to that with which they are regarded amongst ourselves, England may well blush for her indifference to the literature of a people whose taste would appear to be so congenial. It might have been expected, that the selection of such a model, if it did not necessarily secure our esteem, would, at least, have prompted us to form an early acquaintance with imitations so flattering to our self-love; and how far this has been the case, few can require assistance to estimate. A different spirit, however, is beginning to be awakened, through the elegant, though, we fear, not very popular, translations of Sotheby, Taylor, Beresford, Gillies, Carey, Soane, and Gower,—not forgetting some of the earlier performances of Sir Walter Scott. But as most of these have confined their labours to the poets of Germany, we ought to feel the more grateful to the able translator of Göthe's *Meister*;* still read, in the original, with an enthusiasm fully equal to that which hailed its appearance in 1795, its songs and poems having long since become familiar to every German ear. It abounds with passing criticisms on every department of life and of literature, of art and of science, so acutely conceived and eloquently expressed, that, but for defects about to be noticed, it could not so long have been overlooked in other countries. It is not with its span-long sentences that we are, like some others, disposed to cavil: even a treatise in *omni scibili et de quolibet ente* composed in words 'three pages long' we should sooner encounter than that shameless pruriency of description star-

* *Wilhelm Meister*, a novel, from the German of Göthe, 3 vols. post 8vo. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd, 1824. It gives us much pleasure to learn that the accomplished translator is engaged in compiling a series of tales, romances, &c., from the most celebrated German authors. Would it not be for the interest of all concerned were the publishers to place a less exorbitant price on any future translation?

ing us in every chapter. The translator, indeed, has omitted somewhat of its grossest offences against delicacy and good taste, but enough still remains to show that the licentiousness of incident which pollutes the whole, must ever exclude it from extensive popularity with an English public. The specimen which follows is, of course, free from all objection in this respect: besides affording a glimpse of the impassioned Mignon, whose character, unequalled, perhaps, within the whole range of fiction, has evidently suggested that of Fenella in Peveril of the Peak, it contains some beautiful lyrics, which, even in the translator's hands, will not suffer by comparison with those given by a more experienced 'Minstrel,' in his splendid and spirit-stirring 'Talisman.' According to Madame de Stael, 'every body in Germany knows by heart the charming lines,' commencing

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?
Where the gold-orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom?
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?

which most readers will recognise as having been imitated by Lord Byron, in his well known introduction to the *Bride of Abydos*—

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

It were unnecessary to remind the reader that such a piece as the following is any thing but a specimen of the genuine style of fiction so popular in Germany; for *diablerie* is there employed to an extent surpassing even the liberal use made of Fairyism in the machinery of Eastern romance. Nor can this surprise us when we consider that—in addition to the legends of Number Nip from the mountains of Silesia, and of demons that have haunted the Brocken, or

listened to the mandates of Rübezahl amid the clefts of the Sohneekoppe—every peasant has store of traditions regarding the gnomes and kobolds of Saxony and Bohemia, as well as of the watchful

‘Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,’

guarding the concealed treasures on their loved Lilienstein ; while Moravia, Thuringia, and Austria has each its characteristic traditions. The mass of legendary lore, connected with the pestilent witches of the Hartz mountains,—not a peak of which ‘rears its head’ unrecorded,—would, of itself, entitle the Germans to the enviable preeminence of being the ‘authenticated historians of Satan in all his varieties of name and attribute.’ Faithfully have they fulfilled the duties of their high office : for, that it has been no sinecure would appear from a bare enumeration of the authors who have employed their pens in discharging its functions. The graceful irony of Musäus—the wild imaginings of La Motte Fouqué—the chivalrous narrations of Veit Weber—the romantic legends collected by Ottmar and Büsching—the playful inventions of Naubert—the ghost stories of Laun—the nursery tales of Grimm—the traditions drawn by Lothar from the peasantry—the fanciful narratives of Lebrecht and Tieck—and the incredible romances of Backzo—these have all been employed in recording the deeds of the evil one ; and the list might easily be extended, but dreading the reader’s *ohé, jam satis*, we once more direct his attention to the only unexceptionable passage, of moderate length, which could be selected from Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship*.

THE HARPER AND MIGNON.

THE landlord entered to announce a player on the harp. ‘You will certainly,’ he said, ‘find pleasure in the music and

the songs of this man : no one who hears him can forbear to admire him, and bestow something on him.' 'Let him go about his business,' said Melina ; 'I am any thing but in a trim for hearing fiddlers, and we have singers constantly among ourselves disposed to gain a little by their talent.' He accompanied these words with a sarcastic side-look at Philina : she understood his meaning ; and immediately prepared to punish him, by taking up the cause of the harper. Turning towards Wilhelm : 'Shall we not hear the man ?' said she ; 'shall we do nothing to save ourselves from this miserable ennui ?' Melina was going to reply, and the strife would have grown keener, had not the person it related to at that moment entered. Wilhelm saluted him, and beckoned him to come near. The figure of this singular guest set the whole party in astonishment ; he had found a chair before any one took heart to ask him a question, or make any observation. His bald crown was encircled by a few grey hairs ; and a pair of large blue eyes looked out softly from beneath his long white eyebrows. To a nose of beautiful proportions, was subjoined a flowing hoary beard, which did not hide the fine shape and position of his lips ; and a long dark-brown garment wrapped his thin body from the neck to the feet. He began to prelude on the harp, which he had placed before him. The sweet tones which he drew from his instrument very soon inspirited the company. 'You can sing too, my good old man,' said Philina. 'Give us something that shall entertain the spirit and the heart, as well as the senses,' said Wilhelm. 'The instrument should but accompany the voice ; for tunes and melodies without words and meaning, seem to me like butterflies, or finely-variegated birds, which hover round us in the air, which we could wish to catch and make our own ; whereas song is like a blessed genius that exalts us towards heaven, and allures the better self in us to attend him.'

The old man looked at Wilhelm ; then aloft ; then gave some trills upon his harp, and began his song. It contained a eulogy on minstrelsy ; described the happiness of minstrels, and reminded men to honour them. He produced his song with so much life and truth, that it seemed as if he had composed it at the moment, for this special occasion. Wilhelm could scarcely refrain from clasping him in his arms ; but the fear of awakening a peal of laughter detained him in his chair ; for the rest were already in half-whispers, making sundry very shallow observations, and debating if the harper

was a Papist or a Jew. On asking about the author of the song, the man gave no distinct reply; declaring only that he was rich in songs, and anxious that they should please. Most of the party were now merry and joyful; even Melina was grown frank in his way; and whilst they talked and joked together, the old man began to sing the praise of social life in the most sprightly style. He described the loveliness of unity and courtesy, in soft, soothing tones. Suddenly his music became cold, harsh, and jarring, as he turned to deplore repulsive selfishness, short-sighted enmity, and baleful division; and every heart willingly threw off those galling fetters, while, borne on the wings of a piercing melody, he launched forth in praise of peace-makers, and sang the happiness of souls that having parted meet again in love.

Scarcely had he ended, when Wilhelm cried to him: 'Whoever thou art, that as a helping spirit comest to us, with a voice which blesses and revives, accept my reverence and my thanks! Feel that we all admire thee, and confide in us if thou wantest any thing.' The old man spoke not; he threw his fingers softly across the strings; then struck more sharply, and sang:

'What notes are those without the wall,
Across the portal sounding?
Let's have the music in our hall,
Back from its roof rebounding.'
So spoke the king, the henchman flies;
His answer heard, the monarch cries:
'Bring in that ancient minstrel.'

'Hail, gracious king, each noble knight!
Each lovely dame, I greet you!
What glittering stars salute my sight!
What heart unmoved may meet you!
Such lordly pomp is not for me,
Far other scenes my eyes must see:
Yet deign to list my harping.'

The singer turns him to his art,
A thrilling strain he raises;
Each warrior hears with glowing heart;
And on his loved one gazes.
The king, who liked his playing well,
Commands, for such a kindly spell,
A golden chain be given him.

'The golden chain give not to me;
Thy boldest knight may wear it,
Who, cross the battle's purple sea,
On lion-breast may bear it:
Or let it be thy chancellor's prize,
Amid his heaps to feast his eyes,
Its yellow glance will please him:

‘I sing but as the linnet sings,
That on the green bough dwelleth ;
A rich reward his music brings,
As from his throat it swelleth ;
Yet might I ask, I’d ask of thine
One sparkling draught of purest wine,
To drink it here before you.’

He view’d the wine, he quaff’d it up :
‘O draught of sweetest savour !
O! happy house, where such a cup
Is thought a little favour !
If well you fare, remember me,
And thank kind Heaven, from envy free,
As now for this I thank you.’

When the harper, on finishing his song, took up a glass of wine that stood poured out for him, and, turning with a friendly mien to his entertainers, drank it off, a buzz of joyful approbation rose from all the party. They clapped hands, and wished him health from that glass, and strength to his aged limbs. He sang a few other ballads, exciting more and more hilarity among the company. ‘Old man,’ said Philina, ‘dost thou know the tune, *The shepherd deck’d him for the dance*?’ * ‘O yes!’ said he; ‘if you will sing the words, I shall not fail for my part of it.’ Philina then stood up and held herself in readiness. The old man commenced the tune; and she sang a song which we cannot impart to our readers, because they might think it insipid, or perhaps undignified.

Meanwhile the company were growing merrier and merrier; they had already emptied several flasks of wine, and were now beginning to get very loud. But our friend having fresh in his remembrance the bad consequences of their late exhilaration, determined to break up the sitting; he slipped into the old man’s hand a liberal remuneration for his trouble; the rest did something likewise; they gave him leave to go and take repose, promising themselves another entertainment from his skill in the evening. When he had retired, our friend said to Philina: ‘In this favourite song of yours I certainly can find no merit, either moral or poetical; yet if you were to bring forward any proper composition on the stage, with the same arch simplicity, the same propriety and gracefulness, I should engage that strong and universal approbation would be the result.’ ‘Yes,’ said Philina, ‘it would be a charming thing indeed to warm one’s

* A song of Göthe’s.

self at ice.' 'After all,' said Wilhelm, 'this old man might put many a player to the blush. Did you notice how correctly the dramatic part of his ballads was expressed? I maintain there was more living true representation in his singing, than in many of our starched characters upon the stage. You would take the acting of many plays for a narrative, and you might ascribe to these musical narratives a sensible presence.' 'You are hardly just!' replied Laertes. 'I pretend to no great skill either as a player or a singer; yet I know well enough, that, when music guides the movements of the body, at once affording to them animation and a scale to measure it; when declaration and expression are furnished me by the composer, I feel quite a different man from what I do, when in prose-dramas I have all this to create for myself; have both gesture and declamation to invent, and am perhaps disturbed in it too by the awkwardness of some partner in the dialogue.' 'Thus much I know,' said Melina, 'the man certainly may put us to the blush in one point, and that a main one. The strength of his talent is shown by the profit he derives from it. Even us, who perhaps ere long shall be embarrassed where to get a meal, he persuades to share our pittance with him. He has skill enough to wile the money from our pockets with an old song; the money that we should have used to find ourselves employment. So pleasant an affair is it to squander the means which might procure subsistence to one's self and others.'

This remark gave the conversation not the most delightful turn. Wilhelm, for whom the reproach was peculiarly intended, replied with some heat; and Melina, at no time over studious of delicacy and politeness, explained his grievances at last in words more plain than courteous. In the restless vexation of his present humour, it came into his head to go and see the old Harper, hoping by his music to scare away the evil spirits that tormented him. On asking for the man he was directed to a mean public-house in a remote corner of the little town; and, having mounted up stairs there to the very garret, his ear caught the fine twanging of the harp coming from a little room before him. They were heart-moving, mournful tones, accompanied by a sad and dreary singing. Wilhelm glided to the door; and, as the good old man was performing a sort of voluntary, the few stanzas of which, sometimes chanted, sometimes in

recitative, were repeated more than once, our friend succeeded, after listening for a while, in gathering nearly this :

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours,
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
To guilt ye let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us :
A moment's guilt, an age of woe !

The heart-sick plaintive sound of this lament pierced deep into the soul of the hearer. It seemed to him as if the old man was often stopped from proceeding by his tears ; his harp would alone be heard for a time, till his voice again joined it in low broken tones. Wilhelm stood by the door ; he was much moved ; the mourning of this stranger had again opened the avenues of his heart ; he could not resist the claim of sympathy, or restrain the tears which this wo-begone complaint at last called forth. All the pains that pressed upon his soul seemed now at once to loosen from their hold ; he abandoned himself without reserve to the feelings of the moment. Pushing up the door he stood before the Harper. The old man was sitting on a mean bed, the only seat, or article of furniture, which his miserable room afforded. ' What feelings hast thou not awakened in me, good old man ! ' exclaimed he. ' All that was lying frozen at my heart thou hast melted and put in motion. Let me not disturb thee, but continue, in solacing thy own sorrows, to confer happiness upon a friend.' The Harper was about to rise and say something ; but Wilhelm hindered him, for he had noticed in the morning that the old man did not like to speak. He sat down by him upon the straw bed. The old man wiped his eyes, and asked, with a friendly smile, ' How came you hither ? I meant to wait upon you in the evening again.' ' We are more quiet here,' said Wilhelm. ' Sing to me what thou pleasest, what accords with thy own mood of mind, only proceed as if I were not by. It seems to me, that to-day thou canst not fail to suit me. I think thee very happy that in solitude thou canst employ and entertain thyself so pleasantly ; that, being every where a stranger, thou findest in thy own heart the most agreeable society.' The old man looked upon his strings, and, after touching them softly by way of prelude, he commenced and sang :

Who longs in solitude to live,
 Ah! soon his wish will gain;
 Men hope and love, men get and give,
 And leave him to his pain.

Yes, leave me to my moan!
 When from my bed
 You all are fled,
 I still am not alone.

The lover glides with a footstep light:
 'If his love is waiting there?'
 So glides to meet me, day and night,
 In solitude my care,
 In solitude my we:
 True solitude I then shall know
 When lying in my grave,
 When lying in my grave,
 And grief has let me go.

We might describe with great prolixity, and yet fail to express the charms of the singular conversation, which Wilhelm carried on with this wayfaring stranger. To every observation which our friend addressed to him, the old man, with the nicest accordance, answered in some melody which awakened all the cognate emotions, and opened a wide field to the imagination.

Whoever has happened to assist at a meeting of certain devout people, who conceive that, in a state of separation from the church, they can edify each other in a purer, more affecting, and more spiritual manner, may form to himself some conception of the present scene. He will recollect how the leader of the meeting would append to his words some verse of a song, that raised the soul, till as he wished she took wing; how another of the flock would ere long subjoin in a different tune some verse of a different song; and to this again a third would link some verse of a third song; by which means the kindred ideas of the songs to which the verses belonged were indeed suggested, yet each passage by its new combination became new and individualized, as if it had been first composed that moment; and thus, from a well-known circle of ideas, from well-known songs and sayings, there was formed, for that particular society in that particular time, an original whole, by means of which their minds were animated, strengthened, and refreshed. So likewise did the old man edify his guest: by known and unknown songs and passages, he brought feelings near and distant, emotions sleeping and awake, pleasant and painful, into a circulation, from which,

in Wilhelm's actual state, the best effects might be anticipated.

In considering his situation and labouring to extricate himself, he fell into the greatest perplexity. It was not enough, that, by his friendship for Laertes, his attachment to Philina, his concern for Mignon, he had been detained longer than was proper in a place and a society where he could cherish his darling inclination, content his wishes as it were by stealth, and without proposing any object, again pursue his early dreams. These ties he believed himself possessed of force enough to break asunder: had there been nothing more to hold him, he could have gone at once. But, only a few moments ago, he had entered into money transactions with Melina; he had seen that mysterious old man, the enigma of whose history he longed with unspeakable desire to clear. Yet of this too, after much balancing of reasons, he at length determined, or thought he had determined, that it should not keep him back. 'I must go,' he exclaimed; 'I will go.' He threw himself into a chair, and felt greatly moved. Mignon came in and asked, Whether she might help to undress him? Her manner was still and shy; it had grieved her deeply to be so abruptly dismissed by him before. Nothing is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence, of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last comes forth in the hour of need, and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account. The bud, which had been closed so long and firmly, was now ripe to burst its swathings, and Wilhelm's heart could never have been readier to welcome the impressions of affection. She stood before him, and noticed his disquietude. 'Master!' she cried, 'if thou art unhappy, what will become of Mignon?' 'Dear little creature,' said he, taking her hands, 'thou too art part of my anxieties. I must go.' She looked at his eyes, glistening with restrained tears; and knelt down with vehemence before him. He kept her hands, she laid her head upon his knees, and remained quite still. He played with her hair, patted her, and spoke kindly to her. She continued motionless for a considerable time. At last he felt a sort of palpitating movement in her, which began very softly, and then by degrees with increasing violence diffused itself over all her frame. 'What ails thee, Mig-

non? cried he; 'what ails thee?' She raised up her little head, looked at him, and all at once laid her hand upon her heart, with the countenance of one repressing the utterance of pain. He raised her up, and she fell upon his breast; he pressed her towards him and kissed her. She replied not by any pressure of the hand, by any motion whatever. She held firmly against her heart; and all at once gave a cry, which was accompanied by spasmodic movements of the body. She started up and immediately fell down before him, as if broken in every joint. It was an excruciating moment! 'My child!' cried he, raising her up, and clasping her fast; 'My child, what ails thee?' The palpitations continued, spreading from the heart over all the lax and powerless limbs; she was merely hanging in his arms. All at once she again became quite stiff, like one enduring the sharpest corporeal agony; and soon with a new vehemence all her frame once more became alive; and she threw herself about his neck, like a bent spring that is closing; while in her soul, as it were, a strong rent took place, and at the same moment a stream of tears flowed from her shut eyes into his bosom. He held her fast. She wept, and no tongue can express the force of these tears. Her long hair had loosened, and was hanging down before her; it seemed as if her whole being was melting incessantly into a brook of tears. Her rigid limbs were again become relaxed; her inmost soul was pouring itself forth; in the wild confusion of the moment, Wilhelm was afraid she would dissolve in his arms, and leave nothing there for him to grasp. He held her faster and faster. 'My child!' cried he, 'my child! Thou art indeed mine, if that word can comfort thee. Thou art mine! I will keep thee, I will never forsake thee!' Her tears continued flowing. At last she raised herself; a faint gladness shone upon her face. 'My father!' cried she, 'Thou wilt not forsake me? Wilt be my father? I am thy child!' Softly, at this moment, the harp began to sound before the door; the old man brought his most affecting songs as an evening offering to our friend, who, holding his child ever faster in his arms, enjoyed the most pure and undescribable felicity.

Next morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her; but was informed that she had gone out early with Melina, who had risen betimes to receive the wardrobe and other apparatus of his theatre. After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of

music before his door. At first he thought it was the Harper come again to visit him ; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cittern, and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door, the child came in, and sang him the song which follows :

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?
Where the gold-orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom :
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose ?
Know'st thou it ?

Thither ! O thither,
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the house with its turreted walls,
Where the chambers are glancing and vast are the halls ?
Where the figures of marble look on me so mild,
As if thinking : ' Why thus did they use thee, poor child ?'
Know'st thou it ?

Thither ! O thither,
My guide and my guardian, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the mountain, its cloud-covered arch,
Where the mules among mist o'er the wild torrent march ?
In the clefts of it, dragons lie coil'd with their brood ;
The rent crag rushes down, and above it the flood.
Know'st thou it ?

Thither ! O thither,
Our way leadeth : father ! O come let us go ! *

The music and general expression of it pleased our friend extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He made her once more repeat the stanzas and explain them ; he wrote them down, and translated them into his native language. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar ; its childlike innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity, and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was entirely incomparable. She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention towards something wonderful, as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line her tones became fainter and graver ; the *Know'st thou it ?* was uttered with a show of mystery and

* ' Göthe is an idolater of Byron, though he holds that his Lordship has stolen various good things from him.' (RUSSEL'S *Tour*.) These celebrated lines, compared with the introduction to the *Bride of Abydos*, give an instance in point, and *Manfred* is throughout an imitation of Göthe's *Faust*.

eager circumspectness ; her *Thither ! O thither !* exhibited a boundless longing ; and *Come let us go !* she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade. On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him : ‘ *Know’st thou the land ?* ’ ‘ It must mean Italy,’ said Wilhelm : ‘ where didst thou get the little song ? ’ ‘ Italy ! ’ said Mignon with an earnest air : ‘ If thou go to Italy, take me along with thee ; for I am too cold here.’ ‘ Hast thou been there already, little dear ? ’ said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her. Melina entered now ; he looked at the cittern ; was glad that she had rigged it up again so prettily. The instrument had been among Melina’s stage-gear ; Mignon had begged it of him in the morning ; and then gone to the old Harper. On this occasion, she had shown a talent she was not before suspected of possessing.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING—best known, at present, as author of the ‘Sketch Book,’ but likely to be respected with posterity as author of ‘Knickerbocker’s New York,’—was born, about 1784, in the city whose early history furnished the materials of his ablest performance. Soon after commencing his literary career by contributing theatrical criticisms to a newspaper, he recommended himself to public favour, as conductor of the well known ‘Salmagundi,’ a series of sketches humorous and satirical, after the manner of our Citizen of the World, in which he was assisted by Verplank, little known as an author, and by Paulding, author of the ‘Backwoodsman,’ &c. Disgusted with the study of law, to which he had begun to direct his attention, he entered into mercantile life, without abandoning his pursuits as an author. ‘Knickerbocker,’ his next performance, soon acquired extensive popularity, and was succeeded by several papers, in an American Magazine, on the Naval Biography of his country. Shortly after the appearance of a criticism on the poetry of Mr Campbell, introductory to an American edition of that gentleman’s works, he became unsuccessful in business, embarked for England, and published his ‘Sketch Book,’ which procured him an instant popularity, detrimental, as is usual, to the merit of his later publications, ‘Bracebridge Hall,’ and ‘Tales of a Traveller.’

We could expatiate with delight on the originality, the ingenious allusion, the happy language, the unrivalled humour, the felicitous drollery of our beloved *Knickerbocker*, from which we have extracted the following amusing, though distorted, portrait of General Wilkinson, under the

name of 'Von Poffenburgh;' we could dwell on the pathos, the wit, the unpretending poetry of the *Sketch Book*: we might say of his descriptions that—though they possess not what has been happily expressed of those of the first of novelists, that 'sternness, in the midst of their beauty and graphical exactness, which animates with the spirit of the eagle, the scenery of the eagle's dwelling-place,'* yet—their gentle beauty and harmonious construction produce an effect allied to that of 'sounds and sweet airs;' and we could assign abundance of reasons for saying of his '*Traveller's Tales*' that, after all the allowances that can be made, their perusal must provoke a feeling resembling that which prompted Marivaux, in one of Fielding's comedies, to say, 'I've sometimes seen treatises where the author put all his wit in the title-page,' for to us it appears that the inventive Geoffrey Crayon might have concocted these volumes without travelling far from the land of his birth: but it were idle to occupy the reader's time with remarks on writings so extensively known. Had the majority of them been less peculiarly *English* in all their bearings, we might have been justified in saying a few words on the general merits of the *American novelists*. It were doing injustice, however, to the question, as to the characteristics of this rising school, to judge from a work having so decided a resemblance to the manner of Goldsmith as that which runs through *Salmagundi*;† and, with the exception of a slight

* We quote from the *London Magazine* for January 1820, where the reader will find an article on the 'Author of the Scotch Novels,' which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the ablest criticisms ever given on this writer. It is from the pen of the late Mr. John Scott, and so honourable to his head and heart, that we can fully conceive how soothing it must have been for its author to reflect, (as, Mr. Hazlitt tells us, was actually the case,) when stretched on an untimely death-bed, that he had assisted in establishing the fame of one who has done so much for Scotland.

† Vide *Blackwood's Magazine* for January 1825. The article referred to concludes a valuable series of papers on the literature of America—being,

portion of their contents, those of his writings published in this country, cannot be regarded as Transatlantic either in matter or in manner. *Knickerbocker's History of New York* deals, indeed, with American manners and American history, but, to the credit of its author, is so completely a performance *sui generis*, that no production either of the American or any other press, of past or of present times, can, for a moment, be put in competition with it.

Though thus unwilling to make his name an excuse for entering into sweeping generalities regarding the literature of his country, we may be pardoned for touching on one general topic in bearing our humble testimony to the powerful aid given by Irving's works towards removing that unseemly, that unnatural, depressing, ungenerous rivalry which had too long subsisted between England and America. Well may he congratulate himself on the good he has accomplished in this respect. Before he came to visit 'the land of his fathers,' America was seldom mentioned but as the object of the slanderer's dignified contempt, or as the cause of ribald jesting from the misinformed scribbler. How has public sentiment changed within the short period that has since elapsed! If the voice of detraction is now ever heard, it proceeds from those who conceive themselves to be interested in decrying every thing connected with America, from some vague apprehension lest the contagious example there exhibiting may affect the tottering security of institutions, immaculate because originating with—the infallible wisdom of the dark ages! Let Austria with her censorship,—let Ferdinand supported by the bayonets of Frenchmen,—and let Charles, in worse than personal bondage, blinded by all the trickery of priestcraft—let the despots of the continent tremble when their outraged sub-

in truth, a *catalogue raisonnée* of American books, as well as an index to the literary lives of their authors.

jects speak respectfully of America: it is not for England to fear for the stability of a government so firmly established in the hearts of her thousands. But if jealousy must still subsist between her and America, let it partake of that generous emulation which may incite the philosophers of these widely separated regions to strive who of them shall most usefully extend the boundaries of science,—which may inspire the poet with strains imperishable as their mutual tongue,—and unite all classes in contending which nation shall be first to free the negro from his chains, to spread among the heathen the doctrines of Christianity, and to assist other lands in obtaining that freedom which renders England the envy of the world, and stamps America as ‘a nation worthy of its origin; giving, in the healthy vigour of its growth, the best comments on its parent stock; and reflecting, in the dawning brightness of its fame, the moral effulgence of British glory.’*

VON POFFENBURGH.

HITHERTO, most venerable and courteous reader, have I shown thee the administration of the valorous Stuyvesant, under the mild moonshine of peace, or rather the grim tranquillity of awful expectation; but now the war drum rumbles from afar, the brazen trumpet brays its thrilling note, and the rude clash of hostile arms speaks fearful prophecies of coming troubles. The gallant warrior starts from soft repose, from golden visions, and voluptuous ease; where, in the dulcet, ‘piping time of peace,’ he sought sweet solace after all his toils. No more in beauty’s syren lap reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lady’s brows; no more entwines with flowers his shining sword; nor through the live-long lazy summer’s day chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals. To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute; doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace, and clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel. O’er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved—where wanton

• Conclusion of Bracebridge Hall.

roses breathed enervate love—he rears the beaming casque and nodding plume; grasps the bright shield, and shakes the ponderous lance; or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed, and burns for deeds of glorious chivalry!

But soft, worthy reader! I would not have you imagine, that any *preux chevalier*, thus hideously begirt with iron, existed in the city of New-Amsterdam. This is but a lofty and gigantic mode in which heroic writers always talk of war, thereby to give it a noble and imposing aspect; equipping our warriors with bucklers, helms, and lances, and such like outlandish and obsolete weapons, the like which perchance they had never seen or heard of; in the same manner that a cunning statuary arrays a modern general, or an admiral, in the accoutrements of a Cæsar or an Alexander. The simple truth then of all this oratorical flourish is this—that the valiant Peter Stuyvesant, all of a sudden, found it necessary to scour his trusty blade, which too long had rusted in its scabbard, and prepare himself to undergo those hardy toils of war, in which his mighty soul so much delighted.

Methinks I at this moment behold him in my imagination—or rather, I behold his goodly portrait, which still hangs up in the family mansion of the Stuyvesants, arrayed in all the terrors of a true Dutch general. His regimental coat of German blue, gorgeously decorated with a goodly show of large brass buttons, reaching from his waistband to his chin. The voluminous skirts turned up at the corners, and separating gallantly behind, so as to display the seat of a sumptuous pair of brimstone-coloured trunk breeches—a graceful style still prevalent among the warriors of our day, and which is in conformity to the custom of ancient heroes, who scorned to defend themselves in rear. His face rendered exceeding terrible and warlike by a pair of black mustachios; his hair strutting out on each side in stiffly pomatumed ear-locks, and descending in a rat-tail queue below his waist; a shining stock of black leather supporting his chin, and a little, but fierce cocked-hat, stuck with a gallant and fiery air over his left eye. Such was the chivalric port of Peter the Headstrong; and when he made a sudden halt, planted himself firmly on his solid supporter, with his wooden leg inlaid with silver, a little in advance, in order to strengthen his position, his right hand grasping a gold-headed cane, his left resting upon the pommel of his sword; his head dressing spiritedly to the right, with a most appalling and hard-favoured frown upon his brow—he presented altogether one of

the most commanding bitter-looking, and soldier-like figures that ever strutted upon canvas. Proceed we now to inquire the cause of this warlike preparation.

The encroaching disposition of the Swedes, on the south, or Delaware river, has been duly recorded in the chronicles of the reign of William the Testy. These encroachments having been endured with that heroic magnanimity, which is the corner-stone, or, according to Aristotle, the left hand neighbour of true courage, had been repeated and wickedly aggravated. The Swedes, who were of that class of cunning pretenders to Christianity, who read the Bible upside down, whenever it interferes with their interests, inverted the golden maxim; and when their neighbour suffered them to smite him on the one cheek, they generally smote him on the other also, whether turned to them or not. Their repeated aggressions had been among the numerous sources of vexation, that conspired to keep the irritable sensibilities of Wilhelmus Kieft in a constant fever; and it was only owing to the unfortunate circumstance, that he had always a hundred things to do at once, that he did not take such unrelenting vengeance as their offences merited. But they had now a chieftain of a different character to deal with; and they were soon guilty of a piece of treachery, that threw his honest blood in a ferment, and precluded all further sufferance.

Printz, the governor of the province of New-Sweden, being either deceased or removed, for of this fact some uncertainty exists, was succeeded by Jan Risingh, a gigantic Swede, and who, had he not been rather knock-kneed and splay-footed, might have served for the model of a Samson, or a Hercules. He was no less rapacious than mighty, and withal as crafty as he was rapacious; so that, in fact, there is very little doubt, had he lived some four or five centuries before, he would have been one of those wicked giants, who took such a cruel pleasure in pocketing distressed damsels, when gadding about the world; and locking them up in enchanted castles, without a toilet, a change of linen, or any other convenience—in consequence of which enormities, they fell under the high displeasure of chivalry, and all true, loyal, and gallant knights, were instructed to attack and slay outright, any miscreant they might happen to find, above six feet high; which is doubtless one reason that the race of large men is nearly extinct, and the generations of latter ages so exceeding small. No sooner did Governor Risingh enter

upon his office, than he immediately cast his eyes upon the important post of Fort Casimir, and formed the righteous resolution of taking it into his possession. The only thing that remained to consider, was the mode of carrying his resolution into effect ; and here I must do him the justice to say, that he exhibited a humanity rarely to be met with among leaders, and which I have never seen equalled in modern times, excepting among the English, in their glorious affair at Copenhagen. Willing to spare the effusion of blood, and the miseries of open warfare, he benevolently shunned every thing like avowed hostility or regular siege, and resorted to the less glorious, but more merciful expedient of treachery.

Under pretence, therefore, of paying a neighbourly visit to General Von Poffenburgh, at his new post of Fort Casimir, he made requisite preparation, sailed in great state up the Delaware, displayed his flag with the most ceremonious punctilio, and honoured the fortress with a royal salute, previous to dropping anchor. The unusual noise awakened a veteran Dutch sentinel, who was napping faithfully at his post, and who having suffered his match to go out, contrived to return the compliment, by discharging his rusty musket with the spark of a pipe, which he borrowed from one of his comrades. The salute indeed would have been answered by the guns of the fort, had they not unfortunately been out of order, and the magazine deficient in ammunition—accidents to which forts have in all ages been liable, and which were the more excusable in the present instance, as Fort Casimir had only been erected about two years, and General Von Poffenburgh, its mighty commander, had been fully occupied with matters of much greater importance. Risingh, highly satisfied with this courteous reply to his salute, treated the fort to a second, for he well knew its commander was marvellously delighted with these little ceremonials, which he considered as so many acts of homage paid unto his greatness. He then landed in great state, attended by a suite of thirty men—a prodigious and vainglorious retinue, for a petty governor of a petty settlement, in those days of primitive simplicity ; and to the full as great an army as generally awells the pomp and marches in the rear of our frontier commanders at the present day. The number in fact might have awakened suspicion, had not the mind of the great Von Poffenburgh been so completely engrossed with an all-pervading idea of himself, that he had not room to admit a thought besides. In fact he considered the concourse of Risingh's

followers as a compliment to himself—so apt are great men to stand between themselves and the sun, and completely eclipse the truth by their own shadow.

It may readily be imagined how much General Von Poffenburgh was flattered by a visit from so august a personage; his only embarrassment was, how he should receive him in such a manner as to appear to the greatest advantage, and make the most advantageous impression. The main guard was ordered immediately to turn out, and the arms and regimentals (of which the garrison possessed full half-a-dozen suits) were equally distributed among the soldiers. One tall fellow appeared in a coat intended for a small man, the skirt of which reached a little below his waist, the buttons between his shoulders, and the sleeves half-way to his wrists, so that his hands looked like a couple of huge spades; and the coat not being large enough to meet in front, was linked together by loops, made of a pair of red garters. Another had an old cocked-hat, stuck on the top of his head, and decorated with a bunch of cock's tails. A third had a pair of rusty gaiters hanging about his heels like a fourth, who was a short duck-legged little Trojan, was equipped in a huge pair of the general's cast-off breeches, which he held up with one hand, while he grasped his fire-lock with the other. The rest were accoutred in similar suits, excepting three graceless ragamuffins, who had no shirt, and but a pair and half of breeches between them, wherefore they were sent to the black-hole, to keep them out of view. There is nothing in which the talents of a prudent commander are more completely testified, than in thus making matters off to the greatest advantage; and it is for this reason that our frontier posts at the present day (that of Niagara for example) display their best suit of regimentals on the back of the sentinel who stands in sight of travellers. His men being thus gallantly arrayed—those who lacked muskets, shouldering spades, and pickaxes, and every man being ordered to tuck in his shirt-tail and pull up his brogues—General Von Poffenburgh first took a sturdy draught of foaming ale, which, like the magnanimous More of More-hall, was his invariable practice on all great occasions; which done, he put himself at their head, ordered the pine planks, which served as a drawbridge, to be laid down, and issued forth from his castle, like a mighty giant, just refreshed with wine. But when the two heroes met, then began a scene of warlike parade and chivalric courtesy, that beggars all de-

scription. Risingh, who, as I before hinted, was a shrewd, cunning politician, and had grown grey much before his time, in consequence of his craftiness, saw at one glance the ruling passion of the great Von Poffenburgh, and humoured him in all his valorous fantasies. Their detachments were cordingly drawn up in front of each other; they carried arms, and they presented arms; they gave the standing lute and the passing salute:—they rolled their drums, they flourished their fifes, and they waved their colours—faced to the left, and they faced to the right, and they faced to the right about:—they wheeled forward, and they wheeled backward, and they wheeled into *echelon*:—they marched and they counter-marched, by grand divisions, by single divisions, and by subdivisions—by platoons, by sections, and by files—in quick time, in slow time, and in no time at all—having gone through all the evolutions of two great armies, including the eighteen manœuvres of Dundas; having exhausted all that they could recollect or imagine of military tactics, including sundry strange and irregular evolutions, the like of which were never seen before or since, excepting among companies of our newly raised militia—the two great commanders, and their respective troops came at length to a dead halt, completely exhausted by the toils of war. Never did two veteran train band captains, or two buskined theatric heroes, in the renowned tragedies of Pizarro, Tom Thumb, or any other heroic and fighting tragedy, marshal their gallows-looking, duck-legged, heavy-heeled myrmidons, with more glorious self-admiration.

These military compliments being finished, General Poffenburgh escorted his illustrious visitor, with great ceremony, into the fort; attended him throughout the fortifications; showed him the horn-works, crown-works, bastions, moons, and various other out-works; or rather the places where they ought to be erected; and where they might be erected if he pleased; plainly demonstrating that it was a place of 'great capability,' and though at present but a little redoubt, yet that it evidently was a formidable fortress, in embryo. This survey over, he next had the whole garrison put under arms, exercised and reviewed, and concluded by ordering the three bridewell birds to be hauled out of the black hole, brought up to the halberts, and soundly flogged, for the amusement of his visitor, and to convince him that he was a great disciplinarian.

There is no error more dangerous than for a commander

to make known the strength, or, as in the present case, the weakness of his garrison; this will be exemplified before I have arrived to an end of my present story, which thus carries its moral, like a roasted goose his pudding, in the very middle. The cunning Risingh, while he pretended to be as dumb outright, with the puissance of the great Von Poffenburgh, took silent note of the incompetency of his garrison, of which he gave a hint to his trusty followers, who winked each other the wink, and laughed most obstreperously in their sleeves.

The inspection, review, and flogging being concluded, the party adjourned to the table; for among his other great qualities, the general was remarkably addicted to huge entertainments, or rather carousals; and in one afternoon's campaign would leave more *dead men* on the field, than he ever did in the whole course of his military career. Many bulletins of these bloodless victories do still remain on record; and the whole province was once thrown in amaze, at the return of one of his campaigns; wherein it was stated, that though, like Captain Bobadil, he had only twenty men to back him,—yet, in the short space of six months, he had conquered and utterly annihilated sixty oxen, sixty hogs, one hundred sheep, ten thousand cabbages, ten thousand bushels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty barrels of small beer, two thousand seven hundred and fifty-five pipes, seventy-eight pounds of sugar-plums, and ten bars of iron, besides sundry small meats, game, poultry, and garden-stuff;—an achievement unparalleled since the time of Pantagruel, and his all-devouring army; and which proved that it was only necessary to let bellipotent Von Poffenburgh and his garrison loose in an enemy's country, for a little while they would breed a famine, and starve the inhabitants. No sooner, therefore, had the general received the first intimation of the visit of Governor Risingh, he ordered a great dinner to be prepared; and privately sent a detachment of his most experienced veterans, to dig up the hen-roosts in the neighbourhood, and lay the spoils under contribution—a service to which they had been long inured, and which they discharged with such incredible zeal and promptitude, that the garrison table groaned under the weight of their spoils.

I wish, with all my heart, my readers could see the valiant Von Poffenburgh, as he presided at the head of the banquet. It was a sight worth beholding:—there he sat, in

his greatest glory, surrounded by his soldiers, like that famous wine-bibber, Alexander, whose thirsty virtues he did most ably imitate; telling astounding stories of his hair-breadth adventures and heroic exploits, at which, though all his auditors knew them to be most incontinent and outrageous gasconadoes, yet did they cast up their eyes in admiration, and utter many interjections of astonishment. Nor could the general pronounce any thing that bore the remotest semblance to a joke, but the stout Risingh would strike his brawny fist upon the table, till every glass rattled again, throwing himself back in his chair, and uttering gigantic peals of laughter, swearing most horribly it was the best joke he ever heard in his life.—Thus all was rout and revelry and hideous carousal within Fort Casimir: and so lustily did Von Poffenburgh ply the bottle, that in less than four short hours he made himself and his whole garrison, who all sedulously emulated the deeds of their chieftain, dead drunk, in singing songs, quaffing bumpers, and drinking patriotic toasts, none of which but was as long as a Welsh pedigree, or a plea in chancery.

No sooner did things come to this pass, than the crafty Risingh and his Swedes, who had cunningly kept themselves sober, rose on their entertainers, tied them neck and heels, and took formal possession of the fort, and all its contents in the name of Queen Christina of Sweden; administering at the same time, an oath of allegiance to all the Dutch soldiers who could be made sober enough to swallow it. Risingh then put the fortifications in order, appointed his discreet and vigilant friend Suen Scutz, a tall, wind-dried, water-drinking Swede, to the command; and departed, bearing with him a truly amiable garrison and their puissant commander, when brought to himself by a sound drubbing, bore a resemblance to a 'deboshed fish,' or blotted staring caught upon dry land.

THE END.

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